Volume 197, Number 50

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 13, '25

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EDMUND DAVENPORT

Beginning **SAM IN THE SUBURBS—By P. G. Wodehouse**

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SAM IN THE SUBURBS

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ALL day long, New York, stewing in the rays of a late August sun, had been growing warmer and warmer; until now, at three o'clock in the afternoon, its inhabitants, with the exception of a little group gathered together on the tenth floor of the Wilmot Building on Upper Broadway, had divided themselves by a sort of natural cleavage into two main bodies—the one crawling about and asking those they met if this was hot enough for them, the other maintaining that what they minded was not so much the heat as the humidity.

The reason for the activity prevailing on the tenth floor of the Wilmot was that a sporting event of the first magnitude was being pulled off there—Spike Delaney, of the John B. Pynsent Export and Import Company, being in the act of contesting the final of the Office Boys' High-Kicking Championship against a willowy youth from the Consolidated Eyebrow Tweezer and Nail File Corporation.

The affair was taking place on the premises of a few stenographers, chewing gum; some male wage slaves in shirt sleeves; and Mr. John B. Pynsent's nephew, Samuel Shotter, a young man of agreeable features, who was acting as referee.

In addition to being referee, Sam Shotter was also the patron and promoter of the tourney; the man but for whose vision and enterprise a wealth of young talent would have lain undeveloped, thereby jeopardizing America's chances should an event of this kind ever be added to the program of the Olympic Games. It was he who, wandering about the office in a restless search for methods of sweetening an uncongenial round of toil, had come upon Master Delaney practicing kicks against the wall of a remote corridor, and had encouraged him to kick higher. It was he who had arranged matches with representatives of other firms throughout the building. And it was he who out of his own pocket had provided the purse which, as the lad's foot crashed against the plaster a full inch above his rival's best effort, he now handed to Spike together with a few well-chosen words.

A Voice Behind Him, Speaking Softly But With a Startling Abruptness, Said, "Hands Up!"

"Delaney," said Sam, "is the winner. After a contest conducted throughout in accordance with the best traditions of American high kicking, he has upheld the honor of the John B. Pynsent Ex and Imp and retained his title. In the absence of the boss, therefore, who has unfortunately been called away to Philadelphia and so is unable to preside at this meeting, I take much pleasure in presenting him with the guerdon of victory, this handsome dollar bill. Take it, Spike, and in after years, when you are a gray-haired alderman or something, look back to this moment and say to yourself ——"

Sam stopped, a little hurt. He thought he had been speaking rather well, yet already his audience was walking out on him. Spike Delaney, indeed, was not walking; he was running.

"Say to yourself ——"

"When you are at leisure, Samuel," observed a voice behind him, "I should be glad of a word with you in my office."

Sam turned.

"Oh, hullo, uncle," he said. He coughed; Mr. Pynsent coughed. "I thought you had gone to Philadelphia," said Sam.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Pynsent.

He made no further remark, but proceeded sedately to his room, from which he emerged again a moment later with a patient look of inquiry on his face.

"Come here, Sam," he said. "Who," he asked, pointing, "is this?"

Sam peeped through the doorway and perceived, tilted back in a swivel chair, a long, lean man of repellent aspect. His large feet rested comfortably on the desk, his head hung sideways and his mouth was open. From this mouth, which was of generous proportions, there came a gurgling snore.

"Who," repeated Mr. Pynsent, "is this gentleman?"

Sam could not help admiring his uncle's unerring instinct—that amazing intuition which had led him straight to the realization that if an uninvited stranger was slumbering in his pet chair, the responsibility must of necessity be his nephew Samuel's.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know he was there."

"A friend of yours?"

"It's Hash."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Hash Todhunter, you know, the cook of the Araminta. You remember I took a trip a year ago on a tramp steamer? This fellow was the cook. I met him on Broadway this afternoon and gave him lunch. I brought him back here because he wanted to see the place where I work."

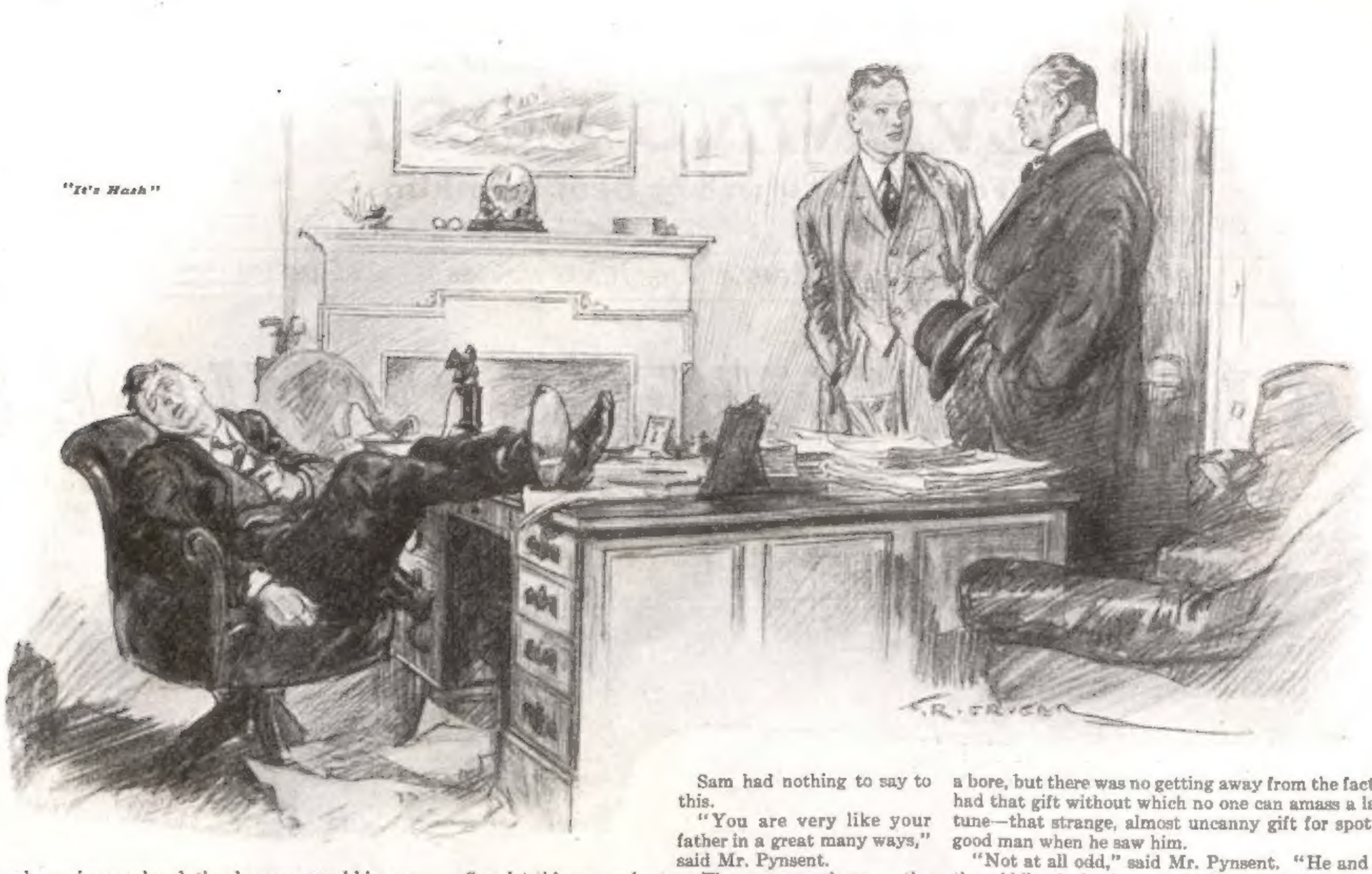
"Work?" said Mr. Pynsent, puzzled.

"I had no notion he had strayed into your room."

Sam spoke apologetically, but he would have liked to point out that the blame for all these embarrassing occurrences was really Mr. Pynsent's. If a man creates the impression that he is going to Philadelphia and then does not go, he has only himself to thank for any complications that may ensue. However, this was a technicality with which he did not bother his uncle.

"Shall I wake him?"

"If you would be so good. And having done so, take him away and store him somewhere and then come back. I have much to say to you."



"It's Hash"

Shaken by a vigorous hand, the sleeper opened his eyes. Hauled to his feet, he permitted himself to be led, still in a trancelike condition, out of the room and down the passage to the cubbyhole where Sam performed his daily duties. Here, sinking into a chair, he fell asleep again; and Sam left him and went back to his uncle. Mr. Pynsent was staring thoughtfully out of the window as he entered.

"Sit down, Sam," he said.

Sam sat down.

"I'm sorry about all that, uncle."

"All what?"

"All that business that was going on when you came in."

"Ah, yes. What was it, by the way?"

"Spike Delaney was seeing if he could kick higher than a kid from a firm downstairs."

"And did he?"

"Yes."

"Good boy," said Mr. Pynsent approvingly. "You arranged the competition, no doubt?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did."

"You would. You have been in my employment," proceeded Mr. Pynsent evenly, "three months. In that time you have succeeded in thoroughly demoralizing the finest office force in New York."

"Oh, uncle!" said Sam reproachfully.

"Thoroughly," repeated Mr. Pynsent. "The office boys call you by your Christian name."

"They will do it," sighed Sam. "I clump their heads, but the habit persists."

"Last Wednesday I observed you kissing my stenographer."

"The poor little thing had toothache."

"Also, Mr. Ellaby informs me that your work is a disgrace to the firm." There was a pause. "The English public school is the curse of the age," said Mr. Pynsent dreamily.

To a stranger the remark might have sounded irrelevant, but Sam understood its import. He appreciated it for what it was—a nasty crack.

"Did they teach you anything at Wrykyn, Sam, except football?"

"Oh, yes."

"What?"

"Oh, lots of things."

"I have seen no evidence of it. Why your mother sent you to that place, instead of to some good business college, I cannot imagine."

"Well, you see, dad had been there ——"

Sam broke off. Mr. Pynsent, he was aware, had not been fond of the late Anthony Shotter—considering, and possibly correctly, that his dead sister had, in marrying that amiable but erratic person, been guilty of the crowning folly of a frivolous and fluffy-headed life.

"A strong recommendation," said Mr. Pynsent dryly.

Sam had nothing to say to this.

"You are very like your father in a great many ways," said Mr. Pynsent.

Sam let this one go by too. They were coming over the plate a bit fast this morning, but there was nothing to be done about it.

"And yet I am fond of you, Sam," resumed Mr. Pynsent after a brief pause.

This was more the stuff.

"And I am fond of you, uncle," said Sam in a hearty voice. "When I think of all you have done for me ——"

"But," went on Mr. Pynsent, "I feel that I shall like you even better three thousand miles away from the offices of the Pynsent Export and Import Company. We are parting, Sam—and immediately."

"I'm sorry."

"I, on the other hand," said Mr. Pynsent, "am glad."

There was a silence. Sam, feeling that the interview, having reached this point, might be considered over, got up.

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Pynsent. "I want to tell you what plans I have made for your future."

Sam was agreeably surprised. He had not supposed that his future would be of interest to Mr. Pynsent.

"Have you made plans?"

"Yes; everything is settled."

"This is fine, uncle," said Sam cordially. "I thought you were going to drive me out into the snow."

"Do you remember meeting an Englishman named Lord Tilbury at dinner at my house?"

Sam did indeed. His Lordship had got him wedged into a corner after the meal and had talked without a pause for more than half an hour.

"He is the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company, a concern which produces a great many daily and weekly papers in London."

Sam was aware of this. Lord Tilbury's conversation had been almost entirely autobiographical.

"Well, he is returning to England on Saturday on the Mauretania, and you are going with him."

"Eh?"

"He has offered to employ you in his business."

"But I don't know anything about newspaper work."

"You don't know anything about anything," Mr. Pynsent pointed out gently. "It is the effect of your English public-school education. However, you certainly cannot be a greater failure with Lord Tilbury than you have been with me. That water cooler over there has been in my office only four days, and already it knows more about the export and import business than you would learn if you stayed here fifty years."

Sam made plaintive noises. Fifty years, he considered, was an overstatement.

"I concealed nothing of this from Lord Tilbury, but nevertheless he insists on engaging you."

"Odd," said Sam. He could not help feeling a little flattered at this intense desire for his services on the part of a man who had met him only once. Lord Tilbury might be a bore, but there was no getting away from the fact that he had that gift without which no one can amass a large fortune—that strange, almost uncanny gift for spotting the good man when he saw him.

"Not at all odd," said Mr. Pynsent. "He and I are in the middle of a business deal. He is trying to persuade me to do something which at present I have not made up my mind to do. He thinks that by taking you off my hands he will put me under an obligation. So he will."

"Uncle," said Sam impressively, "I will make good."

"You'd better," returned Mr. Pynsent, unmelted. "It is your last chance. There is no earthly reason why I should go on supporting you for the rest of your life, and I do not intend to do it. If you make a mess of things at Tilbury House, don't think that you can come running back to me. There will be no fatted calf. Remember that."

"I will, uncle, I will. But don't worry. Something tells me I am going to be good. I shall like going to England."

"I am glad to hear that. Well, that is all. Good afternoon."

"You know, it's rather strange that you should be sending me over there," said Sam meditatively.

"I don't think so. I am glad to have the chance."

"What I mean is—do you believe in palmists?"

"I do not. Good-by."

"Because a palmist told me ——"

"The door," said Mr. Pynsent, "is one of those which close automatically when the handle is released."

Having tested this statement and proved it correct, Sam went back to his own quarters, where he found Mr. Clarence—Hash—Todhunter, the popular and energetic chef of the tramp steamer Araminta, awake and smoking a short pipe.

"Who was the old boy?" inquired Mr. Todhunter.

"That was my uncle, the head of the firm."

"Did I go to sleep in his room?"

"You did."

"I'm sorry about that, Sam," said Hash with manly regret. "I had a late night last night."

He yawned spaciously. Hash Todhunter was a lean, stringy man in the early thirties, with a high forehead and a ruminative eye. Irritated messmates who had played poker with him had sometimes compared this eye to that of a perishing fish; but to the critic whose judgment was not biased and inflamed by recent pecuniary losses it would have been more suggestive of a parrot which has looked on life and found it full of disillusionment. There was a strong pessimistic streak in Hash, and in his cups he was accustomed to hint darkly that if everyone had their rights he would have been in the direct line of succession to an earldom. It was a long and involved story, casting great discredit on all the parties concerned; but as he never told it twice in the same way, little credence was accorded to it by a discriminating foc'sle. For the rest, he cooked the best dry hash on the Western Ocean, but was not proud.

"Hash," said Sam, "I'm going over to England."

"Me too. We sail Monday."

"Do you, by Jove?" said Sam thoughtfully. "I'm supposed to be going on the Mauretania on Saturday, but I've

half a mind to come with you instead. I don't like the idea of six days tête-à-tête with Lord Tilbury."

"Who's he?"

"The proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company, where I am going to work."

"Have you got the push here then?"

It piqued Sam a little that this untutored man should so readily have divined the facts. He also considered that Hash had failed in tact. He might at least have pretended that he supposed it to be a case of handing in a resignation.

"Yes, you might perhaps put it that way."

"Not because of me sittin' in his chair?"

"No. There are, apparently, a number of reasons. Hash, it's a curious thing, my uncle taking it into his head to shoot me over to England. The other day a palmist told me that I was shortly going to take a long journey, at the end of which I should meet a fair girl. . . . Hash!"

"Ur?"

"I want to show you something."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a note case. Having done this, he paused. Then, seeming to overcome a momentary hesitation, he opened the case and from it, with the delicacy of an Indian priest at a shrine handling a precious relic, extracted a folded piece of paper.

A casual observer, deceived by a certain cheery irresponsibility that marked his behavior, might have set Sam Shotter down as one of those essentially material young men in whose armor romance does not easily find a chink. He would have erred in this assumption. For all that he weighed a hundred and seventy pounds of bone and sinew and had when amused—which was often—a laugh like that of the hyena in its native jungle, there was sentiment in Sam. Otherwise this paper would scarcely have been in his possession.

"But before showing it to you," he said, eying Hash intently, "I would like to ask you a question. Do you see anything funny, anything laughable, anything at all ludicrous, in a fellow going for a fishing trip to Canada and being stuck in a hut miles from anywhere with nothing to read and nothing to listen to except the wild duck calling to its mate and the nifties of a French-Canadian guide who couldn't speak more than three words of English ——"

"No," said Hash.

"I haven't finished. Do you—to proceed—see anything absurd in the fact that such a fellow, in such a situation, finding the photograph of a beautiful girl tacked up on the wall of the hut by some previous visitor and having nothing else to look at for five weeks, should have fallen in love with this photograph? Think before you answer."

"No," said Hash, after consideration. He was not a man who readily detected the humorous aspect of anything.

"That's good," said Sam. "And lucky for you. Because had you let one snicker out of yourself—just one—I would have smitten you rather forcibly on the beezer. Well, I did."

"Did what?"

"Found this picture tacked up on the wall and fell in love with it. Look!"

He unfolded the paper reverently. It now revealed itself as a portion of a page torn from one of those illustrated journals which brighten the middle of the Englishman's week. Its sojourn on the wall of the fishing hut had not improved it. It was faded and yellow, and over one corner a dark stain had spread itself, seeming to indicate that some occupant of the hut had at one time or another done a piece of careless carving. Nevertheless, he gazed at it as a young knight might have gazed upon the Holy Grail.

"Well?"

Hash surveyed the paper closely.

"That's mutton gravy," he said, pointing at the stain and forming a professional man's swift diagnosis. "Beef wouldn't be so dark."

Sam regarded his friend with a glance of concentrated loathing which would have embarrassed a more sensitive man.

"I show you this lovely face, all aglow with youth and the joy of life," he cried, "and all that seems to interest you is that some foul vandal, whose neck I should like to wring, has splashed his beastly dinner over it. Heavens, man, look at that girl! Have you ever seen such a girl?"

"She's not bad."

"Not bad! Can't you see she's simply marvelous?"

The photograph did, indeed, to a great extent justify Sam's enthusiasm. It represented a girl in hunting costume, standing beside her horse. She was a trim, boyish-looking girl of about eighteen, slightly above the medium height; and she gazed out of the picture with clear, grave, steady eyes. At the corner of her mouth there was a little thoughtful droop. It was a pretty mouth; but Sam, who had made a study of the picture and considered himself the world's leading authority upon it, was of opinion that it would look even prettier when smiling.

Under the photograph, in leaded capitals, ran the words:

A FAIR DAUGHTER OF NIMROD

Beneath this poetical caption, it is to be presumed, there had originally been more definite information as to the subject's identity, but the coarse hand which had wrenched the page from its setting had unfortunately happened to tear off the remainder of the letterpress.

"Simply marvelous," said Sam emotionally. "What's that thing of Tennyson's about a little English rosebud, she?"

"Tennyson?"

"Tennyson."

"There was a feller when I was on the Sea Bird, called Pennyman ——"

"Oh, shut up! Isn't she a wonder, Hash! And what is more—fair, wouldn't you say?"

Hash scratched his chin. He was a man who liked to think things over.

"Or dark," he said.

"Idiot! Don't tell me those eyes aren't blue."

"Might be," admitted Hash grudgingly.

"And that hair would be golden, or possibly a very light brown."

"How'm I to know?"

"Hash," said Sam, "the very first thing I do when I get to England is to find out who that girl is."

"Easy enough." Hash pointed the stem of his pipe at the caption. "Daughter of Nimrod. All you got to do is get a telephone directory and look him up. It'll give the address as well."

"How do you think of these things?" said Sam admiringly. "The only trouble is, suppose old man Nimrod lives in the country. He sounds like a hunting man."

"Ah!" said Hash. "There's that, o'course."

"No, my best scheme will be to find out what paper this is torn out of, and then search back through the files for the picture."

"Maybe," said Hash. He had plainly lost interest in the subject.

Sam was gazing dreamily at the picture.

"Do you see that little dimple just by the chin, Hash? My goodness, I'd give something to see that girl smile!" He replaced the paper in his note case and sighed. "Love is a wonderful thing, Hash."

Mr. Todhunter's ample mouth curled sardonically.

"When you've seen as much of life as I've," he replied, "you'd rather have a cup of tea."

II

THE nameless individual who had torn from its setting the photograph which had so excited the admiration of Sam Shotter had, as has been already indicated, torn untidily. Had he exercised a little more care, that lovelorn young man would have seen beneath the picture the following:

MISS KAY DERRICK
DAUGHTER OF
COL. EUSTACE DERRICK,
OF MIDWAYS HALL,
WILTS.

And if he had happened to be in Piccadilly Circus on a certain afternoon some three weeks after his conversation with Hash Todhunter, he might have observed Miss Derrick in person. For she was standing on the island by the Fountain, waiting for a Number Three omnibus.

His first impression, had he so beheld her, would certainly have been that the photograph, attractive though it was, did not do her justice. Four years had passed since it had been taken, and between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two many girls gain

(Continued on Page 72)

"She's Impossible. I Mean, Throwing Onions at a Fellow"

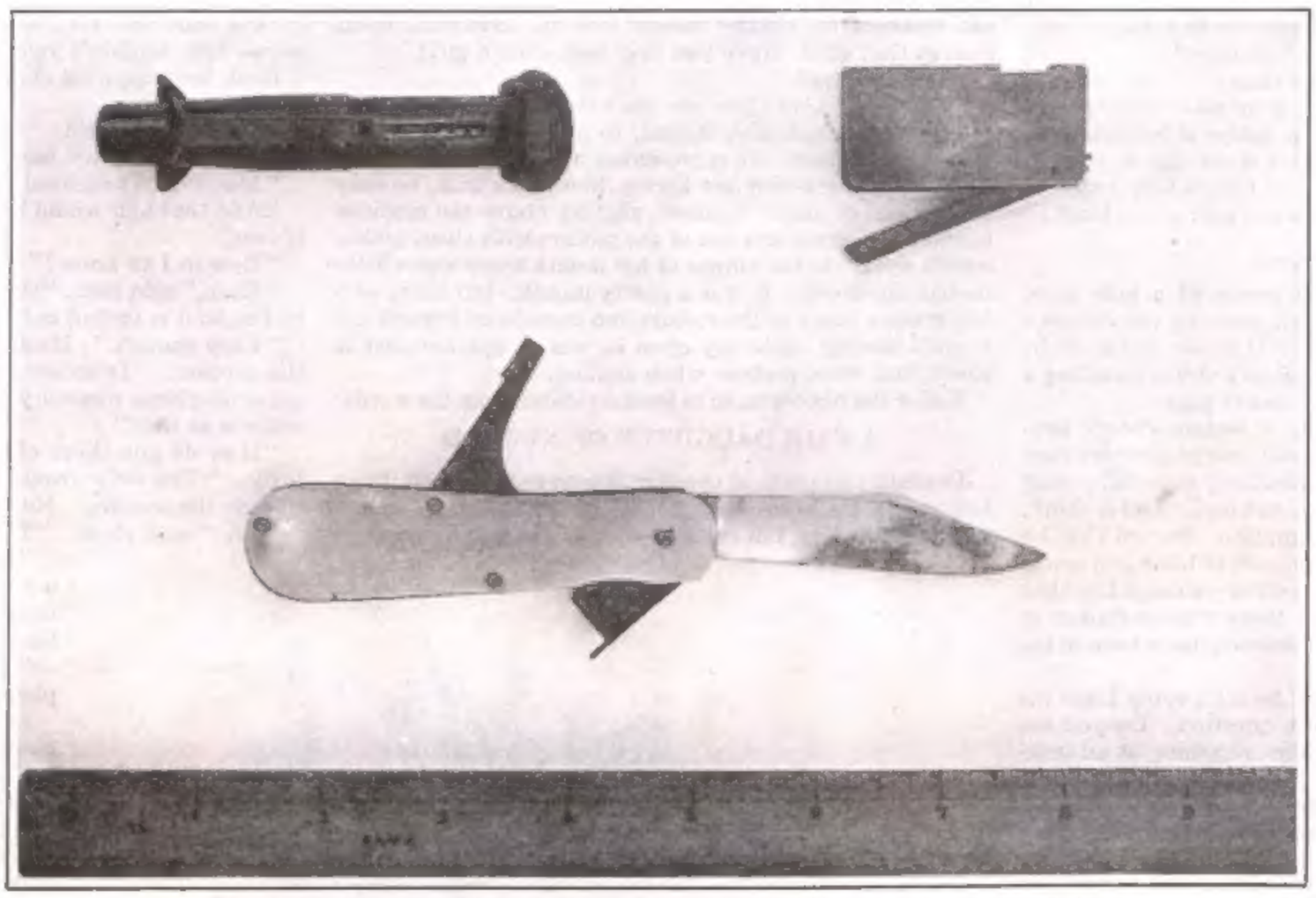
FINGERPRINTING BULLETS

The Expert Witness—By Wesley W. Stout

The murder car was found abandoned on a back road seven hours later. It had been stolen from in front of the Ætna Building last Saturday morning. The cashier died on the operating table at All Saints Hospital at 2:30 P.M. He leaves a wife and three children. The loss, bank officials said, is covered by insurance—ANY AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

THUS one of the commoner varieties of the thirty homicides a day in these United States last year. Our murder rate is 7.2 per 100,000, and mounting. This is more than double that of Italy, with its vendettas and maffias—objects of our righteous Anglo-Saxon scorn—fifteen times that of our blood cousins and next-door neighbors in Canada, twenty-four times that of Holland.

This consolation remains to the victims—if the bullet is recovered from the body it can be traced conclusively today not only to the caliber, make and model of the gun that fired it but with rare exceptions to the identical barrel. It is a sorry recompense to the victim, but a considerable one to society.



Three Freak Firearms, All Deadly—a Knife Pistol, a Pencil Pistol, and a Window or Doorframe Alarm Gun

In Chicago during the first three months of this year 112 persons died violent deaths, quite apart from the 155 killed by motor cars, and the victims of bad liquor and other non-violent accidents. Eight of the 112 were slain by gunmen engaged in robbery, and twelve were bandits shot down by the police. There were something like 1400 gun holdups in the same city, and in Illinois seventy-three banks were held up in 1924.

In New York City 1747 murders have been committed in the last seven years, with 231 convictions in the same period. In London last year there were twenty-eight murders only, one by gunshot.

The Smallest Automatic Pistol, .10 Caliber, Actual Size

The normal American crime of violence is by gunshot; 90 per cent, the American Bar Association has estimated. Even the immigrant whose hand is trained to the knife by centuries of inheritance usually trades his blade for a gat on the threshold of Ellis Island.

Until now, with some 10,000 homicides a year in the United States, the recovery of the bullet in a gunshot case seldom has been of signal service in solving the crime. Beyond identifying the caliber, nothing was at all certain. Any further identification has been as apt to defeat justice as to aid it.

The Newest Thing in Evidence

IN THE trial of Gerald Chapman in Connecticut last spring four experts on firearms testified, two for the prosecution, two for the defense. None was a professional expert witness, and all were men of undoubted familiarity with firearms and of unquestioned good faith. Yet each pair exactly contradicted the other, and it has developed since that the disputed marking on the bullets in evidence was a casual protrusion bearing no relation to the true identification of the bullet to the weapon that discharged it. Two experts testified that the bullets unmistakably came from Chapman's gun, two more experts swore that the bullets unquestionably were not fired from Chapman's gun, and the jury presumably disregarded both pairs of opinions. American juries regularly are confronted with such situations.

But today it may be set down as a scientific fact, and a postwar discovery now first made public, that no two revolvers or pistols ever leave precisely the same marks upon a bullet, and that it now is possible and practicable to link the bullet to the weapon in virtually every instance.

They can be identified, not by opinion, however expert, but by visual evidence which a jury or judge can see and comprehend.

In other words, any revolver or automatic, seemingly an exact duplicate of thousands of others, finger-prints each bullet it fires as characteristically as Nature marks our finger tips, one from another, and these characteristics, for the first time, are charted, understood, measured and photographed. The same is true of rifles, but this territory still is being explored.

Somewhere in the United States, it may be predicted, a notorious murder mystery will be solved by this method within the next year or so; an assassin singled out of the crowd or an innocent victim of circumstances exonerated.

Some progress toward this end has been made France and Great Britain, but indiscriminate gun carrying is not a police problem in Europe and murder there by gunfire is a rare crime. So Paris and London have got no further than occasionally linking up a given shell or bullet to a pistol or revolver already in the possession of the police. It has remained for a group of four Americans to collect the data and perfect the mechanical means whereby a recovered bullet can be said positively to have been or not to have been fired from a specific gun; or in the absence of the gun, to be traced almost certainly to the caliber, make and model.

The four are Charles E. Waite and Major Calvin H. Goddard, of New York City; Philip O. Gravelle, of South Orange, New Jersey; and John H. Fisher, of Hollis, Long Island. Mr. Fisher is a physicist, formerly of the Bureau of Standards, whose special interests are micro-measurement and physical and chemical analysis of fibers, lints, gunpowders, bloodstains and dust. Mr. Gravelle is the only American ever to be awarded the Barnard Medal of the British Royal Microscopic Society, and is an internationally known authority on microphotography.

Major Goddard, a reserve officer of the Ordnance Department, was educated for medicine; but his first and true love is guns—any gun and all guns. A firearms enthusiast, he resigned as head of the Cornell clinic in New York on June first to give all his time to aiding Mr. Waite.

Mr. Waite is the pioneer and has gathered the others around him. He has been an investigator all his life, sometimes practicing privately, sometimes in state and municipal service, sometimes in the Department of Justice. He is not a detective, as the word is understood, but a criminologist, never appearing in front of the scene. His interest in the subject dates from his appearance as an agent of the New York State attorney-general's office in a murder case in 1917. The war intervened and Mr. Waite entered the service of the Department of Justice. But in 1919 he began the thitherto unattempted task of collecting and standardizing the details and measurements of every known make and model of pistol and revolver in the world. He had no conception of the extent of this task when he begar It has taken him six yee of continuous effort. ne murder case which set him on the trail had its beginnings on an upstate New York farm more than ten years ago.

At the break of dawn on Monday, March 22, 1915, Charley Stielow, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he trudged toward the barn to tend the stock, found the body of a woman in her night-dress on the doorstep of his house. The woman was dead—shot through the heart. Stielow recognized her as Margaret Wolcott, housekeeper for his employer, Charles B. Phelps, a farmer of West Shelby, Orleans County. The tracks of her bare feet in the light new fall of snow showed that she had run from the Phelps home, almost opposite, collapsing on the doorstep of the tenant house, occupied by Stielow.

Fourteen Suspects and Only One Clew

STIELOW crossed the road, found the kitchen door of the Phelps house open, a bullet hole in one of the four panes of door glass, and Phelps, a man of seventy, unconscious on the kitchen floor with three bullet wounds in his body. A lamp, the oil burned low, smoked on a near-by table. Stielow ran to a neighbor and gave the alarm.

The telephone brought a doctor, the sheriff and other officers. Meanwhile and later the neighbors and the curious, as is usual in a rural crime, had overrun the place, obliterating and confusing most of the clews. Three footprints in a snow bank were covered by the sheriff and a bloodhound put on the scent, but to no helpful result.

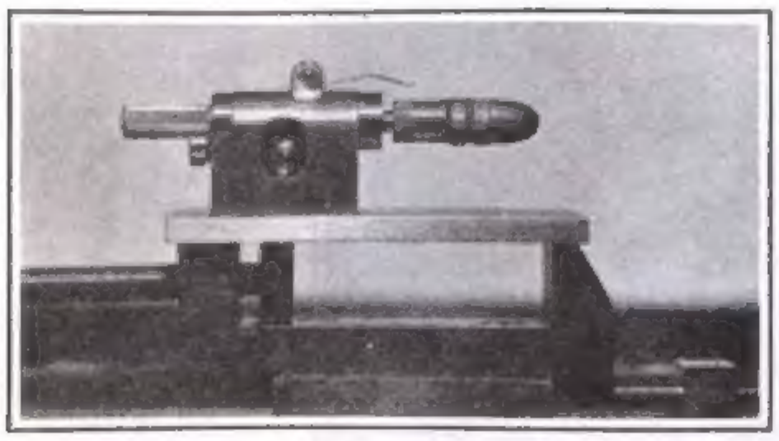
Phelps died in a hospital at one P.M. without regaining consciousness. All that had been established at the end of the day, and of many more days, was that Phelps and his housekeeper had been shot with a .22 caliber weapon, that the crime occurred about eleven o'clock Sunday night, that robbery was the motive—the bureau in which Phelps was reputed to keep his money having been rifled—and that Phelps apparently had been called to the door by his assassin after he had gone to bed.

Largest and Smallest Pistol Cartridges, Exact Size

It was the first murder in Orleans County, an agricultural community, in more than a generation, with consequent hue and cry. Casual suspicion fell more or less on fourteen different persons, with nothing tangible against any one. The county officers, who were, of course, without experience in homicide cases, traveled in circles and their constituents grew sarcastic at their efforts.

Phelps, a bachelor, was popularly supposed to keep large sums secreted about the house. He usually hired tramp labor and sometimes had had trouble with his help when pay day came. Stielow had hired out to him for one year eleven days before the murder. On the night of the murder, Stielow, his wife, their two children, Mrs. Stielow's mother and Mrs. Stielow's brother, Nelson Green, slept in the tenant house.

Stielow, thirty-seven years old, a hulking German who had been brought from Germany by his parents when he was two years old, had been a farm hand from boyhood. He could neither read nor write, and had the frame of an ox. He was mild-mannered and never had been in trouble. His brother-in-law, Nelson Green, could read and write, but was of at least as low intelligence as Stielow, and an inexperienced youth.



A Mount for Microscopic Examination of Single Bullets

The sheriff's office still was searching for .22 caliber revolvers when the coroner's inquest was held on March twenty-sixth, and everyone in the vicinity who possessed such a firearm was under technical suspicion. At the inquest, Stielow and Green swore that neither had a gun. But it turned out that Stielow owned a cheap .22 caliber revolver, a .22 caliber rifle and a shotgun, and three days later he gave the revolver and rifle to a younger brother-in-law to hide.

Arrests and Confessions

SMARTING under the criticism of the community, the county officers called in a private detective agency when ten days had elapsed without an arrest. The detective agency was paid a per diem for each man on the case, with the additional prospect of the rewards that had been offered.

On April twentieth two of the operatives arrested Nelson Green, and at two o'clock the next morning procured Green's signature to a confession that Stielow and he had done the murders.

At dawn that morning Stielow was arrested and lodged in jail at Albion, the county seat, separately from Green. He denied the crime, but said that he had a great load on his heart, which he would unburden if he could only see his wife. He was not allowed to see her; and the next day it was announced that Stielow had made a full confession, but had refused to sign it until he consulted with his wife.

The two confessions checked generally, except that each accused the other of having instigated the crime and fired the shots. According to these confessions the two had planned to rob Phelps. They had waited outside until Phelps was in bed, then rapped on the kitchen door. Phelps got out of bed, lit a lamp, carried it to the kitchen table and opened the door. There they shot him down when he resisted. As the pair moved toward the bedroom where they expected to find the money, Miss Wolcott ran out of her room through the kitchen and out the door, closing it behind her. The two turned back after her, shot her through the glass, returned to the bedroom, ransacked the bureau, found the money; and leaving the house, heard and saw Miss Wolcott pounding and clawing at the front door of the tenant house, screaming to be admitted. Ignoring her cries, the pair entered the rear door of the house, discussed the screams with the womenfolk and went to bed. Each accused the other of having kept all the money—"about $200."

Stielow never signed the confession, and repudiated it at the trial, which began July twelfth. The detective had tricked him into agreeing to a prepared account of the crime, he declared, by telling him that "the fellow that done the shooting is the fellow we want; you ought to be home with your family where you belong. It don't make no difference what you swear to; I give you my word it won't hurt you."

Stielow asserted also that the detective had told him he would give him a star and make a deputy sheriff out of him; said that he was too good a man to be chambermaiding cows; that he ought to be a detective and wear diamonds. Admittedly Stielow and the detective had left the presence of the other witnesses to the confession four times during its making and talked privately. According to the detective, Stielow had asked each time to see his wife and ask her about details of time. There was no detail in the purported confession which was not common knowledge at the time, save only the admission of the crime. The state failed to present a convincing motive. Neither the confession nor the prosecution shed the least light upon what became of the money and the purse that were missing from Phelps' bureau.

An expert for the prosecution testified that under the microscope he had found nine abnormal defects in the flare of the muzzle of Stielow's gun, and that he found nine corresponding peculiar scratches on the four bullets taken from the bodies. They were not visible to the naked eye, he said, until first detected under a lens; and he gave it as his best knowledge and belief that all the bullets had been fired from Stielow's gun and could have been fired from no other.

This was damning testimony to the defense, shaken by Stielow's attorneys in only two details, both apparently trivial. It was brought out that the enlarged photograph of the bullet shown to the jury by the expert did not reproduce the nine marks; that it was, curiously, a photograph of the opposite side of the bullet. Cross-examined as to why the uneven ridges at the very extremity of the barrel should mark the bullet, the expert explained: "The cylinder fitted so tightly against the rear of the barrel that there was no leakage of gases at the breech. The full force of the gas following the bullet out the muzzle, the lead expands as it leaves the muzzle, fills in any depressions existing at the outer edge of the bore and receives scratches from the elevations existing between said depressions."

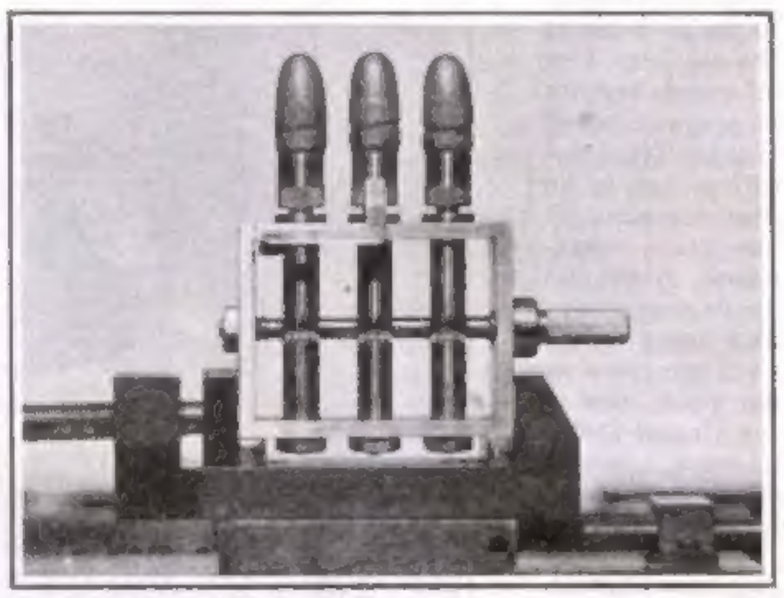
Stielow's defense consisted largely of a general denial. The great load on his heart which he wished to unburden was explained as being his guilty knowledge of having lied about the revolver and the rifle, nothing more. The confession confessed nothing that was corroborated by the prosecution, with the possible exception of his ownership of the revolver. The only support produced for it was the testimony of the sheriff that shortly prior to the formal confession Stielow said to him in the presence of three witnesses, "I did it; I guess you know all about it."

The Swamp of Circumstance

THE sheriff's testimony was a surprise. He had failed to mention this oral confession at the grand-jury session that led to Stielow's indictment, and the three other supposed witnesses never did testify to it.

As the court said in its charge to the jury:

"I will say very plainly that were it not for the introduction of this statement dated April twenty-third and like statement of the defendant admitting his guilt, it would be the duty of the court to order the defendant's acquittal. . . ."



The Mechanical Details of the Comparison Bullet Mount

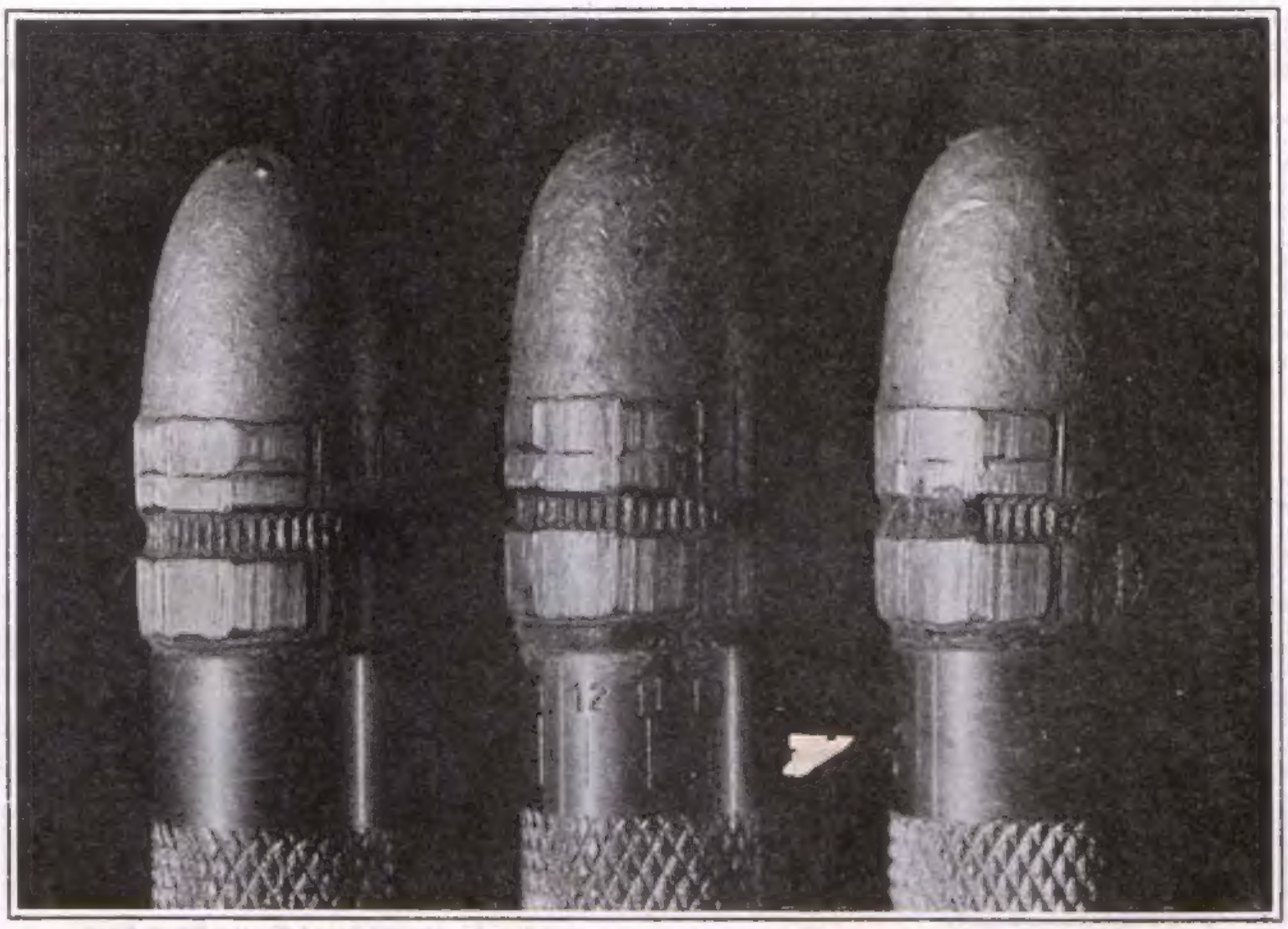
A presumption of doubt having been pinned on the confessions, even by the court, only one bit of solid ground remained in the swamp of surmise and circumstance which the prosecution presented. That was the expert's testimony that the bullets had been fired from Stielow's revolver "and could have been fired from no other." On July twenty-third the jury found Stielow guilty of murder in the first degree and he was sentenced to die in the electric chair sometime during the week of September fifth.

On the evening of Stielow's conviction Nelson Green was wakened in his cell by his lawyer. "They've sent Stielow to the chair," the latter argued. "They've got the same evidence against you, and you have even less money than Stielow to fight it. If you plead guilty to second-degree murder, and save the county the expense of a trial, I may be able to get you off with twenty years."

Green pleaded guilty and went to Auburn. Justice had been satisfied. The first murder in Orleans County in more than a generation had been avenged. The case had cost the county between $40,000 and $50,000, an expense that was reflected the next year in every citizen's tax bills.

Here was a murder case fairly typical of the United States, outside of the great cities, where killing is a commonplace. A hue and cry by a public scandalized by a rare crime, the helplessness of the local officers and the public's impatience, the taking sides by factions and

(Continued on Page 192)



Three .38 Caliber Bullets, Mortal Bullet in the Center, Test Bullets From the Same Revolver on Either Side, on a Special Photographic Comparison Mount

FIVE YEARS AFTER

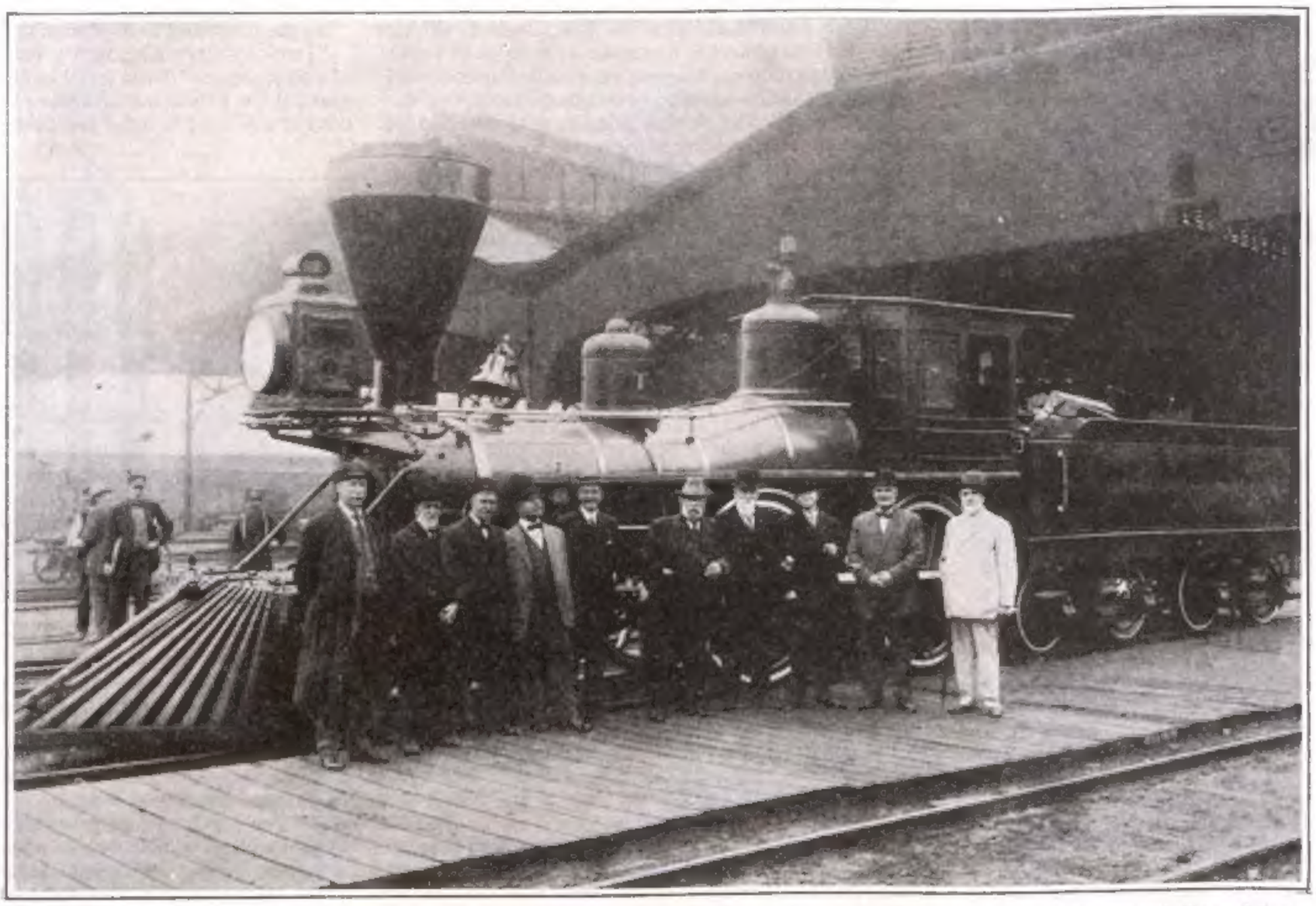
The Progress Made by the American Railroad Under the Workings of the Transportation Act

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

FIVE years ago the much discussed period of government control and operation of the American railroad ended and private operation, working under the provisions of the so-called Transportation Act, came in once again to try its hand at the old job. Few informed persons have ever asserted that the Transportation Act is an ideal measure. It has grave weaknesses. But it also has its good points, and upon these such progress as our roads here in the United States have made since its enactment is very largely based.

What real progress have our railroads made in the last half decade?

Go to the average railroad president and ask him that question and he will begin to dazzle you with statistics. He will tell you how many miles an average box car has gone in an average day and how he and his fellows have increased the average loading of the aforesaid average freight car—with the aid and coöperation of the shipper. He will speak of operating economies. Which is all very well as far as it goes. But the man on the street is not quite willing to take this as the full measure of railroad progress. Good car loading, good car movement, he believes to be but a part of good railroad operation and he assumes that our roads are well operated. With improved motive power and cars, bettered tracks and enlarged terminals, they ought to be making a good showing in their daily performance.



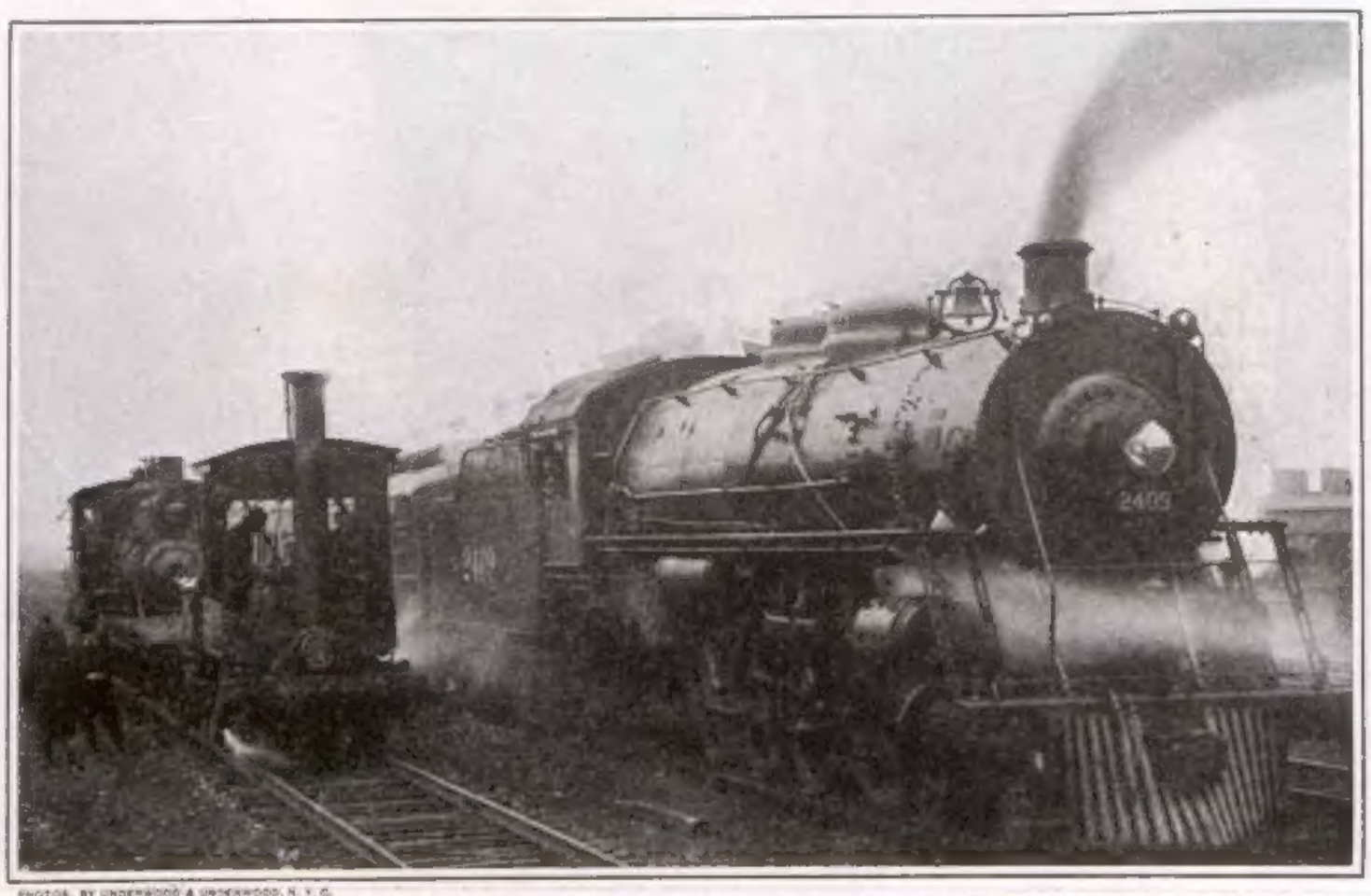
A Group of Early Railroad Pioneers. In the Center is James J. Hill, the Organizer of the Northern Pacific Railway and Many Other Western Lines. The Locomotive is the First Operated by Mr. Hill

Progress

WHAT the man on the street wants to know is what progress our roads are making in the permanent betterment of their properties, in the extension of their facilities, in radical advances in the science of inland transport.

It is a fair question, and the answer is not disappointing.

In the five years since the enactment of the Transportation Act and the return of the railroads of the United States to private operation, distinct progress has been made in these things; much more in some of them than in others. In its operating technic—not only in the intricate business of moving its trains but in all the mechanical details that go toward the perfection of that movement—the thing in which it has ever been strongest, the American railroad has made the greatest progress. In the thing in which it has been, in recent years at least, the weakest—the selling of the transportation that it manufactures—it has made the least progress. Yet even here some real innovations, some good beginnings, have been made within the five-year period.



PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Mississippi, the Oldest Engine on the Illinois Central Railroad, and a 450,000-Pound Monster Which Made Its Debut in Chicago Recently

Iron Horses

CONSIDER these things in detail. For bettered operation—for a better service to the public tomorrow as well as today—several billions of dollars have been spent recently. In 1925 this expenditure for new railroad equipment of every sort, fixed and moving, will exceed $1,350,000,000. This vast sum is divided into two major parts—that which goes for an enlarged or a bettered pathway for the iron horse—and this means terminals and bridges and tunnels as well as open tracks—and that which goes for the rolling stock to move over that pathway. Consider for the moment the new rolling stock, which in this year of grace will absorb some $400,000,000 of the entire capital expenditure for new equipment. This takes no account whatsoever of rebuildings, no matter how extensive, of the existing 70,000 locomotives and 3,000,000 cars of the American railroad. The man on the street is not particularly interested in the duplication of existing and time-honored standards of engines or of cars.

"What are you doing that is new?" he demands insistently of the American railroad. "What real progress are you making?"

Fair questions, these.

Take this one of rolling stock; start at the very beginning—at the locomotive. The locomotive is not only the life, the pulling power, the vibrancy of the train, but in a large sense of the railroad itself. What is being done to improve it—not to supplant the steam locomotive with electric power or any other sort of power, but with the foundation energy of steam itself?

These are fair questions, and here are the answers:

In the past five years—in fact in the past two years—the development of the steam locomotive here in

the United States has taken a great new spurt forward. In the centennial year of its history, the iron horse has experienced a rejuvenation. For the first eighty-five years of its development the growth of our steam locomotive was very largely one of dimensions. It is only within the past ten or fifteen years, when the utter limit of practical outer dimensions had been reached, that serious thought was given to its intensive development.

When the big new Horatio Allen pulled into Albany station for the first time, not many weeks ago, some of the old-timers who hang about that important hub of railroad traffic were inclined to be a bit skeptical.

"Looks as if they'd hung 'bout everything on him 'cept the kitchen stove," said one of the most hard-boiled of the station loungers, a car-wheel greaser from up Cohoes way.

And so it did. The Horatio Allen—newest of the engine fleet of the Delaware and Hudson Company, and named after the first man to operate a locomotive in America—violates most of the pet and time-honored traditions of our locomotive builders. In it these have been tossed to the winds. Not only are the fine, slim, greyhound-like lines of the American locomotive at its best almost entirely gone, but inwardly a transformation—hardly less than revolutionary—has been worked. Chief of these unseen changes is the fire box. Almost from time immemorial this has followed pretty closely a certain accepted type. Through the boiler, some 200 or more pipes, called flues, have led from the fire box to the smokestack and exhaust and so have carried the heat right through the water. This originally was the type of boiler used also in steamships and steamboats.

In recent years great progress has been made, however, in the development of the marine boiler. In all important vessel construction today the so-called Scotch tube type has become the accepted thing. In this the water is carried in pipes over the fire grates in a manner similar to the steam-heating system of modern residences. Steam is generated far more readily than in a flue boiler, and a higher pressure is realized. In other steam locomotives the pressure gauge generally shows from 175 to 200 pounds to the square inch. In the Horatio Allen, which has both Scotch tubes and flues, it will vary all the way from 375 to 400 pounds. In a tube-boiler locomotive it might be adjusted to 1000 pounds. The chief factor to be observed is one of safety. It is obvious that if an engine is derailed and goes rolling off down the bank on its side a broken pipe at 175 pounds is a far less disagreeable and dangerous thing than one carrying all the way from 400 pounds upward.

PHOTO BY KAISEL & HEINEMANN, N. Y. C.
The "Centuries" Going East and West

The Pennsylvania Station, Philadelphia

New Types

THIS is the chief argument against the locomotive of the Allen type. Now consider some of the many in favor of it. With no desire to be technical or to obtrude British thermal units, it may be said that it takes a certain high degree of heat to bring water to boiling and on to steam, of a rather low grade. To make steam, of a far higher grade, however, takes very little heat in excess of that which goes to make the low-grade sort. This is the chief aim and purpose then not only of the Allen but of all the new types of locomotives. The boiler is the lungs of the steam locomotive—its breathing power. Better that breathing power and you have increased the entire hauling power.

Lines may be tossed to the dogs. It matters not that French and British designers have succeeded somehow in retaining the fine lines of their locomotives, as carefully planned for appearance as the highest grade private limousine. Do not, I pray you, mention the British locomotive to the American designer.

"That pretty thing is the most inefficient steam locomotive in the world," he will tell you, "not alone with its cylinders and rods carefully and inaccessibly hidden under the boiler and beneath the frame but because of its poor steaming power. The thing that has saved it is that Welsh coal that all the English engines get. Put one of those little toys over there on a diet of American coal, particularly some of the lignites that we dig out of our Western country and that our railroad operating people are so determined to use, and watch it starve to death and stall and die on the rails."

Not Bigger, But Better

TRUTH to tell, the design of the American steam locomotive is changing through force of circumstances. It can be no longer, no higher, no wider. The absolute limit in each of these dimensions has been reached. It can only be better. To make it better involves the use of a number of special appliances, some of which are sizable and take a deal of cubic space. The only path left for the engine designer is to fill out the open corners of his engine, to bring it gradually more and more to resemble a box car; or, to let him down the least bit more gently, one of the square, unlovely but highly efficient electric locomotives of the modern type. It is tragic but necessary. Seemingly there is no other way out. Modernity is shaking its fist under the noses of sentiment and tradition. There are a few exceptions. The Chicago Great Western recently built a fairly light passenger locomotive for a train running between Rochester and St. Paul, Minnesota, and by a little effort in the design managed to hide the various pipes and appurtenances, and then by applying a bit of color and striping to the outside of the engine, managed to produce a train puller that would compare most favorably with the British passenger locomotives; and these

(Continued on Page 175)

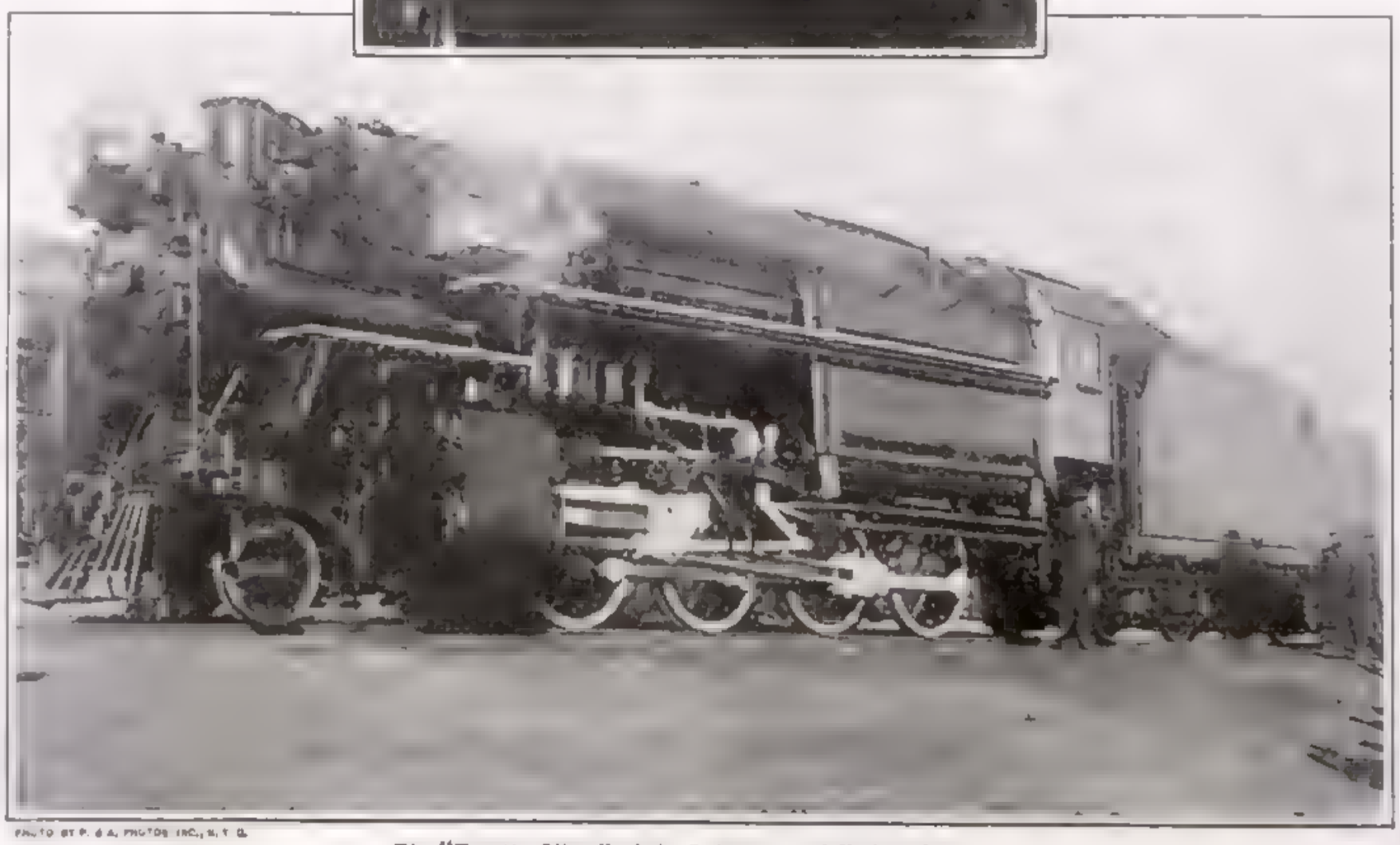


PHOTO BY P. & A. PHOTOS INC., N. Y. C.
The "Horatio Allen," of the Delaware and Hudson Company

ON THE FLAGSHIP

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Shells Were Bursting Among Those Planes Also, and Three Destroyers Raced Madly to Interpose the Impenetrable Dense Wall of Their Vomited Black Smoke

THE politician sat in the admiral's cabin. Some two hours previously he had been rescued from a torpedoed liner—the enemy submarine had vanished as the smoke of the fleet's destroyer screen had blotched the blue sky at its junction with the heaving dark-blue sea—and since, quite recently, he had been for a short time the civilian ruler of the navy and—who shall predict in the wonderful game of politics?—might be again, his somewhat imperious request for sanctuary in the flagship herself was not one to be refused by any discreet naval officer. This recognition of his importance was already an incipient restorative to a morale that had been pitiably devastated when the shock had occurred and the white-faced passengers had swarmed out on the liner's deck.

As now he poured himself out a third stiff peg of whisky from the admiral's decanter, he thought of his less fortunate fellow victims packed on board a tramp steamer, halted for that purpose by a shot across her bows, and privately congratulated himself that here—thanks to the clever little gods of politics!—he was in comfort and safety. He was a large bland-faced man with a presence and a command of voice that the largest audience found electrifying when he crashed his hand upon the orator's table. For the moment, however, the divine spark had abandoned him; he was now merely a flabby middle-aged person, slightly grotesque in a loaned and ill-fitting civilian suit of clothes, who had been shaken to the core by an utterly unexpected and awful experience.

The admiral, the dark tan of his square-jawed face emphasized by his white tropical uniform, a cigar in his straight-lipped mouth, contemplated him with an impassibility that concealed a cynically amused tolerance.

"But—it's all so dreadfully sudden!" the politician had ejaculated. "When we left port there was something of a crisis, it's true—but the last news I had was of enthusiastic no-more-war meetings to put pressure on the Government. I myself cabled 'Keep out of it.'"

The admiral shifted his cigar along his straight mouth.

"Very unkind of the enemy to sink you after that," he said politely, with perhaps the faintest glint of ironic humor in his heavy-lidded gray eyes. "They couldn't have known who was on board."

The politician looked at him with a face that was beatifically simple.

"I don't think they could," he agreed. "My pacific principles are too well known -and I have been personally on the best of terms with some of the highest naval authorities of the enemy. They assured me of their gratitude when I secured the abandonment of our provocative armaments."

"I can imagine they would," remarked the admiral grimly. He looked, with a sardonic interest, at this flabby-faced man who had talked himself into control of a vital service of the empire and remembered the press-trumpeted declamation of a great moral gesture to the world, which, translated into practice, had meant the cessation of work on the only first-class strategically useful base in these waters. That great moral gesture was now—short of a miracle—equivalent to a condemnation to death not only for everyone in that ship but in the accompanying fleet; a corollary which for the admiral was tempered with the grim satisfaction of having the author of it on board—deliciously, at his own imperative request—to share it. It was a corollary of which the politician was, so far, blissfully in ignorance.

"But why?" said the politician. "Why have we gone to war? It seems madness to me; utter jingo madness!"

The admiral critically examined the ash on his cigar end.

"Because, my dear sir, we were confronted with the choice of going into the war as a whole or in fragments." He spoke in a voice that suggested fatigue at explaining the obvious. "The moment the issue was raised, those to whom the result was of vital concern ranged themselves very naturally together, however incomprehensible it may seem to politicians."

The politician stared at him and muttered, under his breath, something that sounded like "Damn!" So long as the public was gripped in a war fever of patriotism the political party of which he was a distinguished ornament had not the ghost of a chance of office. He drew a long breath.

"How long do you think it'll last?" he asked.

"Four or five years; perhaps longer," replied the admiral, quietly matter-of-fact.

"Impossible!"

The admiral merely shrugged his shoulders.

There was a moment's silence during which the slash of the sea against the ship's sides was plainly audible, and then the politician spoke again.

"Where are you going?"

The admiral smiled grimly.

"We are going, if possible, to effect a junction with the American light-cruiser squadron and throw ourselves in the way of the enemy's descent on Mang."

"Mang?"

The admiral smiled again, still grimly.

"You've heard of it, I suppose? Mang is a little island that is the key to the Western Pacific. Presumably, they intend to make sure of Mang first; after that they can not only gobble up other territory at their leisure but they have a sporting chance of keeping it indefinitely." The admiral smiled again. "It's what one calls elementary strategy," he added.

The politician frowned. He had more than a vague sense that this imperturbable officer—only an admiral, after all—was secretly laughing at him.

"I still don't quite understand," he said. "How can the enemy possibly hope to keep Mang? They are bound to be defeated. The combined British and American fleets outnumber them. Isn't that true?"

"It would be if the combined British and American fleets could come into action in the Western Pacific," replied the admiral. "The beauty of the picture from the enemy's point of view is that they can by no possibility do so. Fleets require bases. The American Pacific Fleet is at this moment concentrating at its nearest base—Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands. If it met and fought the enemy fleet just outside Pearl Harbor, doubtless the enemy would be defeated. But it will not meet the fleet there. The enemy, thanks to geography, holds the strategical initiative. The moment war breaks out it is vital for the

United States to retain Mang. Therefore the American Fleet must go westward to protect it. If the American Fleet starts at once it will find the enemy have arrived in force five days before them, and the unprotected oil depots at Mang will either have gone up in flames or be in the enemy's possession. You can't put a fleet into action with bunkers three-quarters empty; neither, in the presence of an enemy, can you refuel at sea from colliers and tankers. Therefore—unless the American people and politicians go mad and order a holocaust of their fleet—the Americans will advance very slowly from Honolulu, escorting a vast and clumsy armada of transports and store ships, and seize advanced bases as they progress.

"In the course of perhaps six months American naval power may begin to make itself felt in the Western Pacific. In the meantime, of course, the enemy will have turned Mang into a second Helgoland." The admiral smiled again. "Rather a long explanation, I'm afraid. But that's what the American Fleet looks like from the other side."

The politician was more impressed than he cared to show. He began to have a feeling that the ship in whose comfortable cabin he sat was perhaps not the safest place, after all.

"But the British Fleet surely is strong enough to fight the enemy single-handed?" he urged.

"Again it would be if the British Fleet were here in its full strength," smiled the admiral. "But the ultimate strength of a fleet resides in its battleships, and—for reasons you yourself presumably can explain better than I can—the nearest British base which can accommodate a modern battleship or battle cruiser is Malta, ten thousand miles away. A warship must have a base to retire to if it is even only slightly hurt in a battle. Our largest ships here are the ten-thousand-ton cruisers armed with seven-and-a-half-inch guns, which I have the honor to command. As we shall surely sooner or later bump into a squadron of enemy battle cruisers armed with fourteen-inch guns—and possibly even their battleships which have sixteen-inch—you can estimate for yourself our utility."

The politician's eyes protruded from his bland flabby face.

"But why—why are you at sea, then?" he cried.

Again the admiral smiled grimly as he shifted his cigar along his straight mouth.

"We're going to try to delay the occupation of Mang by getting on the enemy's transport route," he said. "A useful little job of work before we go to the bottom."

The politician felt suddenly uncomfortable in his stomach—an almost physical drop and turn of his viscera.

"But this is suicide!" he ejaculated.

"Let us call it a great moral gesture; shall we?" smiled the admiral. "A stimulus to the empire to avenge us—as it will."

The politician was silent for a moment. He seemed short of breath. His flabby face was very white.

"According to you, then—the enemy is going to win?" he said desperately. "We can't stop them?"

The admiral rose from his chair and looked for a moment out of the large stern windows at the running blue waves broken by the long straight line of foam diverging from the ship's side as she thrust through the water. Behind them the other ships of the squadron were strung out, and away across to the horizon, serrated by the wave tops, were the diminished toylike silhouettes of the flanking light cruisers, pearl-gray in the morning sun.

"No," he replied brusquely. "For us here—we have no chance. We're a forlorn hope. We ought to be the spearhead of a fleet of battleships and battle cruisers; and thanks to you, my dear sir, and those like you, the battleships and battle cruisers are ten thousand miles away. But they will come. The enemy will have it all their own way for the first six months of this war, perhaps the first year. They think that then we shall recognize the impossibility of going on. That's where they make the mistake. British or Americans—the Anglo-Saxon race has never broken off a war yet until that war was won, no matter how many years it has taken. And the next few years, at an immense cost in lives and money, will be spent by Britain and the United States in slowly retrieving a situation that—but for the politicians in both countries—need never have arisen at all." He turned fully to the politician and smiled at him. "But you and I, my dear sir, will not see the end. We shall be dead."

He picked up his cap from the table and went out. The politician was suddenly horribly conscious of the lift and subsidence of the ship. Was he going to be sick on the admiral's floor?

He waited for a few minutes in the solitude of that cabin, staring through the stern windows at the horizon line that rose steadily upward and then sank down again. Should he demand to be put off the ship, conveyed in a fast destroyer to some place of safety? He felt in advance the futility of such a request. That grim-faced admiral would certainly refuse to diminish his force for the private convenience of any individual. And it was by his own insistence that he was here—being borne forward to fantastic peril! He saw nothing humorous in the irony of it. He cursed himself savagely for a fool.

The solitude got on his nerves. He must go out, find some populated part of the ship, see for himself what was happening. Even now, while he was in this cabin whose principal and intermittent view was over the long white wake of churned water streaming behind them, the enemy might be appearing over the horizon toward which they sped.

He could and did imagine it, with a sudden sharp invasion of panic, an uncomfortable disturbance of the nerve center in his abdomen, a trembling of all his limbs. At that moment if anyone had entered the cabin he could not have summoned up a voice with which to speak, could only have gasped inarticulately. But no one did. He seemed to be left indefinitely alone—alone, perhaps, until

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The Ships Were Now Pouring All the Black Smoke They Could From Their Funnels. Boxes Floating on the Sea Were Also Emitting Thick Clouds of Vapor

CHARLIE THE GLOOM HOUND

"The Trip Ain't Over Yet," He Said. "Probably When We Get to Mayen, That M. P. Captain Will Be There"

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ON THE evening of February 18, 1919, me and Henry Elton and Charlie Hiner was sitting around the stove in our billet, which was the front room of an old stone house in a little town in Germany. We was all privates in the Thirteenth Field Artillery; part of the Army of Occupation which had marched up into Germany after the Armistice the autumn before. "Ever since the end of the war," said Charlie, "I ain't had no interest in this man's army at all. I want to go home. That's all I want; I want to go home. Instead of which, it looks like I got to spend the rest of my life in this God-forsaken hole."

"Cheer up, Charlie," I said. "We'll all get home sometime."

"If we live that long," said Charlie. "And in the meantime, here we are in the dirtiest little town in all Germany. I never seen such a dump; no electric lights, no railroad, no stores, nothing but a few dozen houses perched on a windy hill. And no inhabitants except these stupid-looking Dutchmen and these pigs that wanders around the streets. I wish I was back in Kansas City. I want to go home."

"So do I," said Henry. "But it don't do no good to keep hollering about it all the time."

"I never seen such weather," said Charlie. "Rain, rain, rain all the time. Or else snow. No sunshine at all. And I never seen such a life. Work, work, work all the time; grooming horses, cleaning harness, washing wagons, standing inspections, getting bawled out by everything from corporals to generals, and all for the sake of winning a war that was over three months ago. I want to go home."

Charlie was such a sorrowful old bozo that me and Henry sort of wanted to cheer him up someway, but we wasn't exactly bubbling over with joy ourselves, and we couldn't think of much to say. So we just sat there looking at the old German stove and thinking about America so far away.

And then Charlie got out his jew's-harp and started playing the Funeral March by Chopping, I think he called it. You wouldn't think a jew's-harp could make much music; but Charlie put his whole soul into it, and it pretty near made us cry, it was so mournful, and we were so low in our minds and homesick.

And after a while Charlie quit playing and we started to go to bed. And Charlie said, "There ain't no joy left for us as long as we are in the Army. Every day is like every other day, and none of them worth a damn."

But the very next day, which was February nineteenth, we got a surprise. As soon as we had lined up for reveille the first sergeant said, "The Y. M. C. A. is giving a free boat ride up the Rhine River tomorrow. One hundred men out of this battery may go. We go to Ulmen in trucks, down to Coblenz by train, and up the river by steamboat, returning tomorrow night. All men wishing to take this boat ride step one pace to the front."

Everybody was too surprised to make a move; nobody stepped out. I was standing between Charlie and Henry.

"Fine!" whispered Henry. "Just the thing old Charlie needs to cheer him up."

"What's the matter with youse guys?" yelled the first sergeant. "Fine boat ride! See the beautiful city of Coblenz! See the big river! See all them famous castles! All men that want to go, step one pace to the front."

Still nobody stepped out. At first everybody was surprised; now they begun to get suspicious.

"I wouldn't volunteer for nothing like that," said Charlie. "There's a catch to it somewhere."

"There might be," I said.

"Sure there's a catch to it," said Charlie. "Would the Army or the Y. M. C. A., for no reason at all, give us a nice free boat ride? Does it sound reasonable?"

"Come on!" called the sergeant. "If you poor saps won't volunteer, I'll have to pick a detail and make you go."

"Probably," said Charlie, "when they get us down to Coblenz they'll make us dig a big ditch, like they did at Brest. And only the officers will go on the boat ride."

The first sergeant came walking down the line.

"Hey, there, Charlie Hiner," he said, "don't you know you're at attention? Don't you know, you poor recruit, that you ain't supposed to talk when you're at attention? All right, since you got so much to say about it, you can be the first to volunteer for the boat ride. Come on!" And he made poor old Charlie step out in front.

"Last call!" yelled the sergeant. "Who else wants to go on the boat ride?"

Finally one poor little guy down at the end of the line stepped out.

"At-a-boy!" said the sergeant. "Who else?"

Two or three men came out rather doubtfully, then a few more, and then several dozen.

"Henry," I said, "maybe there is something in this after all. I believe I'll take a chance."

I stepped out, and a moment later Henry joined me, just in time to get in with the first hundred to volunteer. The sergeant took our names, and we were dismissed for breakfast.

As usual, it was a damp, dark, chilly morning. Heavy clouds overhead, and the air filled with a drifting mist that was almost a drizzling rain. As we slopped along through the mud of the main street up to the kitchen, Charlie become even more melancholy than the weather.

"The first day I was ever in the Army at Jefferson Barracks," he said, "they called for volunteers that could drive cars. And when a lot of us stepped out, hoping for soft jobs, they give us wheelbarrows, and we spent all the next week moving dirt. Since then I never volunteer for nothing. It ain't safe; there's always some dirty work behind it."

The battery kitchen was at the little town hall. We got our oatmeal and coffee, and sat on one of the wooden benches to eat. And Charlie started up again.

"Of all the poor fish I ever seen in all my life, you two got the world beat for the poorest and the fishiest."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"To go and volunteer for this fake boat ride. It's bad enough to get caught, like I did. But to walk right into it on purpose!"

"We don't know," said Henry. "It might be all right."

"Not likely," said Charlie sadly. "Remember how on the transport they called for all tobacco chewers to gather around? And remember how them poor victims crowded in, looking for a hand-out of free tobacco?"

"Yes," I said.

"And remember how they found out that somebody had spit on the deck, and they had to spend all that day scrubbing the place up?"

"I remember," I said.

"And yet you bite on this boat-ride thing. Some people are just like little children; always trustful, always getting stuck someway. Well, you can't blame me."

We walked back to our billet. And the next we knew, the first sergeant come by and grabbed us all on a detail washing horses with lime-sulphur.

All the horses in the outfit, since coming to Germany, had picked up millions of horse cooties, which were about four times the size of regular government-issue cooties, and were dark in color and very ferocious. So all the horses had to be given a bath with this strong lime-sulphur, which was supposed to kill the cooties, and which also pretty near ate the skin off our hands and warmed up the horses' hides till they begun jumping around like a bunch of hop-toads.

Me and Henry worked together, one of us holding a horse, the other swabbing him off, and both of us helping

with the language: "Nice horsy, good horsy, we ain't going to hurt you; hold still, you brute, or I'll bust in the top of your head!"

After we had finished anointing each horse we had to rub him off and then trot him up and down the street so he wouldn't catch cold. And we had to run along through the mud beside him. If we had tried to ride, the lime-sulphur would have eaten right through our pants.

Charlie was working with another bunch, but once we caught a glimpse of him holding onto a horse and gazing off across the landscape with his usual dismal expression.

"Look at him," said Henry. "I ain't seen anybody look so disgusted since they told my Uncle John he had become the father of twins."

"Poor old Charlie," I said.

"I hope," said Henry, "the boat ride tomorrow turns out to be all right. It'll do Charlie a world of good; it'll cheer him up."

"He needs it," I said. "It's a good thing the sergeant made him volunteer."

We worked all morning on them fool horses, then had a quick lunch, and came back and worked until three in the afternoon, which is about the time the sun goes down in Germany in the wintertime. We had supper at four; and by half-past four it was almost dark, and me and Henry and Charlie was stumbling along down the street, approaching our billet, and all ready for another long dreary winter evening.

"I never seen such a house as we got for a billet," said Charlie. "Half of it used as a stable for two cows, four pigs and a whole flock of hens. And the other half divided between us three and old Johann and his wife."

As we came up to the front door Charlie looked affectionately at two signs he had put up on the front of the house. One of them said, "I want to go home!" The other had an arrow pointing down the road, and the words, "Kansas City, 5000 Miles."

We opened the door, and right away Charlie sniffed and let out a disgusted groan. "Sauerkraut!" he said as he went into the front room and opened up the window. "I never seen such people as these Germans, polluting the atmosphere of the whole house with sauerkraut. It's worse than mustard gas."

"Well," said Henry, lighting the old oil lamp on the table, "it's their own house."

"Yes," said Charlie, "but as long as we are living in the front room they got no right to cook sauerkraut in the back room three or four days each week like they do."

The damp, cold wind, blowing through the open window, made the lamp smoke and flicker. Charlie piled a lot of wood into the stove, and opened up the drafts. Heavy footsteps came clumping down the hall from the rear of the house, and old Johann, the owner of the place, stuck his square, solid, German head in the door.

"Gott im Himmel!" he said, and went over and shut the window and turned off the stove. After which he give an oration in German, which of course we couldn't understand.

"I wish I knew the German word for sauerkraut," said Charlie.

"I think it's almost the same," said Henry.

"Good," said Charlie, and turned to Johann. "Listen, monkey-face," he said. "Sauerkraut nix goot—beaucoup smell—we gotta open the windows comprenez?"

Johann let loose a lot more German.

"That's enough," Charlie cut in. "Gehen sie out of here—and keep the mouth geshut—allezvous along schnell—dummkopf, schweinehund!"

This seemed to set poor old Johann wild. He spluttered and shook his fists at us for five minutes. But finally he left, and we heard him walking off down the hall, still talking. Charlie then opened the window again and started up the stove.

Charlie and Johann had been putting on this little act several times a week all winter.

As we settled ourselves down after the excitement, Henry said, "It's kind of a shame to burn up so much of the old feller's wood."

"We gotta keep warm," said Charlie, "and we gotta have air. By the way," he went on, "I wish I knew what them two words mean 'dummkopf' and 'schweinehund.' They seem to make him so sore."

Charlie sort of sighed sorrowfully, got out his jew's-harp and started to play his old favorite funeral march.

"I Never Seen Such Weather, Rain, Rain, Rain"

"My gosh," said Henry, "anybody would think you was going to get hung tomorrow. Instead of which, we're all going on a nice boat ride."

"Probably it'll rain," said Charlie.

"Maybe not," I said.

"If it don't rain," said Charlie, "probably we'll wish it had. I tell you there is dirty work behind this somewhere." And he went on with his funeral march.

Me and Henry tried to cheer ourselves up a bit by talking about the boat ride, but it was hard work with Charlie around. So finally we decided to go to bed.

And after we had got ready to turn in we looked up at Charlie, and he had put on his best lost-soul expression and was admiring himself in his little tin mirror.

"You old son of a gun!" said Henry. "You got the gloomiest-looking mug in the whole outfit, and by gosh, you almost look as if you was proud of it. Snap out of it, and come on and get some sleep."

So Charlie put away his tin mirror and came to bed.

The next morning—which was February 20, 1919—we had breakfast before it was light, and all of us that was going on the boat ride was loaded onto trucks and taken five miles or so to a place called Ulmen, where there was a railroad station.

"Aha!" said Charlie. "I suppose now we got to work here all day unloading a million bales of hay or something."

But no. Pretty soon a train came along and we all got aboard and rumbled off in the direction of Coblenz. The major and a couple of dozen other officers was in a German passenger car up next the engine, and the rest of us—about a hundred privates and a few noncoms—was in box cars behind.

By this time the sun was up, and it was a beautiful clear day—one of the very few pleasant days of that whole German winter. We sat in the doors of the box cars, swinging

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Charlie Put His Whole Soul Into It, and It Pretty Near Made Us Cry, It Was So Mournful, and We Were So Low in Our Minds and Homesick

TAME CROW

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MAX CARDEN, with four heavy horses and a six-ton fisherman's keel, was coming downhill toward the Marshall toll bridge in an April snowstorm.

And when he caught sight of the old house, sitting foursquare there at the bottom of the hill, he remembered that he had that danger to pass still. Dr. Sophie Marshall would come out to take the toll.

When he had passed her in the morning she had told him that it would snow before night, looking at him as if to deter him from the attempt; and he had answered her in a whisper—all that was left of his voice—that he was not made of sugar and spice. He had got for this sally a level look of professional contempt. She knew what to think of men who deliberately flouted the law of physical limitation. If they came to grief, she implied, it was through no fault of hers.

No doubt she had told him the simple truth. He was plastered with snow, a cough racked him, and he had trouble in dragging his legs through the drifts. The enormous lump of lead constituting the keel of the schooner lay chained to two huge twenty-foot balks of timber, twelve inches at the butt, and lashed to two pairs of trucks set fifteen feet apart.

"The Tame Crow," Wiggin Rasped

He endeavored to suck a tooth at the horses, but they dwindled away before him and took on odd shapes. His feet made no noise in the snow and there was a ringing in his ears. He felt as if a pot of boiling lead were in his lungs. Wind and snow rushed into his face in angry pulses.

Coming up to the Marshall house, the weight behind the horses, gathering momentum, ran up against their heels and they were put to it to hold back, panting, slipping and sliding, the fleece-lined holdbacks sinking into their quarters and wrinkling their wet hides. Max threw the lead horses a little to the left to avoid a washed-out place in the road and brought them to a halt. Standing in their lee, he kicked mud off his cracked shoes on the snow-covered balks of timber.

And there, instantly, was Sophie Marshall, in a black sweater, a black tam, black sea boots, eying him with that professional eye which had stirred his wrath when he had come off the bridge that morning.

"This hasn't helped you any," she said shortly.

"No harm done," he answered.

But he could not deceive her. The sound of his voice was hideous even in his own ears. He extended the toll money nipped in cold fingers. His finger ends were like the touch of death in her warm palm.

"You ought not to be going round like this, and you know it," Sophie said. She threatened him with the ascendancy of a skilled woman, a technician. "The very reason you are working outdoors in a shipyard is to recruit your strength; and then you persist in doing these insane things."

"Little cold, that's all," he whispered doggedly. "Changeable climate."

"Where will you sleep tonight?"

"I've got a bunk in the mold loft."

"On the floor, most likely. You hard-as-nails men!" Sophie cried, looking straight at him and standing close. "You think because you have these big arms that you can tough out anything. You haven't actually as much resistance as a girl when it comes to fighting off disease."

"Haven't I?" he gasped.

"Certainly not. Because you can't recognize symptoms. You go on the while-she-cracks-she-holds principle. There are sixty-two widows in this town, and only eight widowers. Do you know that?"

"I'm neither one thing nor the other, though," he grated from the bottom of his tormented throat.

"And not likely to be, either, if you don't take better care of yourself. That little thin coat!"

He raised his whip and called harshly that he was starting up the horses. The snow drove between them. There was nothing the matter with him, outside of this howling dervish of wind and fire which had mounted to his brain. Yet in spite of everything he felt his knees yielding.

Sophie cried, "Wait! What does this thing weigh?"

"Don't know exactly. Somewhere around six tons. What's the bridge good for?"

"Not an ounce more than six tons."

Her wind-torn voice came to him decisively.

"Near enough then."

"We'll see. Just drive onto that coal-weighing platform, will you? I can tell you in a jiffy."

He brought the keel on. Through the broken panes he heard the clank and slide of weights. Sophie was holding a match and shielding it from the wind. It winked out. She came out with a gleam in her eye.

"Six tons and a quarter. It's too much. Even six tons would be. Some of that spiling and planking this side of the draw is awfully rotten on the underside. You would sink through it like cheese."

"I've got to get this keel across tonight."

"Swim with it then. I don't care a continental for your keel; I won't have you endangering my bridge."

He was forced to unhook his tugs. Leaning down, he heard her suggesting that she had some whisky in her medical stores for cases like his. He could not recall later what he had said in answer to this. To have refused would have been childish, and in the circumstances, probably impossible. Sophie Marshall's arm had passed quite round him. It had the resources of a man's arm in its supple roundness, evidently. She had need of strength professionally.

He fell across the gate, but she had interposed herself somehow between him and the feathery white ground. He pitched headlong over a great drift showing a deep cornice on the leeward side; and next felt himself knocking his heels against the rough granite doorstep.

"Thanks. Won't come in," he muttered.

But since the interruption of his journey he had suddenly felt very much sicker. He felt Doctor Marshall's arms come about him hard. Their two bodies had come together with the effect of violent collision. He was stopped in his tracks by that determined embrace; the blood rushed to his head, his head began to spin. He breathed fiercely and irregularly, and with the uncomfortable sense, too, that she had got her knee somehow into the small of his back. Black spots and flashes juggled before his eyes. With a supreme effort, he had half twisted out of her arms.

"Be sensible," she pleaded.

"I am perfectly in command of myself," he said with singular detachment. "Don't think, please, that a man who wants to leave your house has gone out of his head necessarily."

Thereupon he left her house by the simple process of taking leave of his senses. He was in for a fit of sickness which required Mrs. Horrocks' services as trained nurse, which lasted for three weeks and occasioned much gossip.

Doctor Wiggin, at the Stover boarding house, was of the opinion that Doctor Marshall had overstepped at last. He made eyebrows over that allegation that the man had fainted on that young woman's doorstep.

"Fainted by prearrangement," he tittered.

"She brought him out of it beautifully, though," Nellie Bullard said.

"Did she?"

"Yes. You regular practitioners can scoff, but Sophie Marshall has shown marvelous results, I think. There's the Peirce child running round again as good as new; you can't deny that."

"It's—suspicious," said the doctor with exceeding lightness.

"I hope you don't doubt the evidence of your senses, doctor."

"My senses!" the doctor returned fiercely, losing his satirical calm, for the Peirce child had been a patient of his own. "What are my senses? Why should I rely on my senses? They are liars—liars. I rely on my reason, and reason tells me the child was simulating—she was training on. She was playing possum, Mrs. Bullard. Small girls are like the senses generally—liars, liars in little. They outgrow it of course."

"That's outrageous."

"Is it? Ask your husband. Ask the county attorney. Ask Mr. Harry Bullard what he thinks of the woman then," Doctor Wiggin snickered. That was like snatching up the carving knife and plunging it in Nellie's breast. There was a rumor going round that Harry Bullard thought only too well of the lady in question. She had been an old flame of his. "Ask him what he thinks of his rival fainting on the lady's doorstep."

"His rival!" cried Nellie Bullard with manifest shortness of breath.

"Political rival—political rival," the little doctor tittered.

Everybody at the table breathed again. It was true that Bullard and Carden had run against each other for the office and Bullard had won. Carden had gone to work in the shipyard to recuperate from the depression of an unsuccessful campaign into which he had put his very soul.

"Men are nothing in her young life," Mrs. Bullard hazarded. "She's as cold as Greenland's icy mountains. Men are just counters to her. Come to think of it, she did apply to my husband a while back to intercede for her with the legislature to give her greater powers."

"That must have been what I saw him going into the Marshall house about the other afternoon," said the doctor with luxurious malevolence.

The breath was halted in Nellie Bullard's round throat. With her arms half into the sleeves of a steel-colored raincoat, she murmured "I wouldn't wonder," and disappeared through a skeleton hanging of brown velours rope in the doorway.

She was still thinking on that subject when Max Carden saw her next day. She was sitting on a bowlder in the shadow of a decrepit lightning-blasted cat spruce, in a little from the road on Dowson's Island. The sun, slanting in there, wound a golden tentacle about her. She flushed at seeing Carden, bent her head, lifted her hand and stared at a minute fleck on one of the fingers.

"Do you know anything that will remove warts? They're so disfiguring," she murmured.

"Faith," said Max. "Faith will remove mountains, why not warts?"

"Faith!" Mrs. Bullard cried, and let her hands slip between her knees. "I was forgetting faith. I sometimes think there's no more faith in the world."

She stared at the Marshall house, easily visible from where she sat. Mr. Carden, convalescing, regarded her languorously. It was very still. Mrs. Bullard, under her light coat, was in a wine-colored cobwebby dress with a

brilliant line of silk insertion at the neck, and wine-colored shoes with stockings to match. Doctor Wiggin had said that Nellie was a battlefield where Reveal and Conceal had fought a duel, and Reveal had remained master of the field. Her state of mind was no less easily arrived at.

"Have you looked in on your doctor today?" she asked him.

"I looked in, but there was a patient with her."

"A patient? I thought there was a dearth of patients."

"Well, a visitor then."

"Anybody I know?"

He was silent, and she rushed on, "Don't tell me. I know. I know as well as I want to."

She put her chin, with a suspicion of a tremble in it, hard on her two fists, so beautifully ringed and dimpled, with the fine-grained, slightly perfumed skin stretched white over the knuckles. There was a creak of leather from the little wine-colored shoes. Her lips closed; she set her teeth hard into one of the knuckles with a weepy flutter of her dark lashes.

"He did tell me," she said tremulously, "that he was going to dodge in there a minute this afternoon. It's about that bill he's putting through for her. As it is now, I believe she can't so much as sign a death certificate."

Mrs. Bullard got off the bowlder lingeringly. A warm and perfumed current drifted to his nostrils through the cold April sunshine. Her tall heel had the misfortune to be planted squarely on a traitorous pebble, which threw her off her balance. She reeled. Max extended his arm under her shoulders. She maintained herself equivocally in his arms, her voice light and breathless and a trifle aimless, as if these words or any words might be beside the point.

"I feel simply ossified, after sitting so long on that cold stone. It must be old age creeping on. There's no feeling from the knee down at all."

Her eyes shimmered at him, deepened and darkened. He had nothing to say to that, and she went on in her flighty voice, "It's the faithless men that make the faithless women in this world."

He said harshly and contemptuously, "You are talking through your hat. If your husband didn't know how to behave himself, Miss Marshall could instruct him."

"So you're another of her conquests!" Nellie shouted after him.

He did not reply to that. He had seen the little river steamer, River Belle, coming round the bend, heard her whistle three times, and knew that now Sophie Marshall would be running for the bridge full tilt. The toll was a family concession and eked out a young practice.

He stood looking at her through the lower branches of a pine tree on the island side. The draw stood open; she was resting on the crooked iron bar operating the pivoting mechanism, and looking down at the decks of the River Belle. The little steamer went seething and slobbering through, with a creak of bright hemp tackle and a rattle of pilot-house windows. Sophie puffed at the straw-colored hair spun out before her eyes and tilted up her head.

A black crow, circling through the upper timbers of the draw, dropped like a plummet to the crown of her head. Sophie, turning in a flash, seized the crow's beak in her teeth and held it shut. The black wings fanned her face. She flung the bird off into space, laughing. She had caught it young, clipped its wings, taught it affection and fed it on whites of eggs. Now when she was outdoors, the bird was usually floating in the sky above her head; and when she went into the house, he tapped on the window with his beak, begging admittance.

The invalid, lying flat on his back in the warm sun, reflected that he owed his life to that young woman. If there was any way that he could serve her he was obligated to take that way to the last atom of him. He imagined a situation calling for his help, and suddenly shrugged his shoulders and sat up. This sentimental something in his bones must be due to the relaxed condition of his fibers. He had better get to work. Sophie could look out for herself. She was a modern, though she didn't as yet wear bells on her garters. A physician, and an intellectual to boot, she had the physician's touch. Her tall cool presence at his bedside had been like a waft of physical health, like an incentive. He could feel her fingers round his wrist now.

He would get to work in the morning. He overtook Carmichael, high sheriff and yard foreman at the shipyard, and apprised him of that fact.

"Any changes in my absence?" he inquired, feeling Carmichael's curious eye full on him.

"Well, my pup's left me, if you call that news," the sheriff said. "Gave him away to Harry Bullard. Nose too peaked to suit me. I've been mistrustful all along his mother gave him some of her cur blood."

"Won't he hunt?"

"Hunt, yes; but does he follow his nose or just plain hoof prints? All I know is, when I got him in the woods he would commence this ungodly howling and keep it up till I brought him out again, and then he would hang limp in the collar and waggle them fat ears of his."

When Max reported in the morning, Carmichael, laying a mysterious hand on his shoulder, urged him toward old Horrocks' office.

"His nibs has got a nice puttering job for you to start with," he guffawed.

The job was to shore up Sophie Marshall's kitchen and make sundry repairs about the house. Every spring she was in the habit of commandeering a man out of the shipyard, and this spring was no exception.

"I knew you would want to help her every way you could," old Horrocks wheezed.

He did not refuse. Like all old houses, the Marshall house was always falling into ruin and always undergoing repairs. Hardly a stick of original timber was left in it. It was foursquare, with a huge gray chimney mortared over brick and containing four several flues. The house was full of fireplaces and big cold rooms. Frost had heaved up the granite doorstep in front and tilted one of the whitewashed tubs containing dwarfed cedars, which stood either side of the front door. In one of the front windows hung a sign, with black letters on a clouded glass, reading, "Dr. Sophonisba Marshall."

Sophie, seeing him there in working clothes, came out and pounced on his wrist.

"Don't you let them work a willing horse to death," she said, dropping it after half a minute. "You're all right, but go slow."

He went slow, as ordered; and Carmichael accused him of soldiering on the job. Old Horrocks told him to take his time about it, and not leave one stone unturned, by ginger. That little devil, Wiggin, was accusing Doctor Marshall already of illegal practices. In undertaking a life-and-death case such as Max's had been, she might have got into deep water; would have, very likely, if it hadn't been that Bullard, the county attorney, was a friend of hers.

"A pretty good friend, too, if all I hear is true," old Horrocks added severely; and then winked at Carmichael, who was suddenly in no joking humor.

"Hold your horses!" he roared. "There's such a thing as going too far altogether."

Max went away with the blood pounding in his ears. He had got new light. Was it possible that she must depend on Bullard's friendship to shield her from the consequences of taking Max Carden as a patient? He recalled Mr. Wheatley, the supply minister, saying, between mouthfuls of corned hake, that people everywhere were in a spiritual backwater. It had become with them, seemingly, a case of eat the fish and leave the bones. There were Christians still, perhaps, but rather for purposes of political classification than for any deeper end. Political Christians. That is, they were not Turks, they were not Mohammedans. But nobody was in the mood to be thrown to the lions any more.

"If that was to be the test I'm afraid the churches would be emptier than they are," Nellie Bullard, who had been present, hazarded. She laughingly added that if she had to choose between being thrown to the lions and going to the dogs, she knew which she would choose.

Remarks of this character were not equipped to touch Mr. Wheatley's auditory nerve at all, and he had simply gone on eating corned hake.

(Continued on Page 106)

"You Heard the News?" Carmichael Rasped. "No." "Thought Not"

Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

And How Can I Get Him Back?—By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Given a Dog of That Sort, Things Quicken in Your Soul

THE party lasted until nearly five o'clock in the morning, at which time the hostess, a very blond movie actress, a star, indicated that the festivities were over by saying, "Good night, everybody; I'll see you in church." Then she began to strip off jewels as a polite gesture of dismissal.

The jewels, when the last and noisiest guest had disappeared into the elevator cage, containing one irritable West Indian hall boy as black and shiny as shoe polish—the jewels were carefully placed in a wall safe, in a pink-and-ivory boudoir. There was something that seemed to be a pearl necklace, a few platinum bracelets close set with diamonds, and several rings, a *cabochon* emerald, two big diamonds that glittered fiercely at each other.

Through the open windows, out of which the maid was shooing cigarette smoke and other stale fumes with an impatient waving of a bath towel, came echoes of the early morning clamor of New York traffic, milk wagons, taxicabs, mysterious trucks.

"I think," said the movie star, "that I'll take the dog out while you're clearing up this mess."

A Russian wolfhound, Olga, that had been trotting restlessly up and down the foyer, began to bark hysterically, turning its slender spear head so that her nose pointed alternately at the door and her mistress. This creature, with a coat as white as the hull of a yacht, except for a saddle of squirrel gray, had cost as much as one of the movie star's jewels. She was a thousand-dollar dog, almost a first-class animal.

"You won't need any muzzle now, dearie," said the actress, and rang for the elevator.

Losing One and Finding Nine

CENTRAL PARK is not a safe place for a woman—or a man, either—to stroll at night. The Robin Hoods that skulk behind its trees were not born in a chivalrous age. But a woman may walk there with a borzoi and not worry. An animal designed to rend a Siberian wolf is an excellent escort, if it likes you.

This dog's mistress unfastened its leash when they were in the park so that it could frisk, but instead of frisking it went off across the sheep meadow into the early morning haze, a streak of white, a streak that faded out of sight as lightning goes from the sky it has illumined.

"Yere, Olga! Yere! Yere!" commanded the young woman; but the emotional impulse that was directing the long steely legs of Olga was a stronger passion than could be evoked by the peafowl cries of the movie queen. By that time the young woman remembered she was an artist and that she had just lost something that she thought of in mental inventories of her wardrobe as one grand. Who is there that does not know that half a grand is five hundred dollars and one grand is twice as much?

So when she returned to her apartment house she was a disheveled cross of Ophelia, Lady Macbeth and Little Eva, a woman whose natural talent for tears was excited to supernormal performance by this unhappy loss. Maid, manager, press agent and gentleman friends took a real interest in the problem. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers. The bass voice of a police sergeant at the other end of a telephone wire acknowledged a report of the loss and the attitude of the department in a few words.

"A thousand dollars for a dog, lady? You mustn't think much of your gold."

It was the advertisements in the lost-and-found columns that brought my friend, the dog-finding detective, into the case. It is his practice to send a professional circular to all who insert such advertisements. He advised the offering of a reward; but even before this was done, a voice—a not very polite voice—telephoned to say that the missing Olga would be returned for one hundred dollars. Somehow this negotiator was frightened, or perhaps he did not have the dog and also lacked the imagination necessary to collect the reward without producing the wolfhound. Anyway, nothing came of it.

The detective, a stout man in well-tailored clothes who consults a gold watch thinner than a true beaten biscuit, kept at work, and after three months he found the dog. She was in the cellar of a Russian who lived in Fifth Avenue; not in that part of Fifth Avenue which is one of the nation's symbols of riches, but at an address above One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the street seems to belong in equal portions to the ghetto and the kraal.

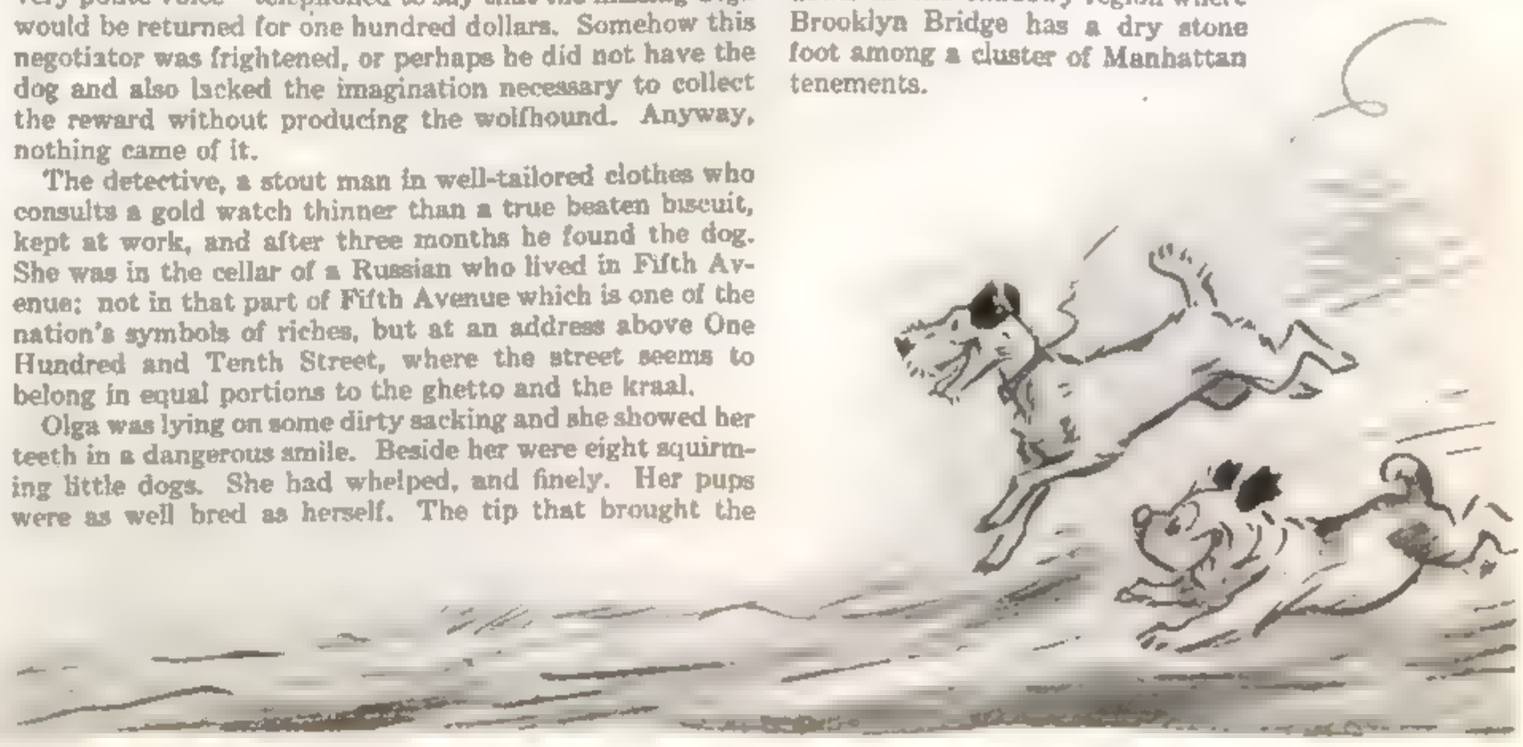
Olga was lying on some dirty sacking and she showed her teeth in a dangerous smile. Beside her were eight squirming little dogs. She had whelped, and finely. Her pups were as well bred as herself. The tip that brought the detective to that cellar had been given by the owner of the dog that had earned a large fee by siring those tiny balls of white fur. The search had cost the actress almost the value of the wolfhound, but no reward was paid and the pups were disposed of at two hundred and fifty dollars each—a total of two grand, as their happy owner declared.

Dog stealing is different from other forms of thievery in the respect that those who practice it do so free from the fear of punishment that haunts most robbers. It has reached such proportions that the dog-finding detective I have referred to has listed fifty places within a hundred-mile radius of New York that he classifies as fences for the disposal of stolen dogs. Many of these places are operated as kennels, but this detective has found that the proprietors will buy any marketable dog offered to them without asking embarrassing questions. The same conditions that make this possible in New York exist in every other thickly settled region in the country. There is even evidence of a linkage between dealers in stolen dogs in widely separated cities. The police are rarely disposed to interest themselves in this traffic while their attention is occupied with more troublesome offenders, and the owner of a stolen dog, when again in possession of his pet, usually is unwilling to have it tagged as Exhibit A and himself suffer the inconvenience of prosecuting a case of such a character. So the dog-stealing business flourishes.

People who would hesitate to send a dollar bill unregistered through the mails will allow a dog for which they may have paid anywhere from five to five hundred dollars to wander at will. They will carefully lock the ignition and steering post of their insured automobiles and leave in the car as a guardian an animal that frequently has a higher market value than the car itself, and there are thieves that would rather take the dog than the automobile he watches. Sometimes they take both.

Some Unsolved Dog Mysteries

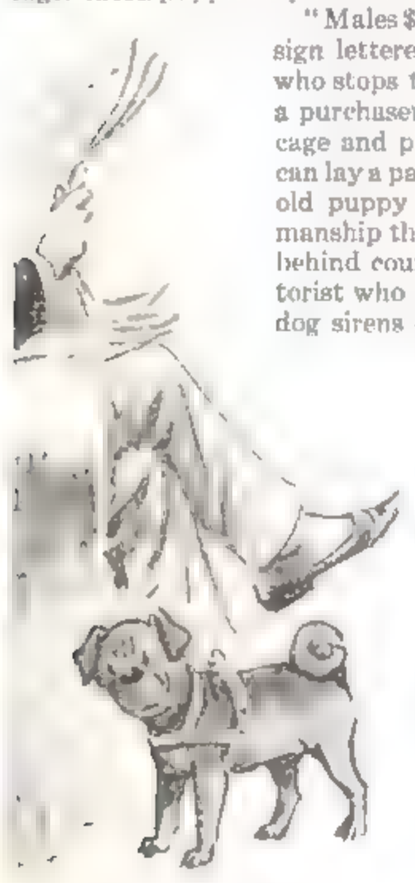
THERE is one such case on the list of unsolved dog mysteries in the files of the dog-finding detective. A manufacturer of a small article of machinery paid eight hundred dollars for a German shepherd while abroad. It was a trained animal with a highly developed sense of property rights. The owner called on his customers in a small sedan car that, new, had cost slightly less than the dog. He entered a loft building in mid-Manhattan not long ago, first raising the glass windows of the car so that his long-fanged, short-tempered companion would not get him into any lawsuits by biting someone who might try to pet him. When he emerged within the twenty-minute parking limit, his car, his samples and his dog were gone. Likely enough, the thieves had employed a device that is common. They had appeared with a towing car, raised the rear wheels of the sedan with chains slung from the small derrick at the rear of their car and driven off to a garage in which they could subdue the dog with any one of the variety of means known to such thieves. Persons who may have seen them haul the car away would have thought, if they had thought at all, that the car had broken down; and the dog probably realized that the situation was one of which his German trainers had not taken account. As if to show that the animal was the prize sought by the thieves, the sedan was found later that day where it had been abandoned down in the shadowy region where Brooklyn Bridge has a dry stone foot among a cluster of Manhattan tenements.



Not All Dogs That Disappear From

If the automobile has played an important rôle in the development of dog stealing it has been equally important in the expansion of dog breeding. Most roadside kennels exist there because of the predisposition of motorists to buy souvenirs. A litter of tumbling, red-tongued, eager-faced puppies is placed in a glass cage at the roadside.

"Males $50; females $35," reads the sign lettered there, and the motorist who stops to gaze is transformed into a purchaser if only he goes close to the cage and places a hand where a pup can lay a paw over it. An eight-weeks-old puppy knows more about salesmanship than most people who stand behind counters. Sometimes the motorist who approaches some of these dog sirens decides then and there to raise dogs for the market and spends eighty-five dollars for two. At first glance dog raising would seem an easy sort of farming. Certainly, along the highways of the Atlantic Seaboard there are almost as many kennels as there are filling stations and hot-dog vending stands.



So the Unfashionable Dog Keeps His Home

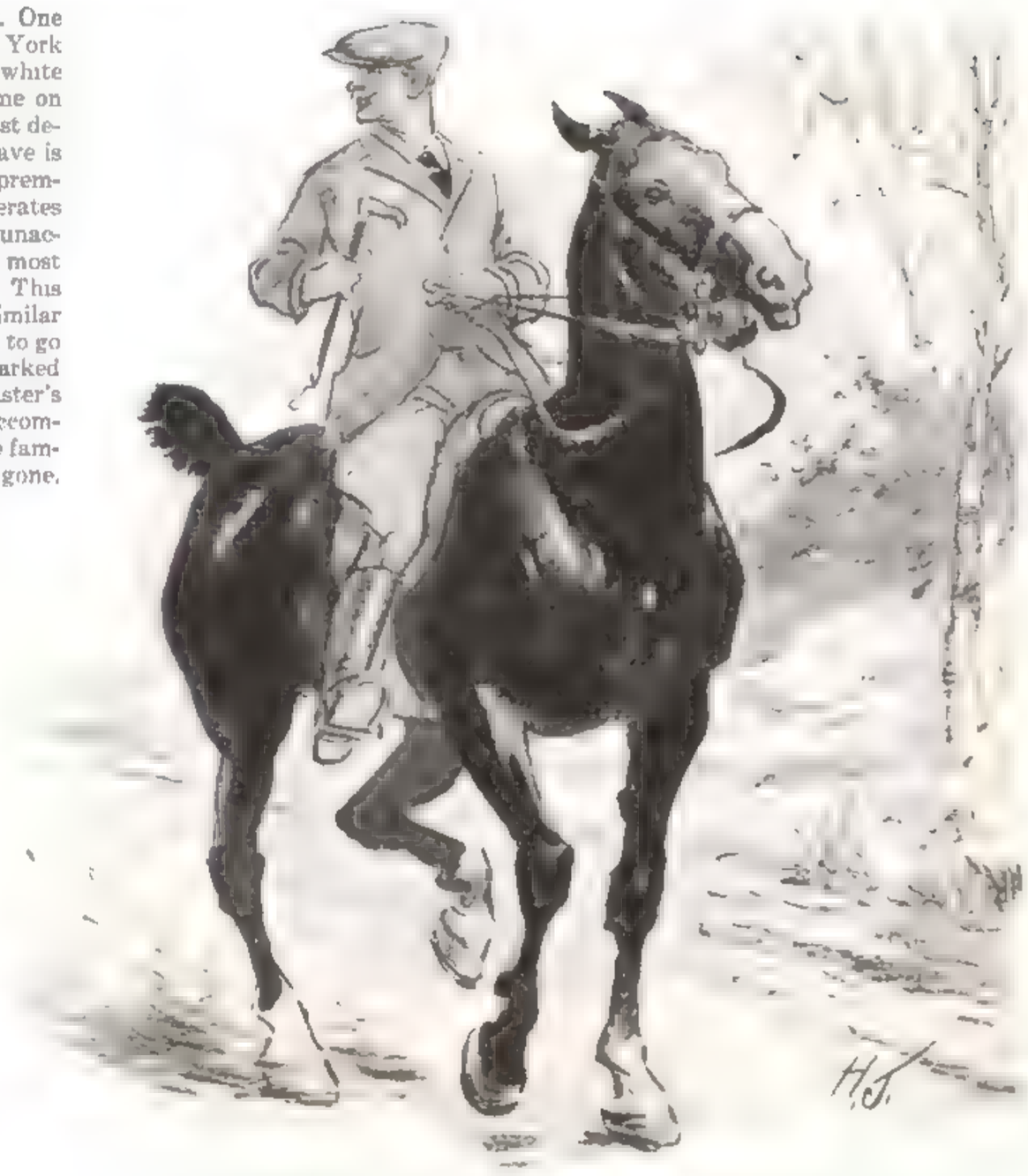
The dog thief finds an automobile almost indispensable, but few of them employ the daring that marked the theft of a five-hundred-dollar Pekingese from a woman in Westchester County, New York. She was giving her silk-haired pet an airing. Only a short time before, he had captured a blue ribbon at a Peke show. With proper care and a few more competitions, his value could have been expected to increase. She was thinking of this, possibly, when a flivver swerved up to the curb. One of the two men in it leaped out, slashed the leash in half with a knife and almost with the same motion swung the dog into the car, which was out of sight around a corner before the woman could muster enough wit to scream.

What would such an animal be worth? He could not be entered safely in shows by the men who stole him. Only a small fraction of his real value could be hoped for if they sold him, unless they took him to the proprietor of a Pekingese kennel. An unscrupulous breeder cheerfully would buy such a dog at a bargain price and employ him to sire puppies whose pedigrees would indicate that some less-important dog the breeder might own legitimately was their father. If they proved to be excellent pups, their market price might be as high as if the right name of their male parent had been given.

Loss of a Stay-at-Home Dog

THE thieves will steal the dogs as long as they can find customers of that caliber to buy their loot; but sometimes dogs are stolen by men who have not had the forethought to find a market. One of the owners of a New York newspaper had a young white Samoyed at his country home on Long Island. One of the most desirable qualities a dog can have is a disposition to stay on the premises. The prejudice that operates against female dogs fails unaccountably to consider that most of their sex are so disposed. This Samoyed, in appearance similar to a Spitz, never was known to go outside the hedge that marked the boundary of her master's property unless she was accompanying some member of the family. Then one day she was gone.

Her owner patrolled country lanes in his automobile and on horseback, but found no trace of her. He advertised, offering a fifty-dollar reward. Finally he employed the dog-finding detective. This man, by the way, began to specialize in the recovery of missing dogs about three years ago; and since he has a large field to himself, he finds the work more profitable than run-of-mine private sleuthing.



Her Owner Patrolled Country Lanes, But Found No Trace of Her

Plain Murder

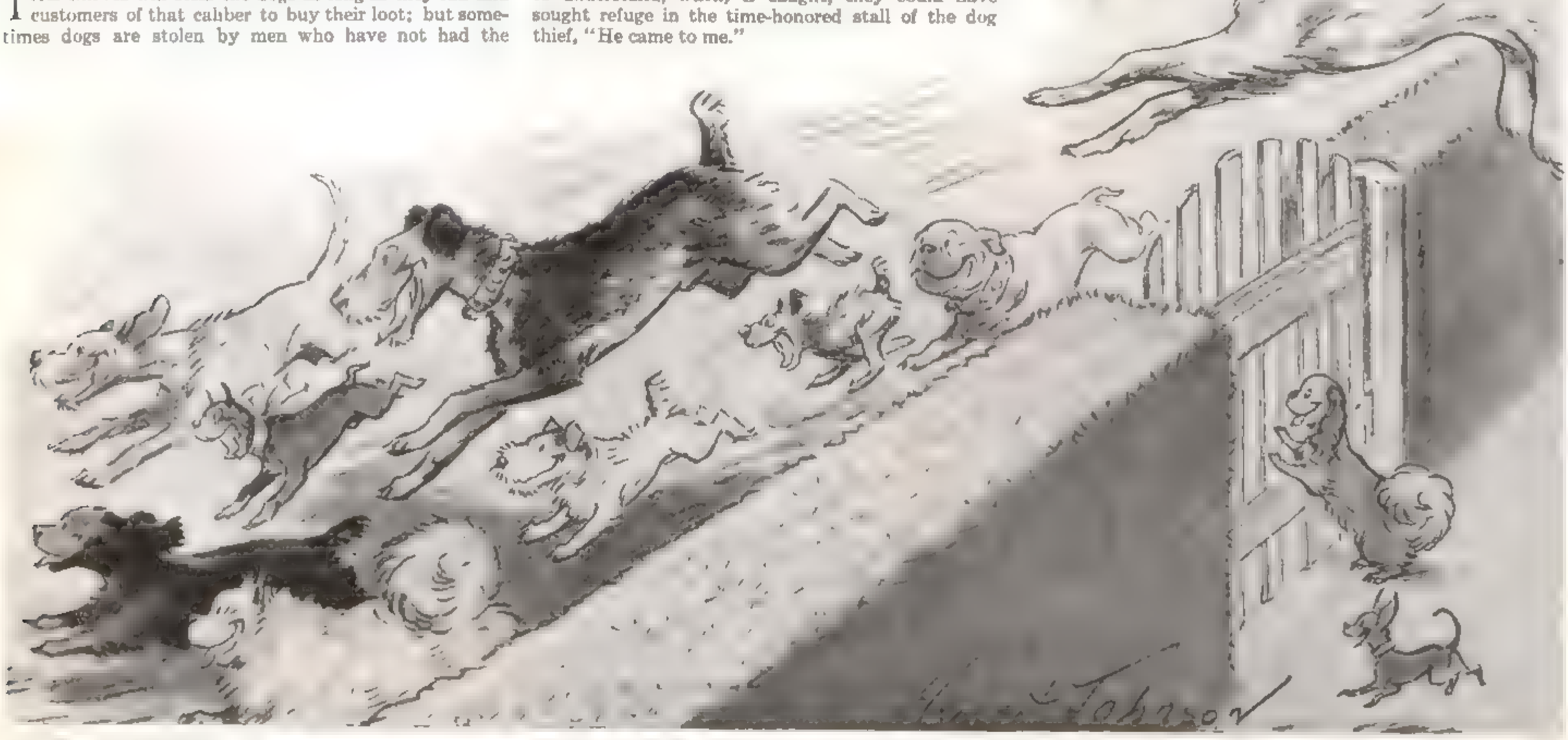
IN THIS case he learned that the caretaker of the estate suspected some laborers who had been working on the place temporarily. Following up that lead, he finally found a shallow grave where the frightened thieves had buried the animal after slitting her throat. That wanton murder has gone unpunished, but the dog's owner—a very weak word to characterize the relationship between dog and master—has freely stated that if he lived in a society less organized he would be tempted to put the killers in the grave in which they had buried his dog. There was a similar case in Westchester County. A couple there, well-to-do folks, had as pets a middle-aged White Leghorn hen, a white Angora cat and a white collie.

That collie, too, was stolen and then killed by thieves who must have feared exposure. The dog was found lying in its own blood on the shore of the Sound. Just why thieves should take such measures is hard to understand, when, if caught, they could have sought refuge in the time-honored stall of the dog thief, "He came to me."

Men and women whose bills are paid faithfully not later than the fifth of the month somehow find it possible to salve their conscience about taking possession of a dog, although the disappearance of a really expensive one is usually due to the men who make a business of stealing them.

Whenever there is a dog show, dog peddlers appear as mushrooms in the vicinity of the exhibition. Usually they

Continued on Page 200

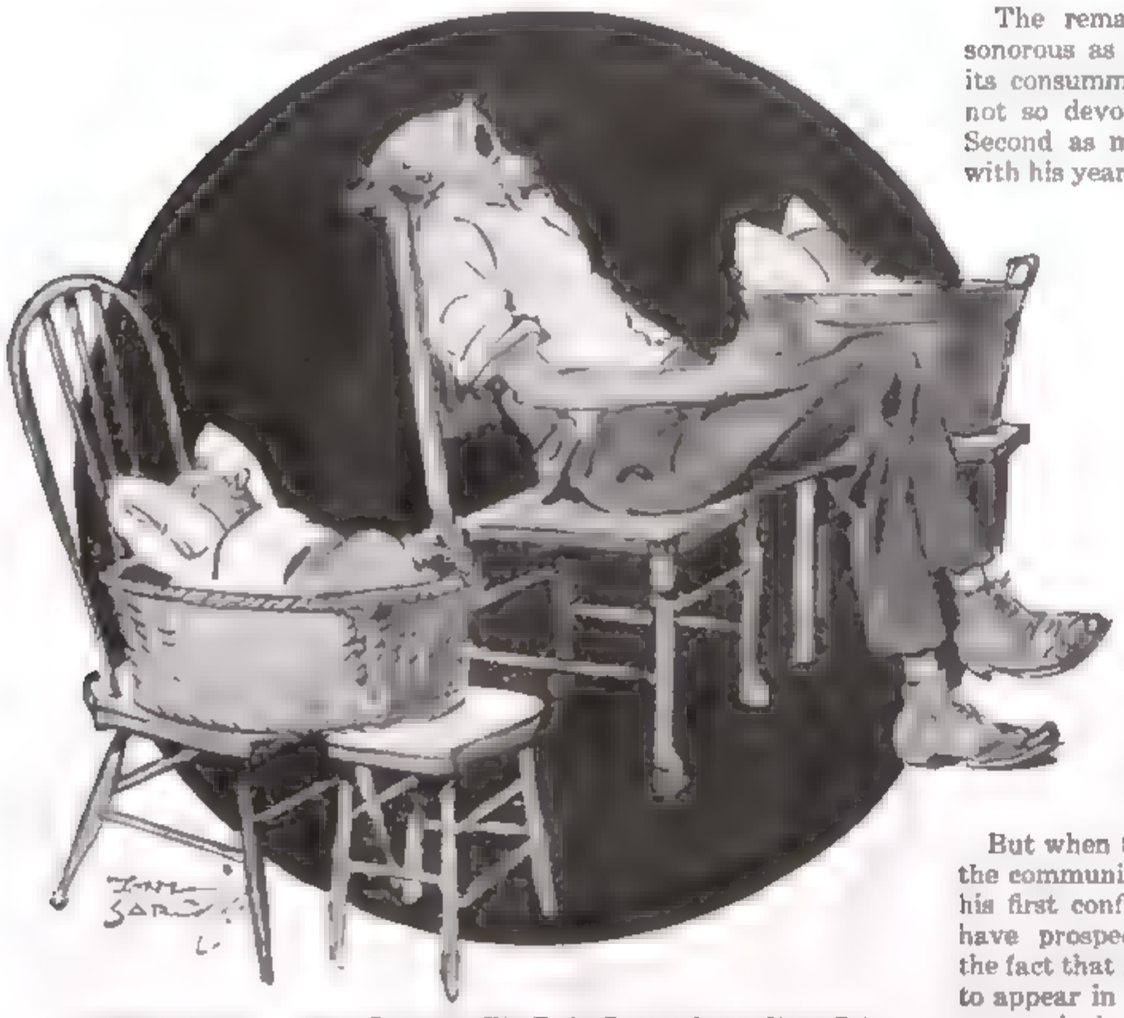


Their Family Firesides are Stolen

EBEN AND EZER

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Upright Upon a Chair Between His Twin Descendants Slept Eri

EBENEZER MISENHELDER begat Ebenezer Misenhelder. And Ebenezer Misenhelder begat Ebenezer Misenhelder. And Ebenezer Misenhelder begat nothing at all.

These were the generations of Misenhelder and the family bade fair to suspend indefinitely, for the reason that Sarah Tudt Misenhelder seemed to be of an unbegetting nature. But after the space of eleven years of criminal negligence, Sarah announced that she was by way of fulfilling her obligation to the house of Misenhelder. She announced her expectation of providing the missing link.

This was well pleasing to Ebenezer the Third, her husband, and it was well pleasing to Eri Tudt, her father; for Eri had borne the reproaches heaped upon his daughter by the powerful house of Misenhelder with outer hardihood but with inner embarrassment. From the date of the announcement that the stigma had been lifted from the Tudt line, Eri forsook more and more consistently his own solitary shack upon his indifferent forty acres adjoining and came to perch upon an infirm chair against the sunny side of his son-in-law's dwelling. The infirm chair was not further jeopardized thereby; for Eri was only a thin exclamation point, topped by small, loosely woven features which seemed skewered together by a rusty spike of a beard, the illusion being assisted by the one rusty lock which emerged stiffly upright from the rear top of his head. Eri's life, indeed, had been a series of thin exclamation points, for he was not the sort to force circumstances to full decisive periods or spectacular dashes; but he did accept circumstances as they came and molded each into a sharp climax of pleasurable excitement for himself.

So now in this exclamatory epoch in which his daughter bore so conspicuous a part, Eri and the debilitated chair followed the sun round and round the outside of her house. There were two reasons why Eri remained outside the house. One reason was because he had to and the other was because he wanted to. The first had to do with Sarah herself, who resembled her deceased mother not only in the general virtues of neatness and efficiency, but even in the exact register of tonal quality when dubious foot leather scantily embracing a sockless foot appeared upon her scrubbed pine floor. The second reason had to do with the other prospective grandfather. Ebenezer the Second, leading exponent of thrift in a region where thrift stubs upon the heels of godliness, cherished for the shiftless Eri a distaste so decided as to be positively racy. Therefore Eri, with his relish for the spectacular, by remaining without the house lost nothing of this piquant acrimony, whether Misenhelder, a granite pillar topped with eternal snows, halted only at the gate in his huge well-oiled wagon or whether he let himself down over the wheel after the manner of heavy stone sections and bore majestically into the kitchen. The fact that he invariably made a swatting motion as he passed Eri's precarious perch detracted nothing from Eri's enjoyment; he merely hitched his chair beneath the kitchen window that he might miss none of the sonorous remarks which issued from within.

The remarks became more and more sonorous as the interim progressed toward its consummation. The consummation was not so devoutly wished by Ebenezer the Second as might have seemed compatible with his years of lamentation that Sarah had defrauded him of a namesake; the reason being that during one of his invectives against her he had rashly vowed an endowment of forty acres upon Ebenezer the Fourth should said Ebenezer ever appear—which at that juncture seemed entirely improbable. It had been a magnificent double-edged gesture at the time, one edge being designed to strike at Sarah's remissness, the other to cut obliquely at her father, the obvious inference being that the forty acres which represented Eri's sole accumulation were but a whiff to Ebenezer, a trifle to be disposed of with an airy wave of a large and generous palm.

But when the young medical graduate of the community, who was more alarmed over his first confinement case than he cared to have prospective clients know, confirmed the fact that Ebenezer the Fourth was slated to appear in due season, the large and generous palm began to close, or attempt to close, upon the whiff so recklessly promised. But there is this to be remarked of whiffs in general: They are difficult to close upon. Furthermore, an airy gesture, if it be freighted with forty acres—particularly if it be aired in one's direction—is not easily forgotten. Ebenezer the Third, compounded of the paternal granite, had not forgotten. Ensued, then, in the interval prior to the replenishment of the family cradle, the clash of granite upon granite. Ensued as a by-product, the titillation of Eri Tudt, ear cocked upward against the clapboarding. For Eri, being a whiff himself and owning what had been scornfully designated as a whiff, understood presumably the nature of whiffs. When this particular whiff should have increased to a tornado, Eri proposed to blow into the scene and gayly fling a decisive trump upon the seething vortex.

It was not, however, until the very day that Sarah—in unreasonable hurry, it seemed, after her dalliance—had betaken herself to the upper regions to await the appearance of her son, that Eri, artist in minor climaxes, deemed the moment ripe to set sockless foot upon scrubbed pine floor. The young doctor, pale but dauntless, bearing a small satchel and a large medical volume, had followed Sarah up the stairs some hours before, as had a female neighbor. Remained then in the late afternoon upon the pine floor but Ebenezer the Second and Ebenezer the Third, and converse between them seethed as to whether Ebenezer the Fourth was to come from heaven, which was his home, trailing a cloud of forty acres or whether he was to come trailing nothing but a cry in the night.

The prospective grandfather was wrestling like a strong man for the cry; the prospective father for the acres.

"I put it now plain"—Ebenezer the Third slanted an inexorable finger toward a virgin sheet of foolscap upon the table—"it will make you a shamed face when I put it out you ain't signing off them forty acres where you promised a'ready to your own grandson. A deacon in the church yet and a superwisor in the politics! You will have the right to worry ower both them jobs when I quick put it out how slinky you was."

"Hold your jaw!" retorted Ebenezer the Second. "Don't leave me hear such foolishness out from you! Whose word would be believed now—yourn or mine, heh? I ain't ever saying I remember a conwersation about no acres, and you ain't no witnesses. Take that there thought to yourself—if you're got anywheres to take a thought into."

His son's Adam's apple pumped hard, presumably attempting to take this unpalatable thought into himself by way of the stomach. A chair clattered against the house outside. Eri Tudt frisked into the room.

"Git off that clean floor!" rasped his son-in-law, imitative of Sarah in her most virile moments.

Eri did not get off the clean floor. His small features tangled portentously as he drew a grimy envelope from an inner pocket and scrutinized it.

"That there forty was passed in words ten months back a'ready. August this year behind. You and him was a-standin' into the gray mare's stall and I was a-settin' onto a broke wagon tongue outsides. And I told preacher a'ready and I told two or either three dozen others. I guess that's witnesses, ain't it?" He spiked toward his ancient enemy. "Yes, I could be witnesses—into the courts even!" he suggested wickedly.

Rumbling as of rending granite followed the thrusting spike. Ebenezer the younger bestowed upon his father-in-law the first sweet smile of their relationship.

"Yes, into the courts even!" he repeated boldly. "You might be my father mebbe; but him—it"—he gestured indefinitely upward—"that there's my son."

Eri virtuously replaced his sole stock of business stationery. After all, he had not really said that there was anything written upon the envelope. Likewise he remained upon the forbidden floor, disseminating a general odor of mildew, stables and defunct fishworms, and luxuriously spiked while his son-in-law continued to hammer.

The result of the hammering was that Ebenezer the Second finally flung upon the table the foolscap inscribed with irate penmanship and made for the door, in broken chunks, as it were; at least his outraged beard was considerably in advance of his wrath-curled toes as he rammed about in farewell:

"Now mind the prowiso! When my third dies fur me—and she ain't lastin' me out much longer—I'm to have my home here, free of board, fur the remaining rest of my life. And take notice to this ag'in: If it ain't a boy where kin wear my name, it ain't gitting nothing. If it's a girl, it ain't gitting nothing off me now nor never; and I pass it as my opinion your woman ain't producin' nothing fur you but a girl, fur she don't come from no producin' stock."

This last a waft of hoarfrost toward Eri.

"It couldn't to be a girl," pronounced Ebenezer the Third as he swung the milk pails off their hooks.

It couldn't be a girl. Therefore it had to be a boy. And it was so announced to Ebenezer as he milked.

"Elewen hours yet! Ach, us poor women!" cried the weary neighbor. "But it's a boy anyway."

"Huh!" commented Ebenezer. "Forty acres!" And he went on with his belated milking.

"And everybody pretty good but the doctor," called back the woman.

As Ebenezer clanked into the kitchen, the young graduate was sagging over the table, raking through the medical volume with spent, trembling fingers.

"What's this now?" demanded Ebenezer. "Ain't she anything so well?"

The young man raised a pallid face and gazed at him with preoccupied eyes.

"Well, according to the book ——"

"Ten dollars I give you fur the job," growled Ebenezer, "and it's got to be up to specifications. And no charges fur owertime neither," warned Ebenezer as he plodded up the stairs. At the top he stopped short, sniffing.

The fragrant Eri, indeed, given an inch had taken a mile. More accurately, given the pine floor, he had taken the pine stairs. As Ebenezer entered the spare bedroom, Grandfather Tudt was bending over a clothes basket supported upon two chairs. His features were working more loosely than usual; a lush tear dropped upon the shawl which topped the basket.

Ebenezer did not need this evidence of grief to confirm his newly awakened suspicion when he gazed down at the red wrinkle which was Ebenezer the Fourth. He stood in silence, then turned away.

"Ten dollars yet! Fur that I could have got me a Alderney calf," he commented bitterly.

Nor were his spirits lightened by Grandfather Tudt's indignant assertions that his tears were of admiration rather than of grief and that the child was the most perfect male produced since the primal Adam was struck fresh for the human mint. The only one of Eri's extravagant remarks with which he agreed was that the child was an undiluted Tudt.

"That much I give you," he assented hollowly, glancing from the red scrimmage of features which was his son to the pink scrimmage which was the maternal grandfather. The difference seemed only a matter of fading.

"If it's a Tudt, it had ought to draw its name from a Tudt," ventured Eri wistfully.

The one devastating flaw in Eri's felicity was that this child of his child was not to bear his own name. That which had been but an indefinite yearning in his soul before the birth of the infant had flamed into scorching desire, now that he had beheld the perfect specimen of manhood in the clothes basket.

"Don't talk any dumber than what you kin otherwise help!" retorted Ebenezer irascibly. "You know good enough the first boy gits always the name from his pop's side—purwidin' it is a boy," he added with a final doubtful glance toward the basket.

At the door he paused, sniffed and turned threateningly; then cannily reconsidered. After all, should he shunt Grandfather Tudt from the premises, he himself might perforce lose the sleep which his afflicted spirit needed.

In the adjoining room, Sarah looked at him vacantly and turned her face to the wall. With unwonted delicacy he forbore discussing their joint dilemma. Ebenezer plodded from the depressing scene. He descended the stairs, wrapped himself in a quilt of log-cabin design and lay him down to sleep, perchance to dream.

He awoke to nightmare. In the darkness, he found himself straining upright, his ears pierced by a cry. Two cries! Two cries at once! He girt himself with the log cabins and stumbled up the stairs. In the dim light Grandfather Tudt was whisking about like a nocturnal elf between the clothes basket and the wash boiler. Each of the laundry appurtenances yielded plaintive wails. In the boiler was a duplicate of the red wrinkle in the basket. Sarah had had a late start, but she was going strong. Apprehension laid hold upon the distracted father. He rushed to Sarah's side.

"Now looky here!" he warned in accents sharpened by terror. "You got the right to stop this! Plenty is enough!"

Sarah gazed at him vacantly, groaned and turned her face to the wall.

"Git out of here!"

In the doorway stood Eri Tudt. Authority was in his mien, authority in the spike which he thrust toward the intruder. Without realizing that he was doing so, Ebenezer got. Collapsing under the log cabins, he made down the stairs toward free air. Upon the porch his sloggy foot caught under some obstruction and flung it high. It looked like a human leg.

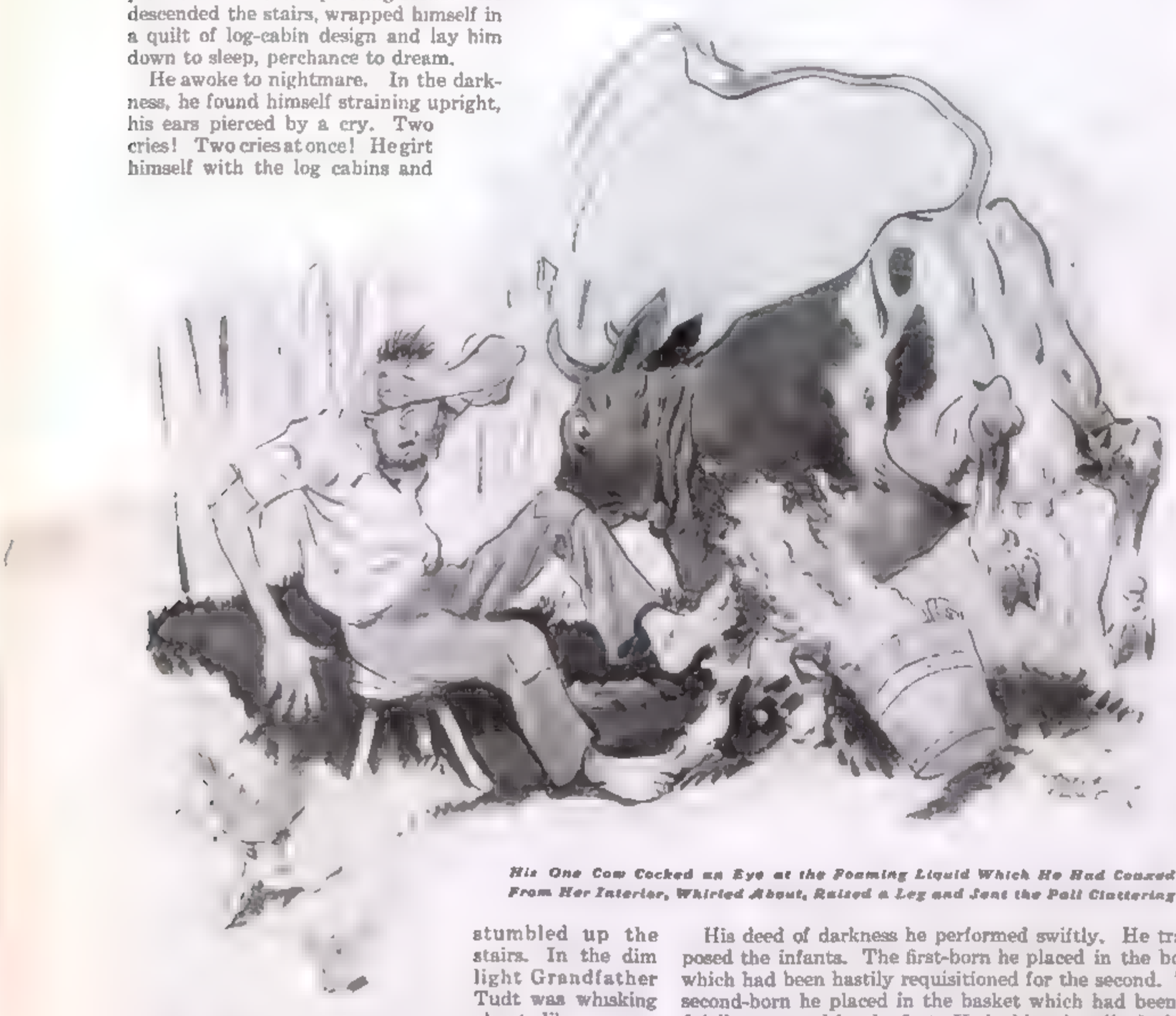
"Heh? What's this ag'in?" he demanded nervously.

A recumbent form roused faintly, waved an arm as one who passes a salt-cellar, murmured "Help yourself," and smeared back against the house, a temporary loss to the medical profession.

It all seemed one with the unreal affairs of the night—Grandfather Tudt inside the house instead of out; he himself outside instead of in; his family suddenly doubled; a medical gentleman in faint against his clapboarding. Ebenezer slumped down beside the latter and stared at the reality of his pigsty.

Grandfather Tudt was thus at this juncture the only active member of the household, and he was exceedingly active.

Grandfather Tudt was waging a self-contained battle. His lower and his higher natures were tilting lightly at each other with gayly murderous lances. Should he or should he not? Should he insure glory for himself in this present world or should he by chill negation insure glory for himself in the world which was to come? Grandfather Tudt was never one for chill negation. As many a one before him, he decided to take a chance on the next world. Grandfather Tudt blew out the light.



His One Cow Cocked an Eye at the Foaming Liquid Which He Had Coaxed From Her Interior, Whirled About, Raised a Leg and Sent the Pail Clattering

His deed of darkness he performed swiftly. He transposed the infants. The first-born he placed in the boiler which had been hastily requisitioned for the second. The second-born he placed in the basket which had been officially prepared for the first. He had barely relit the lamp when the neighbor entered bearing a piece of red twine.

"It had ought to be a ribbon," she observed tersely as she tied it about the wrist of the infant in the basket, "but I couldn't find none, and anyway this will mark off the first one. We might mebbe git them upmixed, fur they're alike as two reddishes."

Eri Clapped His Palms Against His Ears and Fled the Premises

"That's right too," twinkled Eri. And twinkling thus, he jeopardized still further his chances with the next world. For Eri, who had been hastily inducted into the Order of the Bath when the medical gentleman had suddenly thrown up both arms and rushed from the room, had discovered during the performance of his office that the second-born had but four toes upon his left foot.

It is entirely possible that Eri, being but a thin exclamation point, might have blown to the ceiling and stuck there, so surcharged was he with wicked elation, had he not called the woman back from the passageway.

"This here one will be gitting its name off of me," he burst out, pointing to the first-born in the boiler.

"I guess anyhow," agreed the woman, and hurried to Sarah.

Eri bent over the boiler in an ecstasy of mirth. It was the most excellent joke in his long career of jokes. It was a most wonderful joke upon old Misenhelder that the second-born, the defective, should bear his name, while the first-born, the perfect, should be called after Eri himself. It was the joke of a lifetime and it was a joke that would last out a lifetime.

But there are many curious phenomena connected with the English language, and one of them has to do with that monosyllable "joke." Add a single letter and you get the opposite in meaning from the original; add an *r* and you get a "joker." It was Ebenezer the Third who added the *r* early upon the same morning, and it was Eri who got the joker.

The sun had scarcely risen when Ebenezer the Third appeared in the spare bedroom. Upright upon a chair between his twin descendants slept Eri. His reserve strength tenderly preserved through the years, stood him in good stead now; he awoke as instantly as though he had had a night of excellent repose, and danced to his feet.

Not so Ebenezer. The question mark of a new problem was etching itself deeply between his bloodshot eyes.

"If this here one's Ebenezer"—he pointed toward the basket—"that there one ain't."

"I give you that," remarked Eri with bright expectancy.

"But they're both the first-born," pursued the harried father.

"That's right too," acquiesced Eri.

"Well, then, how kin you come ower this? It reads into the contract where the first-born was to be Ebenezer. And now here lays two first-borns. And they can't both be Ebenezers. I gosh! What's now to be did? Fur if it's somepun ain't regular, he'll be lookin' to hold back on the forty, that you kin spit on. And here's somepun ain't regular."

"Name off the one in the basket fur him and git the forty," glibly suggested Eri, "and then take and split it with this here one in the boiler. And so far forth as names goes, I guess you mind where it's common to name off the second fur your wife's ——"

"Och, you talk dumb!" retorted the other testily. "This here one ain't but half the first-born and there ain't nothing about halfs into the contract. Splittin'! It's been too much splittin' did a'ready. Here my first-born's split into two, and how kin you split their name into two? Answer me that now!"

Eri's beard wagged limply as the first chill breeze of apprehension swept him. But in the ensuing momentous silence the light of a great inspiration struggled to dawn through the dark perplexity of Ebenezer's countenance; it did dawn.

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JASMINE

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT WAS like a dream, except that it always thrust itself upon Gerber's notice when he was broad awake, and often when, as now, his mind was busy with severely practical concerns.

He was a man of methodical, orderly habit in thought as in everything else; he had small respect for dreams that confined themselves to their appointed times and places, and he resented this recurrent waking fancy as he resented anything misplaced or purposeless. If a man must dream by daylight, he might at least dream of something better than a sleepy shabby little town with the absurd name of Jasmine, Gerber told himself, trying to blind his mental vision to the picture that came insistently before it.

He'd never been in any such town; to the best of his knowledge he had never heard or read of it; and yet he saw it, now, almost as distinctly as the outskirts of the neat New England town through which he drove. Indeed the impression of persimmon trees was more convincing than the reality of high-arching elms that softened the four-square outlines of white substantial houses set in smooth lawns; there was a mirage in which he saw a dingy railroad station on a high sagging platform below which lean melancholy hound dogs slept and scratched; negroes sprawled in the sun, leaning against ragged bales of cotton; there was a glimpse of a straggling street that led up to an old house with high white columns that Gerber somehow knew as Colonel Hampden's place; sometimes he even fancied that he saw a figure on that columned gallery—a man with white mustache and little pointed beard, who wore a venerable frock coat and a wide-brimmed black felt hat, set at a jaunty tilt.

Gerber frowned. Several times, in spite of its triviality, this thing had mystified him. Probably he had seen something of the sort in some forgotten movie—there was indeed, a distinct suggestion of the cinematograph about his fragmentary and unwilling recollection, the hard clearness of a photograph. In itself it was utterly without importance or significance; what troubled Gerber and annoyed him was the knowledge that it presented itself to him with an unreasonable appeal, that it drew him, against his will and against all common sense. He was somehow homesick for a place in which he had never set his foot; a place that probably did not exist; a place in which, as far as Gerber saw it in these daylight dreams, there was no conceivable attraction for anybody, certainly none for Conrad Gerber.

He forced his thought away from the illusion and the irritating riddle of its recurrence to matters of more immediate and rational concern. He had come to Riverport primarily for information and incidentally for a shave; he knew where to look for both.

It was Gerber's business to remember banks; a wiry beard and a sensitive skin had taught him to remember the few barbers who had shaved him to his satisfaction; Riverport had impressed itself favorably upon his memory in both connections. He nodded as he stopped his car at an old-fashioned striped pole before a doorway in the two-story frame building in the center of the town, and although he did not even glance at the other side of the street he was acutely aware of the low solid brick bank toward which he turned his back.

The single chair in the shop on the second floor was occupied by a man whom Gerber classified instantly as one of the summer colony. He saw bright diamond-patterned golf stockings and checked flannel knickers below the striped sheet as he passed on toward a seat at the window. A grave impressive gentleman of color looked up from his arrested razor and bowed with dignity.

Why on Earth Should He Feel as if the Best Place in Which to Start That Business Would be a Town Named Jasmine?

"Dess a few minutes, suh, if you kinely be seated."

Gerber nodded and took up a newspaper. Unfolded, it enabled him to inspect the bank across the street without seeming to be aware of its existence. He gave only a remote attention to the resumed conversation between the barber and his patron, conscious of a succession of mildly pleasant sounds which did not register themselves as words.

He'd been right about this bank. The shades of its front windows were lifted from the bottom, but from where he sat the whole room lay in view. Gerber grinned approvingly down at the simplicity of its arrangements. His recollection had been almost photographically accurate; a counter and grille divided the room lengthwise, so that Gerber could see the two employes at their work behind it and a customer writing at a small table in front of it. The angle at which he looked down cut off his view of the back wall a foot or two from the floor, but he was able to observe the open door of the vault. He grinned. It was as promising as he'd thought, that other time when he'd looked down at it from this window.

His watch told him that he had timed his visit very neatly. It wanted only a few minutes of three. He watched one of the men behind the counter unlatch a gate and come out into the public space into which the glass-paneled front doors opened; the man paused a moment at the door as if adjusting the spring latch, and drew down a narrow roller shade over each of the glass panels; between the shade and the pane he slipped a painted card. Gerber's excellent eyes could distinguish the lettering: "Bank Closed." Again he grinned behind his paper as the door swung open for the departure of the tardy customer; behind the counter the two clerks were busy with their cash trays. Gerber nodded down at them approvingly. If the rest of the layout measured up to what he had observed so far, he told himself, a man couldn't ask for anything much better.

Somewhere at the back of his mind the perplexing vision of that sleepy little town lifted itself once more; Gerber scowled as he tried to dismiss it. Jasmine! It must have been in a movie; nobody would give a real town any such name. As if it yielded to the power of his impatient resentment, the image blurred and faded and he could give his undivided attention to the scene before him; he leaned forward as he recognized the pleasing nature of the task which now engaged both of the men in the little bank. Those piles of bills which busied them could mean only one thing to Gerber's experienced eye—a pay roll; and, at a guess, a good-sized one.

He checked off another mental question; there were only two left on the list for which he must find satisfactory answers, and on one of these, as he permitted the low-toned conversation at the chair to register itself upon his consciousness, he had immediate and pleasing light.

"Yas suh, 'at all I aimin' to git me any time I got uh money—one nem hat satchels same as you got, Mistuh Pa'keh." The barber emitted a falsetto giggle. "Yas suh, reckon folks down to A'lan'uck City ain' goin' ovehsee nobody 't travel with one nem hat satchels."

There was an indistinguishable murmur from the face under the lather.

"Nah suh, I ain' got me no high-top hat, not yet. I aimin' ca'y me my ba'beh tools nat hat satchel." Again the soprano giggle. "Oo-ee-ee!"

There was another blurred inquiry from the man in the chair.

"Nah suh—not 'is wintuh! A'lan'uck City, 'at whe' I goin' do my ba'be'in'—if my frien's in Rive'po't do they pa't by me. Goin' buy me half intress in nice high-tone shop dess off uh Bo'dwalk, so I got room to show 'em folks how my frien's dress me up, yas suh!"

He interrupted his task to survey the checked flannel knickers.

"'Em noble sho't pants, Mistuh Pa'keh. Dess right fo' gelmun onnuh Bo'dwalk down A'lan'uck City, ain' 'ey?"

Gerber nodded behind his paper. He had suspected all along that this was only a summer shop, but it had been one of the points on which he had needed reassurance. These windows, looking straight down into the bank, would have complicated matters if the shop stayed open all winter. He listened, with amused attention, to diplomatic references to other articles of male apparel and equipment; there was, it appeared, a certain long-tail coat, with braid along the aidges, and a yellow cane which would provide exactly the proper touch of elegance to the costume of a gentleman parading the Boardwalk this winter.

Gerber removed his collar as the other customer departed in a draft of gratitude. He climbed into the chair while the barber watched, from the window, the retreat of the noble short pants, wagging his head and making faint yearning sounds between lips and teeth.

"Reckon ole P'fessor Smalley goin' look ba-a-ad nem sho't pants 'is wintuh! Yas suh, folks li'ble tu'n 'ey back an' look otheh way any time ole P'fessor go 'long uh Bo'dwalk!"

He explained these allusions while lathering Gerber.

"'At white gelmun Mistuh Kennuff Pa'keh, my frien', yas suh. Sho' dress ole P'fessor up noble eve'y pack-up time." He became confidential. "'At why I ain' shut up uh shop las' week. Ain' no ba'be'in' trade lef' fo' ole P'fessor Smalley, only Mistuh Pa'keh, but I ain' goin' leave 'fo' he do, nah suh! Pack-up time fo' Mistuh Pa'keh—new cloze time fo' ole P'fessor!"

"When does he leave?" said Gerber carelessly. "Season's about over, isn't it?"

"Eve'ybody gone now, only me an' him—we the two long-stayin' 'es' summeh res'den's they is nis town. Mistuh Pa'keh say he goin' home nex' Thu'sday, nen ole P'fessor Smalley go 'cross uh street an' git me my money an' ——"

His wordless ejaculation contrived somehow to suggest the departure, rapid and yet august, of a gentleman equipped, attired and financed for the bedazzlement of any boardwalk parade. Gerber checked off another question in his mind.

Thursday. The shop would surely be closed for the winter by three o'clock on Friday, and next week's pay roll would be in process of arrangement over there behind the lifted shades of the bank windows. That left only one unanswered item in his list of doubts.

The get-away; he had left it for the last, but he was not the man to rate it as less than first in importance. He had prospered in his profession chiefly by reason of his level-headed prevision of every step, every contingency, in every enterprise he undertook. It was his theory, amply justified by practice, that robbery was a business, that it demanded and rewarded exactly the same qualities that made for success in legitimate endeavors, that the crooks who failed in their calling would have failed at anything else.

It was all a question of common sense. Gerber did not credit himself with anything more than this. He was sensible enough to approach each of his operations with open eyes, instead of plunging in on blind impulse, as so many of his unsuccessful competitors seemed bound to do. He was shrewd enough to consider, as he had considered this affair of the Atlantic National, to make sure that he timed his play to coincide with the presence of accessible and negotiable plunder in a quantity sufficient to repay his risk and labor. He was smart enough to keep himself in funds, so that he need never undertake an unpromising job merely because of empty pockets. And, above all, he was cautious and foresighted in the matter of escape, instead of taking this for granted or leaving it to chance, as did most of the crooks who got their names and portraits in the papers.

He had learned that he could think better while under the ministrations of a good barber than at any other time, that the gentle touch of skilled fingers and feathery razor edge upon his sensitive skin, the faintly pleasant, pungent breath and sting of witch hazel, the steaming heat and wetness of the saturated towel, the passive relaxation demanded by the posture and the process, combined to provide him with something like that stimulation for which less intelligent members of his fraternity turned to drink or drugs. As long as the barber knew his business, as long as the razor slid smoothly, without scrape or pull, Gerber was at his best in a barber's chair. He could shut his mind against the professional eloquence of the craft, as he shut it now upon a succession of mellow vowels, a mere background for his thoughts, remotely pleasing, but registering no significance upon his mind.

That get-away. It couldn't be managed safely by the paved turnpike that led north and south, a little inland from the saw-tooth line of the coast. There would be no chance of turning off that highway for fourteen miles to the south, and even here the choice was limited to a single alternate course. To the north it was even farther to a satisfactory bypath. On the east the Atlantic, and on the west that long dreary stretch of pine barren and bog and pond would keep a car straitly to the narrow ribbon of concrete; Gerber had investigated the cart roads that wandered off across the barrens, and knew better than to look for safety in their twisting rutted courses; they either died at some little farm clearing in the scrub or converged, beyond the barrens, on the road to the county seat.

Of course, with a little luck a man might manage to cover those fourteen miles to the south before the alarm was raised and the wires hummed in pursuit. It was within the possibilities that he might have a full hour's head start, time enough to make Tillmouth, where there were a dozen good ways of covering the trail, but Gerber had no use for luck; he planned his operations on the premise that the element of chance, discounted always to the irreducible minimum, would break against him.

No get-away over the highway, no open road to the east or west; he made up his mind to this as definitely settled, but it was characteristic of the man that the seeming impossibility of the project, in view of this admission, only pricked his wits. He had discovered that in precisely such situations there was likely to be an advantage that more than offset the obvious difficulties and dangers. When there seemed to be no possible way of robbing a banker, for instance, it was almost certain that the prospective victim regarded himself as safer than he was; if there was no way out of Riverport except over that turnpike, a man could count on being pursued over it. And suppose he found some other way. Suppose ——

The barber was chuckling over the history of a hunting expedition; Gerber's attention returned to hear the bag.

"Git six rabbit an' uh couple squi'ls an' uh pheelock Yas suh, 'at old houn' dawg ——"

"Pheelock? Gerber's ear found the word arresting "What's that?"

"'At's a kine uh bi'd 'ey is down yonnuh. Kine like a pa'tridge. Calls 'em medlocks up Norff."

"Oh, a field lark, eh?" Gerber laughed. "Never heard that name for them before." He went on quickly before the narrative could be resumed. "What's that big place back on the road a ways with the iron gates? Summer cottage?"

It was easy enough to find out a good deal about it, without manifesting any further curiosity. The gates were at the entrance driveway of an estate belonging to another of Professor Smalley's frien's. The house itself, invisible from the road, lay on the other side of the ledge, facing the open sea. It was already closed for the winter.

"'At why 'em big gates shut. Stan' wide open any time Mistuh Mo'gan innuh house. Gran' man, Mistuh Mo'gan is, yas suh. Gran'. One time when I over to he house playin' ca'ds he gimme ——"

"Play cards with him, do you?" Gerber grinned.

Professor Smalley took the question seriously. "Nah suh, not 'at time, I wasn't. I playin' wiff Mis' Bessie—'at's Mistuh Mo'gan's cook—an' Mistuh Mo'gan come out innuh kitchen an' gimme ——"

Gerber learned a good deal about the house before, avoiding a final dab of Professor Smalley's whisk broom, he took his leave.

He was grinning as he went down the narrow stairs to the street; at the garage where he stopped for gas he discovered several things about the mill that stood on the landward edge of the town, by the second dam. It made plush, for instance, and it was running on full time; there were between three and four hundred people working there, and they made first-rate wages—a little better than those who worked in the mill at the first dam, because the pulp-board business hadn't been so good lately.

Gerber drove on through the village to the north, traveling slowly until the edge of dusk; he turned and came back at the same pace, so that it was quite dark when he passed again through Riverport, and there were plenty of other little tin cars in the main street. He drove straight through, following the turnpike southward until his headlights showed him the big stone pillars and closed iron gates he had been seeking. He ran a little farther on down the road and found a cart track leading off to the right, a mere gap in the scrub, with tall weeds growing between the twin ruts. Here he parked his car and went back on foot to the gates.

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The Sight of That Thick Pile of Bills on the Glass Shelf Decided Him

EXPATRIATED AMERICANS

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

AN AMERICAN of my acquaintance, who was sent to Europe several years ago by a large importing firm, was talking to me the other day in Paris about the multiple advantages of his life abroad.

"Think of the privilege of living near Notre Dame!" he said. "And of the history that leaps at you from every cobblestone in the old quarter—and the beauty of the Seine at night! And the little *cafés* where you can sit an entire evening sipping *vin ordinaire* at two francs a carafe and watch picturesque old Frenchmen play dominoes."

"Picturesque old Frenchmen indeed!" interrupted his homesick and practical wife. "I'd like to see them try to play dominoes in the places where we go! We spend about half our evenings," she explained, "in the big tourist restaurants showing Paris to visiting Americans, or returning the hospitality of the American colony. You never see a Frenchman of any kind in those places. And as for *vin ordinaire*—the waiters have never so much as heard of it!"

"Well, but my dear," said her husband in the manner of one who has conducted exactly the same argument many times, "there are, of course, certain things that I must do for reasons of business, but that does not alter the fact that Paris offers opportunities for the most delightful and *sympathique* life in the world."

Before the Mind's Eye Flashes a Picture of an Italian Sky Divinely Blue, of the Sun Beating Down on the Orange Awning of a Vine-Hung Terrace

"No," she admitted. "But even if we were able to lead the kind of life which you admire so much in theory, it wouldn't compensate me for having to send our boys to school here."

"They speak French like natives!" he declared.

"It's not a question of languages or academic instruction," she answered. "I admit that their scholastic training is more thorough than in our schools at home. But it is their absurd idea of hygiene which I object to; and most of all, the point of view about life which our boys are unconsciously adopting."

There's Culture in the Air

AT THIS point of actuality he became serious. "I agree with you there," he said. "But on the other hand—well, to be frank, we couldn't live half so comfortably at home on the same amount of money—now could we?"

"No, we couldn't get even one servant for the price of our three here."

"And it's not just servants and rents which make life so difficult in America," he insisted, "but it's the constant strain of trying to keep up the pace set by your neighbors, and so on. Over there you want to belong to a good country club, and then everybody else has an automobile, so you feel you must have one too; and if your neighbor gets a butler your wife is dissatisfied with her waitress. There's no end to it. Here no one bothers much about you, and you can live much better on a third of the income."

The steps of his argument are those followed by a great number of expatriated Americans. He is not yet technically of that class, because he lives abroad for definite business reasons, but as he resists the idea of coming home he will in time undoubtedly become a permanent member of our large European colony.

First of all, they explain, as he did, the cultural and historical advantages of life abroad, with especial emphasis on that vague thing they term atmosphere.

"You can hear such marvelous music in Europe!" they say. "And then—well, just the atmosphere, my dear!"

Or, "It's so wonderful to be accessible to the picture galleries. And then I think one imbibes a great deal just through the atmosphere!"

But after someone has pointed out that there are picture galleries and concert halls and opportunities for hearing some of the finest opera in the world in America, these exponents of art and culture will invariably come tumbling down from their æsthetic heights on to the vulgar plane of dollars and cents and material comforts.

"But my money goes so much further in lire or francs," they declare at last. "Why, I couldn't possibly have a personal maid if I went back to America to live. Do you know what I pay Marie, who does everything, my dear—even makes the most exquisite lingerie and negligees for me? Exactly seven dollars and thirty-five cents a month, at the current rate of exchange. A month, mind you!"

A Myth

THESE in substance are the reasons for the increasing number of Americans who have fixed incomes, choosing to live abroad. An amount which seems small in dollars will, when changed into certain foreign currencies, prove adequate to purchase pleasant surroundings and, even more important, the luxury usually denied them in their own country, of competent and cheerful personal servitors.

Not all expatriated Americans are people whose incomes are below their standards of desirable living, but this economic factor is the determining one in a great number of cases.

For quite another reason a vivacious American widow of considerable wealth told me two or three years ago that she had decided to live in Europe. She had been renting a delightful old chateau for some time and had finally decided to buy it and make it her home.

"I simply can't bear American men!" she asserted. "I went home after living on the Continent for several years, to try to decide whether I'd stay here or keep my house in the States; and I made up my mind after the first week that I could never be happy again in a country where the only things men care about are business and golf!"

The Englishwoman with whom we were lunching protested. "But I've always heard that American men were the best husbands in the world!"

"Nonsense!" said the rich widow. "That myth arises from the fact that no men leave their wives so strictly alone or give them so much money or let them take so many trips without them. But why do they do all these things? I used to think it was because they were so generous, but now I know that it is simply so that they can get more time for their real interests, which are business and golf!"

"Well, if you ask me," said the Englishwoman, "I think there are many worse things a husband might be interested in"

"I don't!" retorted the other. As she went on, her voice became less strident. "Especially when there are men in

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THE SHACK ON THE HILL

How One Man Divorced His Landlord

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

WHILE getting an interview with Edison for the newspaper employing me at the moment, the inventor showed me in detail his models for pour-in houses, as he called them—houses of concrete built from molds.

"A home can be completed in a day," he said, "and will cost $1000 or less."

"What a blessing, Mr. Edison!" I said with all sincerity. "Why, even a newspaperman could own the roof over his head!"

"I never heard of a newspaperman having as much as $1000," he said bluntly.

The comment stuck in my mind long after the interview was printed. Through the long list of my companions on more than one New York paper, hard and most conscientious toilers, all of them, I combed for one of them who could put his hands on as much as $1000 after years of work. Editors could, perhaps. But to the little multitude of copy readers, minor editors, make-up men, reporters, free-lance space grabbers, paid by the column, a thousand dollars seemed beyond the dreams of the most optimistic.

On the conservative newspapers of New York City, the majority of us had come from college. On the sensational sheets, the staffs numbered more frequently men developed wholly within the business, starting as office boys. The latter, I think, did far better financially. I know of several that have been able to guard against old age, who have homes of their own and some money invested.

The Blank Wall of the Future

I WAS on the staff of a New York newspaper when the realization came to me that I was getting nowhere. Working on space—that is, being paid only for what was printed of mine—taking a day off or a vacation at my own expense, my hours were frightfully long. The tragedy of the space writer was a grim one, but he never had time to find out that he was living a tragedy. I saw one of my friends, a graduate of Oxford with high honors, taken with pneumonia, and his wife coming down with the same dread ailment at the same time. Both had to go to a hospital. They pulled through after a long siege, every dollar gone.

One of the most beloved city editors that ever owned the confidence and affection of his staff died from tuberculosis after a long illness. We all thought that he had feathered his nest. He had a beautiful home on Long Island, but it was covered with mortgages as well as roses. His widow did not long survive him. Before her death she wrote asking me to help her peddle a story to the magazines—a story her husband had written. In the rush of news getting her husband had been soon forgotten, although I believe that his ability, his tact with men and his personal charm had greatly helped in turning a floundering newspaper into one of the big financial successes of my time.

When I first stared at the blank wall of a newspaper reporter's future we were living in a flat on One Hundred and Ninth Street near Broadway. It was on the fourth floor of a walk-up, New York's terse description of an apartment house without an elevator. My home-coming hour was two in the morning. It is not a particularly cheerful or encouraging hour of the twenty-four.

There were four apartments to each floor. The doors were of a glazed metal that gave a prison atmosphere. On one of them was a streamer of black silk. I knew that an elderly person lay dead within.

For nearly two weeks thereafter I noticed a faint and pungent odor in the halls of the building. I inquired of the janitor, who investigated. It was the embalming fluid used. What a way to die and what a place to die in! If this dead fellow human was a large person, how did they ever get the coffin to the street? Of course in the poor sections it is no uncommon thing to swing them from the windows like pianos, and in the great hotels there is a basket arrangement for getting the deceased down the freight elevator.

It was this affront of my sense of the decency and dignity of death that suddenly changed my course of life. How to get away from flat existence without money was the big preponderating issue. Commuting trains are not scheduled for night newspaper workers. But that situation could be met by leaving my job and getting work on an afternoon paper. I did this, accepting a salary of half my average as a space writer. My hours would be normal working hours, from nine in the morning until five in the evening. Then, too, I had every Sunday off and sometimes a half day Saturday. The rent in One Hundred and Ninth Street was high. On my day off I carried a couple of sandwiches as I tramped the suburbs—Long Island, Westchester, Staten Island, New Jersey.

Finally I found the place—a boxlike, paintless wreck, the front yard high in weeds, a place MacDowell would have delighted in setting to melancholy music. But it was on the side of a hill facing the east and the Palisades, overlooking a little valley through which a brook idled beneath willows. The houses in the neighborhood were, for the most part, unoccupied. It was a cheap development that had failed. I was sure that the place could be had for a song, but my singing voice was in frightful condition—$150 in the bank and $250 I could borrow on my insurance policy.

City Comforts or Country Peace

MY CITY editor advanced me fifty dollars "expense" money and I managed to raise another fifty. I took my wife over to New Jersey to see the ruin we were about to buy. We reached it about sunset one early autumn afternoon, climbed up the three broken terraces to the one-story porch, turned and looked. The decrepitude of the place meant nothing, no more than the design and condition of your seat in a concert hall when Beethoven is being played. The reflection of the sunset above the Palisades was indescribable in its beauty to eyes accustomed to staring through flat-house windows in Manhattan. The swallows were making ready to fly. We watched them at play, studying their beautiful dove-colored breasts, their pointed wings. In the distance sounded a church bell.

The winter was coming. It was going to be a hard one. There would be no janitor to supply steam heat, no street-cleaning department to clear a path through the snow, no handy corner grocer to telephone, no theaters, no concerts, no gathering of the old crowd for hot toddies and laughter. We decided that the view was worth the struggle. We bought it with our few dollars and our sacrifices, as a connoisseur would buy a Blakelock or a Whistler upon the possession of which the peace of his soul depended.

Two lots of forty feet frontage each should have gone with the tottering box called a house, but we did not know

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We Decided That the View Was Worth the Struggle

TRUST

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

V

"TREASURE hunting," said Paula as they walked back across the island, "was never like this."

Alwyn did not answer. She was carrying the packet wrapped in the blue silk sweater that she had taken off on landing. John also was silent. Though at most times able to master and disguise his feelings and carry on a cheerful conversation despite mental disturbance, he found himself now bereft not only of speech but even of coherent thought.

Alwyn still looked like a ghost, and walked like one, seeming scarcely to tread solidly on the very solid ground. John threw her a shamed and sidelong look. He had never felt such an utter fool. Why, he asked himself passionately, could he not have kept his mouth shut? It had been not only silly but pusillanimous to take such false and elaborate precautions to safeguard his reputation for integrity. Who would ever have ventured to intimate that he, John Van Rensselaer Argent, one of the country's elect in ancestry, tradition, social position and wealth, would try to steal one hundred thousand dollars from a lovely and unprotected girl—let alone doing it in what would have been an abysmally treacherous and shameful manner?

Paula appeared to be the only gay one of the three. She laughed and chattered, admired the wild, desolate picturesqueness of the place, said she would love to own an island like that and build a little log cabin on it as a refuge from a wicked and rapacious world. But John, glancing at her, seemed to catch a sort of subtle malice in her slaty eyes as if she would have liked to mock him openly. He was crushed, humiliated, shamed. He doubted that he would ever get entirely over the profundity of his chagrin.

When presently Alwyn attempted to thank him for his service, it was, in spite of every effort on her part, a mumbled and perfunctory acknowledgment. She never would forgive him; or if officially forgiving him, the barb of the dart would always remain a deep sore spot on the slightest pressure.

There was no question at all in John's mind of the money itself. It was, he thought, just as the Grand had said, clean money, gambling winnings converted into the legal tender of the country; and it had been safe. From the very character of the place, John had seen that it was not the sort that was apt ever to be disturbed. A rocky, ragged island less than a mile from shore on both sides, one end a sort of shelving ram of tremendous ledges thrust out at open sea, the whole a perfect spot for picnics and clambakes, of which there were evidences, but not the sort on which any money was likely to be spent—too bleak and inconvenient and exposed. The Grand had chosen well in his selection of the place for a cache.

John had never heard of such a simple, easy treasure hunt. From the time they had left the little port until they returned would scarcely consume an hour. They had merely gone out there and picked it up, as if one of them on a picnic had left a raincoat there and gone back to get it. In this sense, and considering the value represented, the whole business was more bizarre, John thought, than the most terrific adventure could have been, because it was out of all keeping with the generally accepted idea of such quests.

Then, going back in the launch, his mind revived enough to get to work again. He began to perceive that there was still a great deal to be explained. That chart was very recent. He would stake his life on that—and the Grand had not made it.

Why then should Paula have bothered to draw it at all when she had the original, but lacked knowledge of what place under heaven it must be applied to? Why should she have given it to him when under no compulsion to do so, and knowing that he had only to go there when he saw fit and get the money for Alwyn? It would make no difference to Paula, or what she might hope to gain from it, whether Alwyn had it now or a little later. And this idea recalled to John his responsibility in the matter.

There Loomed Suddenly Out of the Dense Gray Fog a Big Gray Boat That Was of the Sea-Skiff Type, a Sort of Half-Decked Whaleboat Dory Craft

He did not mention this until they were back in the car and started, when there was no chance of their being overheard. By that time he had got emotions and voice in hand again.

"I've got to remind you," he said, "that I am still the trustee of this fund and that my instructions were to secure it for Miss Alwyn, not to be made over to her until she comes of age."

Alwyn gave him a cold look.

"Yes, I believe you told us that, Mr. Argent."

"I don't know what Ralph Jones' motive was in giving me such instructions, and it is not for me to question them; but if I had ever felt the slightest doubt of your accepting them I would have come here alone."

"Yes," Alwyn retorted, "since you hadn't the least ——"

She checked herself. It made him very angry.

"Well," he asked, "am I to understand that you repudiate my custody of this fund until you come of age?"

Alwyn was silent for a moment. Then without a word she took the packet folded in the oilskin and laid it on John's knee.

"No, of course not. Take it and do as you think best with it."

Paula said nothing. John, hot and angry, gave her a square challenging look.

"I hope you approve your sister's decision, Miss Ashwell."

"Oh, yes. Why not? Let's not squabble about it." She gave a short laugh. "I believe it's the usual technic for treasure hunters to get on well enough until they find the treasure, and then start in to knife one another. But we have no excuse for that; it has all been so ridiculously easy, thanks to you."

John bowed a slight acknowledgment. They rode on in silence. John had decided to push straight through for Boston. The first matter of importance was to put this large amount of money in a safe place. He now began to wonder what would be the best way to manage this. He could not reach Boston before the banks closed, and he disliked the idea of going to a strange bank in a city where he was unknown and making a deposit of one hundred thousand dollars in brand-new unfolded bills. Neither did he care to place them in the safe of a hotel.

The best way, he decided, would be to keep right on for Boston, where he had a number of friends, look up one of them and state that he had documents of considerable value for which he wished to find a safe night's lodging.

For the first time in his life John suffered an *embarras de richesses*. Respectable young men are not apt to tour New England with two pretty young women and a package of one hundred thousand dollars in new thousand-dollar bills, attractive as this may sound.

On arriving in Boston, Paula asked John to take them to a hotel. They were tired, she said, and would rather get a good night's sleep and take a nine o'clock train in the morning than to go straight through by sleeper. John decided therefore to prolong his hospitality, spend the night himself in Boston and go on to Newport the next day.

It was by this time a little after five. The banks would be closed; but John had a former Harvard classmate employed in a trust company of which his father was president, who would probably still be at his office in the Fidelity Building. John drove there first, found his friend, to whom he explained that he had a box of valuable documents and securities for which he desired a safe lodging for the night, and declining an invitation of the same for himself, drove Paula and Alwyn to the hotel. He would, he assured them, take them to the South Station the next morning for the nine o'clock train.

He did not dine with them that night, on the plea of having accepted an invitation from his friend. The coldness shown by Alwyn made John wish to see as little as possible of that ungrateful beauty before he saw the last of her. He went to bed early, not only because he was tired but because he wanted to be alone to study this problem of why Paula had not given him the original chart, but one copied, as he believed, by her own hand.

The night was a hot and sultry one in late June. John, nervously tired and unable to fall asleep, lay on his bed with his mind milling aimlessly round that one focal point. Why had Paula copied that chart? Since she was willing to give him a true chart, why had she not given him the original one made by Ralph Jones? She must have seen all along that John suspected her of some trickery. Well, she could hardly have believed him so credulous a fool as to have accepted immediately the yielding of her claim in favor of Alwyn, on the mere assurance of a stranger like himself that Ralph Jones had named Alwyn his legatee. She must have known that John would be on the lookout for some sort of joker. Then why give him a duplicate chart copied by herself—or traced, perhaps?

Traced? John got up, switched on his light and went to the closet where he had hung his coat. He drew out his

pocketbook, took Paula's chart from where he had placed it and spread it out on the writing table. Then taking one of the thinner large sheets of the hotel correspondence paper, he laid it over the chart, picked up a fine-pointed pen and began to trace it. The lines were faint and offered some slight difficulty. He discovered that his own were correspondingly uncertain from the pauses to press the paper down. Then, having traced the outlines, he started on the lettering.

Lifting then the sheet of paper on which he had traced the chart, John looked at it speculatively. Yes, anybody accustomed to drafting would perceive immediately that this piece of work was not drawn free-hand, nor even copied, but traced. The uncertain-looking line of the shore showed this—the Spruce Tree, White Bowlder, Flat Stone—but he had left out Dig Under This. The lettering of this had been so faint through the opacity of the paper that he had overlooked it. As a result, he had a chart, but one that told nothing at all.

Nothing at all! Nothing to indicate where any money was hidden. It might have been buried at the foot of the spruce tree or under the white bowlder or ——

John leaned back, eyes wide, mouth open. Whether through inspiration, whatever that may be, or some subconscious reasoning, the answer to this riddle flashed into his mind—at least a possible answer. He smote his thigh, rose suddenly, went to the window and looked out. Boston, it seemed to him, went to bed early.

Then he followed Boston's example, got into bed again, and fell immediately asleep.

VI

JOHN awoke at seven, refreshed from the sound sleep that had come immediately on his having felt sure that he had solved the mystery of the chart that Paula must have traced, then given him.

He was now eager to put the matter to the proof, proceed with all dispatch in carrying out the plan that he had formed. But Paula and Alwyn were still his guests, and it was necessary, of course, to carry on to the bitter end his obligations as their host. He had said that he would take them to the South Station for the nine o'clock train, which would still leave a safe enough margin of time for him to do what was necessary, he thought.

Calling up his guests' suite a little later, Paula wished him good morning, hoped that he had rested well and said that Alwyn and she were having some breakfast in their rooms and would meet him in the lobby at half-past eight, as he suggested. John had ordered the car at that time to take them to the South Station. He breakfasted himself, then went down, to be joined a few moments later by his guests. Paula greeted him cheerfully, and Alwyn in a nervous and embarrassed way. She looked dark under the eyes—almost tragic, it seemed to John, as if she had rested badly or not at all. He wondered why she should take all this so hard.

On arriving at the station John got down and put them in charge of a porter. Paula murmured some appropriate acknowledgments.

Alwyn gave him a straight look from her long gray eyes and said, "Thank you for all you've done, Mr. Argent. I'm sorry to have been such a disagreeable guest, but I've always hated shams and shamming."

Like a blunt outspoken English girl, John thought, but one who could have been so altogether charming if she had chosen, that it sent a pang through him. Alwyn was, in spite of everything, the type that he had always most admired.

He merely said, "My fault. I'm sorry," then turned to Perry and told him to drive to the Fidelity Building. He caught Paula's eyes on him with a curious look as he gave this direction.

His first act was to call at the office of his friend, to whom he explained that he had been delayed by a slight repair required by the car, procure his box of money, then go to a safe-deposit vault, where he rented a small box and transferred the money to it. Then, driving to a sporting shop, he purchased the necessities for a few days of rough camp in the open—a short suit of dark gray tweed, stockings, brogues, two blankets, a flannel shirt, an automatic pistol and electric torch, mess gear, some provisions and other accessories. He bought also a little fly tent and a light sketching outfit. Then, getting back aboard the car, he went and wired his aunt that due to the development of certain repair work that had been overlooked he might possibly be delayed in getting to Newport with her car

All this was quickly accomplished. John then instructed Perry to drive to another little fishing port that was on the opposite side of the bay to the one from which they had taken the launch the day before, and to make it snappy. They set off, a little faster than the law allows. During the run, John changed into the new outing clothes that he had purchased.

On their arrival, John had no difficulty in hiring a launch similar to the one in which they had visited the island. The summer season in that region had not yet opened; would not for another ten days, after commencement week of schools and colleges. John bought some provisions—eggs, bacon, cheese and fruit. Loading these aboard the launch, he put off for the island with Perry, who, if surprised at all of this, did not comment on the new departure. He was a reliable man and something of a sailor. They landed in the same place as the day before.

"You go straight back, Perry," John said, "and find yourself a place to sleep ashore."

"But how about you, sir?"

"I will camp here. Hand out my duffel, then beat it back as quick as you can."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think anybody will get curious. They don't butt in down here. But if you think best, rather than make a mystery, you can intimate that I am a rich artistic nut and that I have suddenly been bitten by the back-to-Nature bug. Get me?"

"Yes, sir. But I wish you would tell me what the game is, Mr. Argent."

(Continued on Page 128)

They Set Themselves to Fishing Off a Ledge in Deep Water. Alwyn Kept John Busy Cracking Round Snails and Baiting Her Hook

DOWN THE STRETCH

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

PHOTO BY THE FINK A. T. C.

Proctor Knott. The Winner of the Junior Champion and Futurity Stakes in 1888, and the Only Thoroughbred to Beat Salvator as a Two-Year-Old

THE little racing I'd done on the big tracks had given me the itch to get deeper into the game as an owner. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil was beginning to have less and less music in it. I was beginning to see that all the dope my father had passed on to me about caring for horses was information I could turn to practical use, even up here where things were done on a much bigger scale than we had been used to down South.

It was coming to me that a horse was a horse, no matter whether he belonged to Vincent Hildreth or to one of these New York millionaires who hired people to do the work my father never would have intrusted to anybody else except his own sons. Though Salvator or Kingston or Hanover, any one of them, was worth more money than all the horses my father owned, I was realizing that they and Red Morocco were brothers and sisters under the skin. Maybe if old Red had lived in a big box stall, with a lot of flunkies around to manicure her and primp her every time she looked a little bored—maybe old Red would have fetched as neat a sum as some of those Thoroughbred swells I was getting acquainted with. Trouble was with old Red she never had a chance to show she was an aristocrat in any way except to queen it over other race horses when it came to setting in at the finish of a race.

Green B. Morris

Bill Angel

SO THE blacksmith firm of Hildreth & Long, makers of fine racing plates, went out of business after a prosperous existence, Louis continuing his blacksmithing ways and I blossoming forth as an owner and trainer of horses in the big-time wheel. Toward the end of our partnership we'd bought a mare named Miss Goodrich and I kept her in my barn for a while after Louis and I had separated. Now Miss Goodrich wasn't a world beater of a race horse, and I never asked her to do much for me; but in a way, she was responsible for a whole lot of things that happened in my life afterward.

It started when I traded Miss Goodrich for a horse called Tam o' Shanter and a little later formed a racing partnership with Billy Angel, who had been training for Johnny Campbell, a sporting man who owned what they used to call a betting stable. Campbell was a big gambler. He'd prime a horse carefully and when he had him entered in the right spot he'd turn the bank roll loose. William Allan Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, was a friend of Campbell. Sometimes when Campbell didn't want to bet at the track and force the odds down, Billy Pinkerton would handle the commission for him, placing the money in different cities on the day of the race so that it wouldn't affect the post price of the horse.

One day after Bill Angel and I had moved our horses out to the old Garfield track, which was located inside the city limits of Chicago, we happened to mention to Campbell that our horse, Tam o' Shanter, was burning up the track in the early morning gallops and was ready to win a race.

"You boys go ahead and enter Tam in a good spot and I'll do the betting for you. If you win you'll get some real money," Campbell told us.

The chance came in a few days. We told Campbell everything was cherry ripe and to bet his money the day he saw Tam's name in the list of entries, and we knew he'd sock it down good and plenty.

When the field went to the post Tam o' Shanter was still as good as ten or twelve to one in the books, only a little of Campbell's money finding its way back to the track and nobody outside our little circle knowing what we knew about Tam's speed. We'd put little Major Covington up on our horse—a smart rider, but not one of those fashionable jocks who force the odds on their mounts down every time they get into the saddle. And when I say little Major Covington, I mean just that. I reckon there're a lot of people around today who will remember how little the major was. Didn't weigh more than fifty pounds then, and he sure looked like a pewee when he straddled his little legs over a race horse's back.

The Runaway

I WAS all flustered and nervous-like while the horses were prancing around at the barrier. It was the first time I'd ever had a big bet riding for me. I didn't know how much Campbell had put down or how much our cut would be if Tam won; but Bill, my partner, and I had placed a little of our own cash on the result. So every time Tam made a lunge forward while they were parading to the post I made one just like it, just as though I was going to do the running in that race myself. It was a seven-furlong race, as I remember.

Tam was full of fire. He kept tugging and pulling at the reins and I was afraid if he ever took it into his fool head to scoot away before the word came to go he'd just keep on scooting—and Major Covington too little to stop him and sure enough it happened. As the horses turned to go to the post after parading in front of the grand stand, he made one lunge that pulled the little major right up on his neck, and away he shot, with the midget jock holding on for dear life. Tam was running away—with the little major, the purse money, the bets and everything.

But from where I was standing at the rail, about a hundred feet in front of them, I'd seen it all coming. When Tam started running I started running too; and, say, that

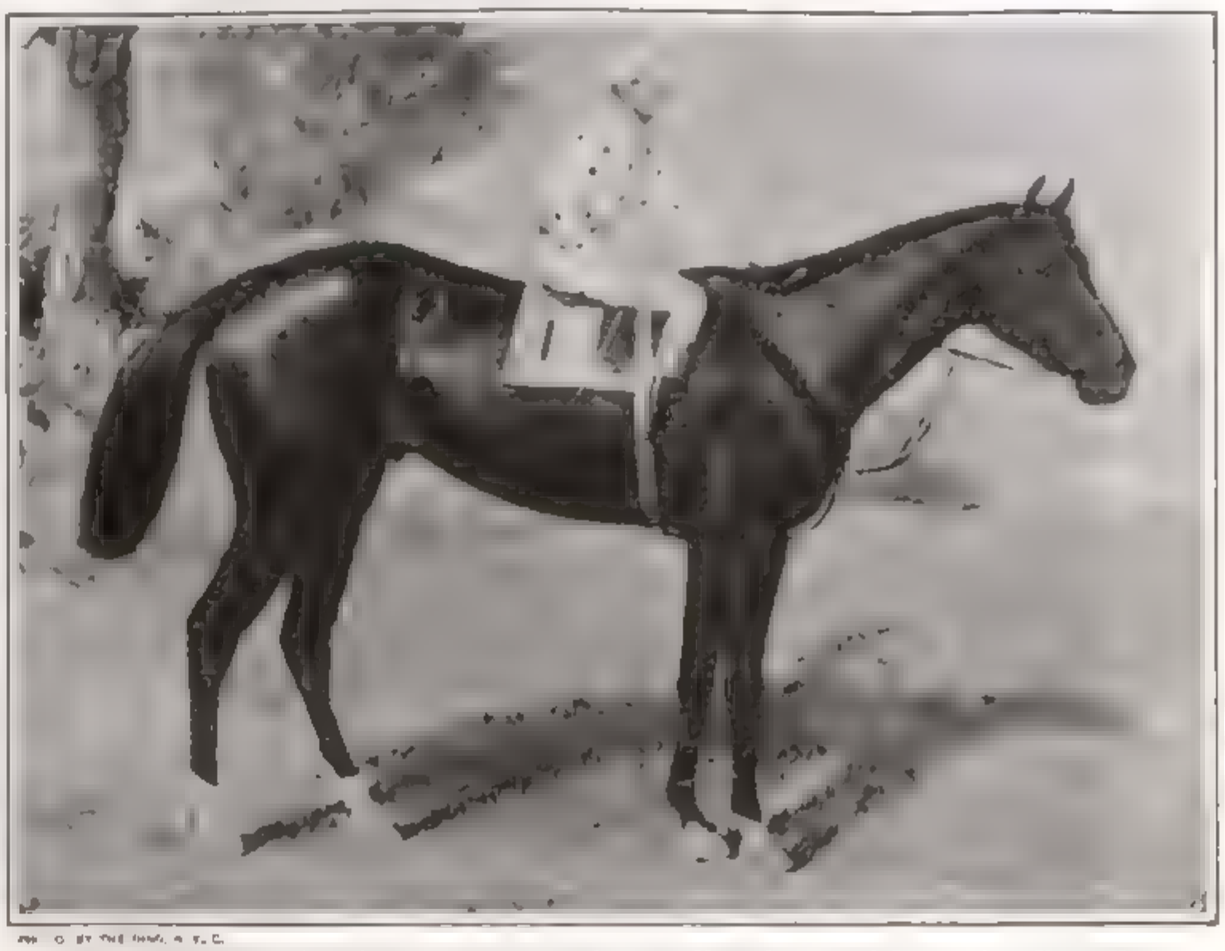


PHOTO BY THE FINK A. T. C.

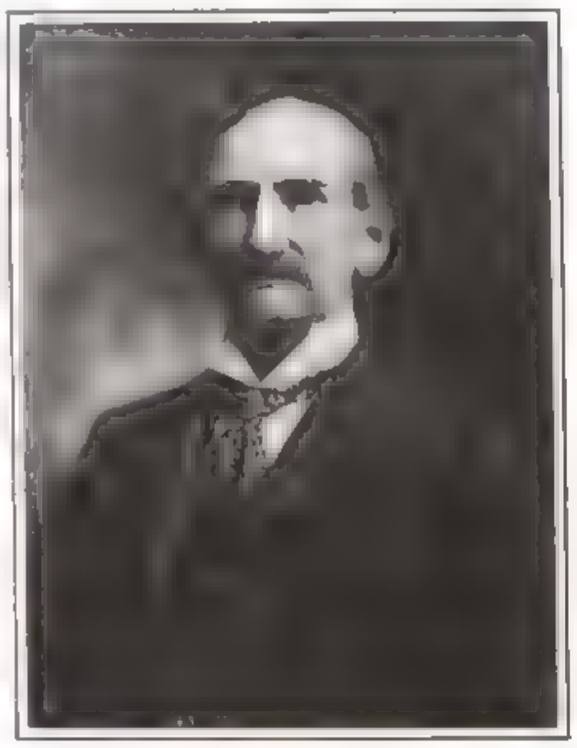
Commando, 1898. The Best Stayer of the Domino Male Line, and Reputed to Have Had More Horse Sense Than Any Other Horse Ever Bred in This Country

was the fastest springing the race tracks have ever seen a human do, before or since that day. Talk about Paavo Nurmi being a great runner—well, you ought to have seen Sam Hildreth that day!

"Pull him over to the rail, pull him over to the rail!" I yelled at the top of my voice to Covington as Tam was about to shoot past me, both of us still going lickety-split. The little major was bouncing all around and didn't have much time for anything but sticking on that horse's back, but he did manage to give one tug that made Tam swerve over toward me. I took one flying leap at the reins, and, the Lord being with me, I connected. And, say, try to shake me loose from that bridle—try to do it! I was there for keeps.

"What's the matter with you, you fool horse?" I said, after bringing Tam to the quickest stop he'd ever known. "Cut out the shenanigans; don't you know you got important business to do?"

Tam was so nice and docile after that talking-to I gave him I was sorry I hadn't whispered something in his ear beforehand. He got a flying start a few minutes later and won the race, as we had expected. Campbell gave Bill Angel and me $2500 as our part of the winnings and bought a horse named Dago from us for another $2500. Pretty soon after that Bill went back to training for Campbell and I started out as a trainer and owner all on my own hook. Two years later I met Billy Pinkerton for the first time—great old Bill, who was one of the best friends I ever had in this life.



Frank James at the Time He Was the Hildreth Betting Agent

Racing According to Hoyle

"SAM, do you remember the day you and Bill Angel ran Tam o' Shanter at Garfield?" Billy asked me one day, after we'd started the friendship that stayed green and fresh right up to the day poor old Billy passed on, a little while back.

"Do I remember that race? You mean will I ever forget it," I replied.

"Well, who was the fellow that ran along the rail and grabbed Tam's bridle when he started to run away?"

"That was me."

Billy grabbed my hand.

"Sam, you certainly took a load off my mind that day," he said, with a kind of sigh, as though he was seeing the thing all over again. "Johnny Campbell had told me he had a good thing in Tam o' Shanter and I helped him get some money down. Guess he must have won $40,000 on that race."

In the highbrow history of horse racing in America you won't find much about Guttenberg, Gloucester, Clifton, Linden and Elizabeth, the New Jersey tracks that were in their heyday along in the late 80's. You didn't find the stables of the Jeromes or Morrises, Sanfords or Lorillards, Keenes or Cassatts, running on these tracks, and they weren't places where the fashionable people of the day gathered as they did at Jerome Park, Morris Park, Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach and Monmouth Park. And sometimes they'd come in for a lot of panning, and even today the younger generation will speak of old Guttenberg or Gloucester as black spots on the record of the turf, because they don't know any better and they're simply repeating what they've heard misinformed people say.

But I raced my horses at some of these tracks and I can tell you from what I actually know about them that they were conducted on the square and the racing was clean. The only thing I ever knew about any of these tracks that wasn't strictly according to Hoyle was what went on outside of some of them. I remember that down at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, the sure-thing boys from the underworld used to run faro banks, roulette wheels and other games of chance in a little gambling settlement they set up outside the track. But if anybody was big enough ninny to try bucking them, that was his own funeral. They didn't have any more connection with racing at Gloucester than did the pool rooms operating in Camden, Philadelphia or New York. Billy Thompson, who owned Gloucester, and the horsemen who ran their stables there, kept the racing side of the sport on the level, no matter what went on at the gambling dens and dance halls outside.

And Fred Walbaum and the men associated with him did the same at Guttenberg; maybe a little more so, as some of the sharpshooters who felt the sting of their vigilance will tell you if you ask them.

It was in the fall of '89, as I recall, that I took my horses to Guttenberg, located on the Jersey side, not far from Weehawken.

They raced there all through the winter, alternating every two weeks with Clifton, near Paterson. I liked it. I liked it so much that one morning when I noticed a nice new house being built near the race track I strolled over to see if it was for sale.

"Who's putting up this house?" I asked a workman who looked to me as though he might be the boss of the job.

"I am; it's my house. I'm building it myself and I'm going to live in it," he informed me.

"Don't want to sell it, do you?"

"I might at the right price."

"What do you call the right price?"

"Oh, say, ten thousand dollars," the man said, after thinking for a minute or two. He was a carpenter and he'd used his whole bag of tricks building that house—it's gone out of fashion to build them that way today.

"You've sold it," I told him.

So, having a nice comfortable place to live, I spent three years at Guttenberg. My string of horses had grown. Toano was the star of the stable, but there were also Khaftan, Tasso, Rico, Dixie, Tringle, Marmont, Sparling and Surrey among the chief breadwinners. All of them were in fine racing trim. One season I won a total of sixty races, with Toano heading the list with twenty-two firsts. The purses ran from $400 to $800. There were no stakes.

My luck was so good that the books were afraid to offer any kind of a price on the horses from my stable. Whenever I had anything in they'd chalk up the shortest kind of odds and then the runners for the bookies would begin following me around to see if I was betting. As soon as I would put down even a small bet they would begin rubbing and I'd find myself getting odds-on against a horse that ought to have been two or three to one, figuring his chances strictly on the dope.

Betting by Proxy

ONE day a quiet, soft-spoken fellow sought me out between the races while I was standing alone. "Mr. Hildreth," he said, "you're having a tough time getting a price against your horses. I know all about it. I'm a sheet writer for one of the books and I can see what's going on, and I think I can tell you a way to beat it."

He suggested that I let him be my betting commissioner. Nobody was to know anything about it. Every night he would come to my house and I was to tell him what horses I wanted to bet on next afternoon, and how much. I was to stay completely away from the betting inclosure, just as though I didn't want to get a penny down; and meanwhile he would go around quietly putting down a fifty-dollar bill here and a hundred-dollar bill there. Nobody would suspect that he was acting for me.

Mrs. Hildreth About 1895

It sounded reasonable, so I made an agreement with him. He was particularly anxious that I should always know he was playing perfectly square with me. Just before the horses went to the post for each race he would saunter past me at a certain spot—not always the same one. He wouldn't speak to me or even look at me, but I would get some signal to know just how much money he had put down. Maybe it was his left hand stuck in his overcoat pocket or his collar turned up or a handkerchief sticking out of another pocket; whatever the signal was, I knew before the race approximately how much I stood to win or lose.

The runners of the bookies and the hangers-on, who were always trying to find out what I was doing, couldn't understand why I had suddenly stopped speculating.

"Are you going to grab this race, Mr. Hildreth?" they would ask, sidling up to me.

"You don't see me doing any betting, do you?" I'd reply.

For a year and a half we worked this system before anybody got wise to it. Every night my betting commissioner, sometimes with his wife, would come up to my house to make an accounting, dodging around trees and bushes in the dark country roads so nobody would see him. And to let me see that the accounts were straight, right down to the last penny, he would bring the betting tickets along with him. When I asked how he managed to get these from the bookmakers, he said he knew most of the sheet writers and they would let him have them.

Scrupulous honesty—that's what they'd call it in business. So when I tell you who my betting commissioner was just bear that fact in mind.

He was Frank James, of the famous James brothers, the most daring outlaws this country has ever known; brother

(Continued on Page 157)

Domino, 1891, the Unbeaten Two-Year-Old, One of the Most Famous Horses in Turf History, With a Record of $193,550 Won in Stakes and Purses

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1925

Herbert Quick: A Great Iowan

TWO years ago we had occasion to sum up the services of the late Emerson Hough. Death now exacts a word of tribute to the life work of another great Iowan, Herbert Quick, long a valued contributor to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and an all-round American of the highest type.

Mr. Quick's career was as remarkable as it was interesting. As a lad he suffered from infantile paralysis. He never wholly outgrew its after effects; and yet, such were his ambition, his talent and that divine driving force which makes men assume hard tasks they might easily avoid, that he made a great name for himself and served the people of his state and nation as steadfastly and as loyally as he served himself. While he taught school he studied law. He became successively lawyer, editor, mayor, student of public affairs and novelist. He helped to organize the Federal Farm Loan Bureau and rendered brilliant service as a Red Cross executive in the Far East.

Human interest and literary value are not the only merits to be assigned to Mr. Quick's novels. What is more important, they preserve for the younger generation faithful and sympathetic pictures of a pioneer America of a day that has gone. His stories are as clean as the winds of his Iowa prairies and as wholesome and invigorating as the life they depict.

Only a few days before Mr. Quick's death he brought to this office the manuscript of his autobiography. It is the typical life story of a successful, country-bred, old-stock American. It bubbles over with buoyant humor, shrewd worldly wisdom and cheerful philosophy. No one who reads it will escape the spell of the magnetic personality which shines through its pages.

The Dragon Ballyhoo

A CORRESPONDENT who is evidently as patriotic as he is pessimistic has been surveying the state of the Union and has found it anything but reassuring. He charges that the dragon he calls Ballyhoo is laying waste this broad land of ours and is leaving it but little better than a moral desert. He urges us to take pen in hand and give the beast a few lusty jabs which will send him slinking to his hole.

We summarize our correspondent's litany of woe: The staple of our yellow press is not news, but vulgarity and sensationalism; and our subsidized newspapers disseminate insidious propaganda. Our politicians play politics instead of legislating for the common good. Conscienceless lawyers make a travesty of justice, and sentimentalists bombard our criminals with flowers. Quack doctors exploit the people, and Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords swindle the simple. The go-getter, bereft of every fine instinct, is our ideal. Materialism is our god. Vulgar show and creature comfort are the ends for which we strain. The eagle no longer gazes at the sun, for golden blinders cut off his sight.

Everywhere there are signs of the beast Ballyhoo. Our correspondent invokes the shades of Washington and Lincoln, and with his mind's eye sees the Father of his Country gaze with sadness upon the nation founded by his strength and genius. He perceives a tear rolling down the cheek of the Great Emancipator.

There is, perhaps, some color of truth in this indictment, but not nearly so much as our correspondent evidently supposes. All things are relative; and when we come to appraise moral conditions in our United States we must not compare them with conditions in Paradise or in Utopia, but with the best that can be found in the existing world at its present stage of social development. No American need shrink from such a comparison. Everyone knows that a certain section of our press is sensational; but even at its worst it does not approach the depths of venality of its European counterparts. The American press, taken by and large, is sound and wholesome, particularly in the smaller towns and cities. Foreign journalists who come here to study our periodical press are rarely able to conceal their amazement at finding so many publications which are low in price but high in tone and which are conducted with obvious regard for the decencies of life. It is not at all the state of things they are used to at home.

Much indeed may be said against our politicians; but while we are saying it we should not forget that every reformer, whatever his country, always claims for his own land the melancholy distinction of producing the most selfish politicians on earth. Lawyers, too, are essentially the same the world over. By force of circumstances they must conform their professional behavior to the prevailing public opinion of the land in which they practice. Most of them do so; but in every country there are a few legal black sheep who will do anything if the fee is large enough. Some of them are sent to jail by the courts and others are sent to Coventry by their professional brethren. There can be no doubt but that the ethical standing of the American bar is well above, rather than below, the world average.

Though we cannot cite any decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to support our position, we feel safe in declaring that the Constitution guarantees to every American citizen the inalienable and priceless right to be a sucker. The sick man who prefers to dose himself with nostrums or trust his life to a quack doctor instead of consulting a reputable practitioner has the law on his side. The investor who decides to turn his money over to Wallingford instead of to an honest banker is also well within his constitutional rights. Every bill to restrict the practice of medicine to competent and well-qualified persons rouses a storm of protest from the very persons whom it is designed to benefit. Every blue-sky bill raises a hue and cry of remonstrance. People want to be swindled in their own sweet way, and have small thanks for those who try to break up the game. Suckers are usually persons who think they can get something for nothing. It may be health or it may be wealth. Every sucker has his own system and clings to it for dear life. Experience loosens the grip of a few. Death takes care of the rest. Man-made law has never yet brought sanity to a sucker. America is not the only habitat of the genus. Wherever earth is peopled by *Homo sapiens*, as the scientific jokers call him, there is the stamping ground of the simple. If the percentage runs high in America it is because the penalties for being a sucker are here so comparatively light. In many a land he who loses his savings loses them for all time. In this country opportunities are so abundant and conditions are so favorable that every young sucker gets a second or even a third chance to recoup his fortunes and to learn caution and prudence in the process. In new countries, moreover, the degree of permissible risk is higher than in old ones.

We think our correspondent does less than justice to the American go-getter. In 1917 we sent a lot of go-getters to France; and according to the best accounts their prevailing spirit was the quintessence of idealism. Many of their highly placed brethren remained at home and for a dollar a year a head gave services to the Government that were worth millions in the open market. A lot more devoted years to feeding the starving children of belligerents and displayed a soft-hearted sympathy that brought many a sneer from the hard-boiled at home and abroad. In certain quarters it is fashionable to declare that our eminent go-getters are crass materialists; but abroad they are looked upon as a strange race of incurable sentimentalists. Indeed, the European formula for getting American money is by specious appeal to sentimental rather than to business considerations. When it comes to materialism, the Continental go-getter rarely fails to remove the hide of his American brother with matter-of-fact skill and neatness.

Proofs are not wanting that the American eagle, unhampered by any golden blinders, gazes as fixedly as ever at the sun. Washington and Lincoln were the most practical of men, administrators who looked far below the surface of things; and if they now gaze down upon their handiwork it is not with sighs and tears, but with murmured thanksgivings that what they planted and watered has thriven so mightily beyond all expectations.

The late Mr. J. P. Morgan once made a famous remark to the effect that any man who was a bear on the future of America would go broke. He referred, of course, to the material prospects of the country; but we now know that our moral level is just as high as that of our physical prosperity.

The dragon Ballyhoo is a myth. It may serve to threaten naughty children with, but not to frighten full-grown Americans who have their wits about them.

Mr. Bacharach's Tax Proposals

THE plan for the downward revision of income taxes, submitted to the President by Mr. Bacharach, of New Jersey, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, contains some admirable provisions. The imposition of surtax upon net incomes above $15,000 instead of above $10,000 as under the present law would be a long step in the right direction and would be bound to have an effect of far-reaching importance. The most striking financial development which has taken place in this country during the past few years is the unexampled increase in the number of American security buyers. The tendency is one which ought to be encouraged, not only for the safeguarding of American investors but for the assistance to industry in obtaining needed capital at reasonable rates. The change proposed by Mr. Bacharach would not, perhaps, bring about any spectacular saving to individual taxpayers of the financial middle class; but it would unquestionably divert into the channels of industry a large aggregate of investable funds.

Every proposal for the reduction of surtaxes is so unpopular in many quarters that Mr. Bacharach displayed real courage in proposing that the maximum supertax be limited to twenty per cent. There is no ground for supposing that he has fixed upon too low a level. Many financial actuaries of ripe experience believe that such a maximum would produce a higher net yield than is derived from the present scale. Other authorities on taxation go even further and propose a scale topped by a maximum of fifteen per cent, which they believe will be the greatest revenue raiser of all. It is possible that they are just a little more optimistic than the facts warrant. Actual trial alone can determine the ideal scale; but it is to be borne in mind that within recent years taxation specialists of the Treasury Department have proved themselves amazingly expert in forecasting the results of given tax levies; and, as a rule, the net results have proved to be considerably more favorable than predicted.

Mr. Bacharach's plan deserves the most careful study. It may well serve as a base line for the tax-reduction program we have every right to expect to see adopted during the next eight or nine months.

WILL BIG BUSINESS LAST?

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

SUPPOSE what is known as big business were on trial for its existence. Suppose a closely knit and determined organization led by high-powered and high-salaried secretaries had successfully waged its campaign for the abolishment of big business before the legislatures of thirty-five states, and the thirty-sixth legislature was so nearly won over that final triumph depended on the vote of a single legislator. In such a crisis what arguments could big business produce to convince this Solon that it should not be legislated out of existence? To what accomplishments could big business point as proof that it is not a menace, but a benefit to the economic life of the country?

Assuming this single legislator to be an average American it is likely that he would be a little hazy in his mind as to the precise meaning of the term "big business"; for, strangely, although it has been for many years an accepted part of the American vocabulary, no scholar has attempted to give it an exact definition.

Just what is big business? If it is a matter of capital, how much capital? Can an enterprise with a million dollars be classed as big business; or must it have ten millions to merit the name? May a single individual operating on his own be big business; or must the affairs be incorporated, with a board of directors and offices in all principal cities? No writer or reformer or politician who regularly makes use of the term has yet explained these details.

In going over the files of old magazines and newspapers one finds big business came to be mentioned as such about the beginning of the present century, and specifically in allusion to the combinations in various industries that were a feature of the period. Probably owing to the muckraking campaigns of the years immediately following 1900, big business came generally to be considered as an agency of corporate greed; the publicist seeking cheap and easy applause could usually get it by aggressive mention of the phrase. Time has tended to soften this conception; and if a country-wide questionnaire were sent out today it is likely that the composite reply would be something like this: "Big business is any combination of capital and talent designed to produce and sell the necessities of life in large quantities and more economically than is possible under a system of small enterprises."

Those replying to the questionnaire might have varying opinions as to the success of such operations, but it is hardly likely that any would condemn big business *a priori*, as might have been the case twenty-five years ago.

With the above definition as a basis, classification becomes roughly possible. A manufacturing enterprise is big business when it produces some specialty that it sells throughout the country and on which it can somewhat control the price. A chain-store organization that maintains branches in widely scattered communities and thus comes into competition with local merchants is big business. In a limited sense a city department store is big business because it is in effect an assemblage of individual shops operated under one roof and management for purposes of economy. Every kind of big business is based on the theory that massed operations and machinelike management make cheaper selling possible.

One may say that the big-business period in the United States dates back about thirty years. There were, of course, great single enterprises before that time, but they were in the main the expressions of individual genius. A railroad, a manufacturing plant, a meat-packing establishment, was great and prosperous because of the acumen and enterprise of its directing head, who was usually its founder. Comparatively few enterprises were organized as at the present day with thousands of stockholders, branch houses in widely separated cities, and salaried men as executive heads, engaged for their ability as producers of dividends rather than for their financial holdings. Prior to the middle nineties business in the United States was conducted on much the same lines that obtain in European countries today.

There were particular reasons why these changes should have come about at that particular time. The World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 had tremendously quickened the imaginations of millions of people; men began to see the United States as a whole and to conceive the idea that their enterprises might be expanded beyond the confines of their particular sections. Conditions were also ripe for a change from another and very human reason. Many of the contemporary captains of industry had made their starts during the California gold boom and the Civil War period, and these men were dropping out of active business life.

(Continued on Page 185)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Life of Riley

OH, BRADYPOD arboreal,
How happy is thy life!
A drowsy, placid story, all
Devoid of stress and strife;
If I could just arrange with thee
I would be nothing loath
To make a fair exchange with thee,
Oh, gentle two-toed sloth!

I weary of activity,
Of tumult and of town;
I yearn for thy passivity
While hanging upside down;
Thou frettest not, nor worriest,
And mid the leafy growth,
There's naught for which thou hurriest,
Oh, lazy two-toed sloth!

No clock at dawn awaketh thee,
Thou sleepest on and on,
No cost of living maketh thee
Distracted, pale and wan;
Such troubles—thou dost ban 'em all;
Thou art, I take my oath,
An enviable animal,
Oh, drowsy two-toed sloth!

Thou eatest when it pleaseth thee,
Thou sleepest in content;
No landlord ever squeezeth thee
Or jerketh up thy rent.
Say, isn't there up there with thee
A space to park us both?
Thy torpor I would share with thee,
Oh, soporific sloth!

—*Berton Braley.*

Camp Sites are Becoming So Crowded, We Now Have Skyscraper Tents

Diary of a 1925 June Morning

6:30 A.M.—Awoke this morning with the call of the song sparrow floating in at my window. What a blessing it is to live in the suburbs, close to the heart of Nature, and receive from her hands the bounty of health and relaxation! I must dress quickly and get out among the trees and the young flowers.

7 A.M. *"And this reviving herb whose tender green*
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean ——"

How appropriate is Omar's phrase! Or perhaps we should really give Fitzgerald the greater share of the credit. That was a fine car that just passed. Quite evidently new. I wish that motorcycle had not splashed through the puddles that way. It has completely ruined my knicker suit.

7:10 A.M. What fine white clouds! And the birds! There are several overhead, and one is flattened out here on the road. Ah, spring, spring! Very likely the birds are singing, though it is difficult to hear above the motor cars.

7:12 A.M. I see there is a gasoline filling station where the old orchard used to be. It is very neat with its bright red paint and its fine tin signs. They have thrown a lot of oil cans and tire shoes into the brook, but I suppose they must put them somewhere. It is fortunate that I jumped so promptly just now, or that flivver would certainly have struck me.

7:15 A.M. Ah, here is the old lane! How sweet the lilacs smell! My mistake. The lilac scent comes from the lady who has just stopped to change a tire. The lilac bushes have been cut down. However, the billboard erected here has a really fine landscape painted on it, with a cow and a cloud and a lovely blue stream. I must make a note to ask for a can of Blanco Evaporated Milk next time I go to Schults'. It may be that farther up the lane the lilac bushes are still standing. How it all comes back to me!

7:19 A.M. That dead man lying in the road was very likely a hijacker anyway, and richly deserved his fate.

7:25 A.M. Well, here are some of the stones of the old wall. "A high-class modern apartment will be erected on this site." That at least is better than a factory. There will probably be a handsome court, and perhaps—for the first few weeks, anyway—a couple of Christmas trees beside the fountain.

7:30 A.M. Mother Nature will not be downed. This pile of tar and gravel for the new road was put here last autumn, I suppose, yet already the little grass blades are creeping up at its edges, and if given time the green growth will veil it from sight entirely. What a beautiful thought!

My, how fast this motorist is coming! If he is not careful he will strike that gravel heap and be overturned.

Poor fellows! The man who was thrown up into the tree may live, but the others have doubtless all been killed. However, I will go to their assistance.

7 A.M., June 10, 1926. I hear a song sparrow. How it all comes back to me! The doctor says that my new leg will look just like the old one, and that with a cane I will get about very well. I would like to be out among the trees and flowers now. That gasoline smell through the window reminds me of them. Maybe I will build a garage and service station with the money which that kind taxi driver said he would give me when he ran over my leg a year ago. Ah, how our dreams revive in the beautiful springtime!

—*Ernest F. Hubbard.*

Foreign Exchange

IN A frigid Russian village,
Famed as well for honest tillage
As for intermittent pillage
Mixed with crime,
Lived one Olga Katerina,
Who had played the concertina
For the critical czarina
In her time.

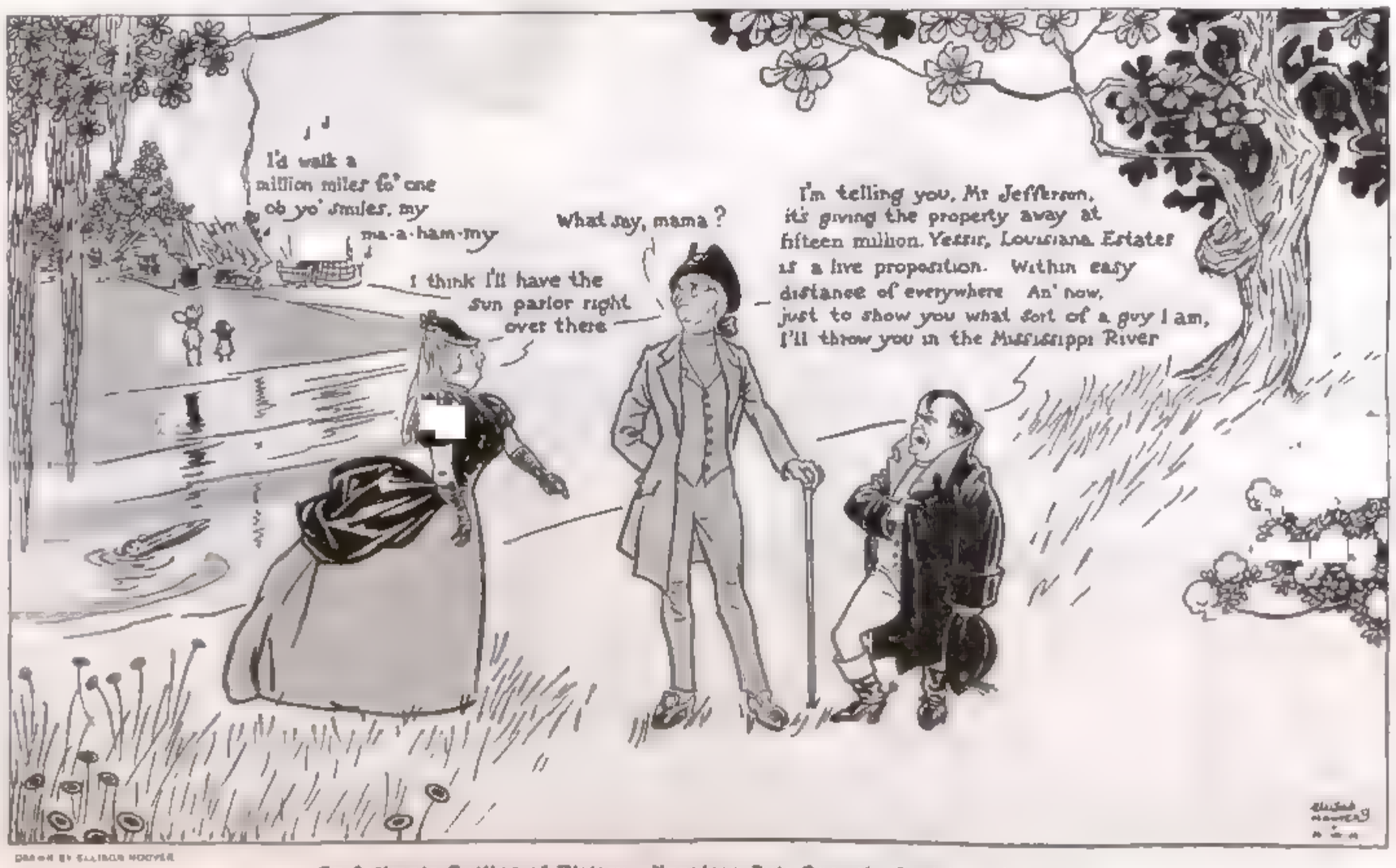
Olga cried (in Russian) "Golly!"
And repented girlish folly
As she strummed, quite melancholy,
A guitar.
She recalled her former glories
When she played for gory tories
Or told hoary bedtime stories
To the czar.

'I shall have to beat it quickly,"
She remarked in accents thickly,
"For I'm really getting sickly"—
(Pause for cough)
"I am done with aimless tattle
And with peasants' petty prattle;
I shall sell my hut and cattle
And be off!"

On the steamer, in the steerage,
She announced,
"I'm of the peerage—
I'm the Duchess Droskineerage
In disguise;
When poor Russia's heart is bleeding
I must heed her plaintive pleading
And ignore my noble breeding"
(Oh, what lies!)

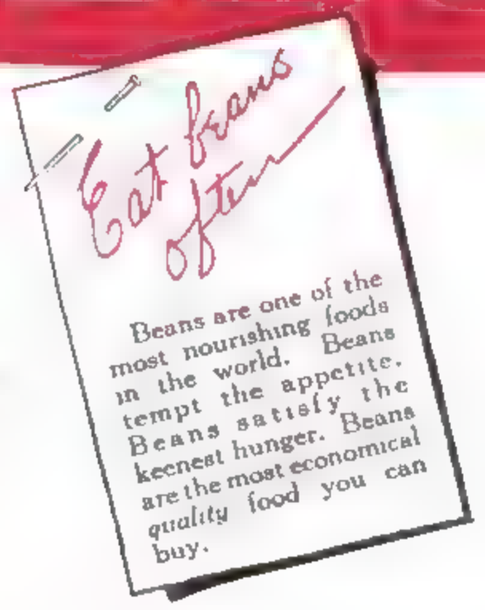
"FAMOUS DUCHESS IN OUR CITY IS AROUSING WIDE-SPREAD PITY; CLEVER—CHARMING WINSOME—WITTY!"
Shrieked the press

(Continued on Page 105)


I'd walk a million miles fo' one ob yo' smiles, my ma-a-ham-my
I think I'll have the sun parlor right over there
What say, mama?
I'm telling you, Mr Jefferson, it's giving the property away at fifteen million. Yessir, Louisiana Estates is a live proposition. Within easy distance of everywhere An' now, just to show you what sort of a guy I am, I'll throw you in the Mississippi River

An Intimate Outline of History—Napoleon Puts Over the Louisiana Purchase

Here goes your hunger!


Eat beans often
Beans are one of the most nourishing foods in the world. Beans tempt the appetite. Beans satisfy the keenest hunger. Beans are the most economical quality food you can buy.

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

And the last bean tastes as good as the first!

More than likely beans are one of your favorite dishes. So isn't it worth while to get them GOOD? Campbell's Beans have the reputation. Why? Quality. Only good beans, only the most delicious and tempting tomato sauce, could satisfy you so completely.

Campbell's BEANS
SLOW-COOKED
DIGESTIBLE

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

XII

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHEN Jeremy left the flat behind him, and all its responsibilities, he walked down to the Underground station, undecided in his mind what to do. The safest thing to do perhaps was to stay in London. London was a good hiding place. One had only to look at the hurrying thousands of home-going workers to realize that one man's identity would more easily be lost in that stream than anywhere else. In one of the quieter districts, say, Bloomsbury or Finsbury Park or Woolwich, he would pass unnoticed—that is, if he cared to bury himself and not to go abroad much in daylight. He hated the idea of that. After all, he was not a criminal. Why act like one? He could, of course, go to the Continent. He thought of his slender stock of money. The Continent is a merciless place for those with no money. He ruled that out. He could go back to Africa, but he hadn't enough money for his fare. Whichever way he looked, there seemed no outlet. He was there, a young, strong, educated and physically perfect specimen, with no aim in the world, no place for him, nothing for him to do. There was no reason why he should go to one place more than another. There were only two places barred to him—Pulldan Castle and London.

He reached Charing Cross and studied the departure board. The first train out was to a place called Cowfont. That would do as well as another.

"Cowfont, please," he said to the booking clerk.

"First, sir?" said the clerk flatteringly. "Next window."

"No, third, single, please."

"Ah," thought the clerk, "another of the new-poor. Prewar you wouldn't have caught him traveling third. No wonder the company can't afford to give us a rise!"

Jeremy had a carriage to himself. There seemed to be few people going to Cowfont; and although the train stopped frequently to encourage passengers to patronize it, Jeremy found himself the only one to get out at the tiny station. It was growing dark, and as he walked along the road to the village he found his spirit soothed by the great peace which brooded over the place. To the north the sudden noble line of the North Downs cut off the stars. Here and there patches of chalk shone above the dark purple shadows of the spinneys at the foot of the downs. A bird chittered softly as he passed, and from across the fields came the sound of a dog barking. After the uneasy rush and worry of London the place was like a quiet pool of peace.

"I was a fool not to come to the country before," he thought as he walked. "This is all real. A man could live here."

Already the impossible problems of Lady Dorothy and Lord Amlett had faded; they were part of the noisy confusion he had left behind in London. Behind that line of downs was the red glare of London, but the hills were high enough. He saw nothing but the stars.

Lights glimmered down the road, and when he reached them he found himself in a curious Old World village; he turned into the inn, the Three Bellows, and called for a glass of ale.

There were several countrymen in the bar, drinking ale and smoking.

"Stranger to these parts, sir?" said the landlord.

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"Ah!"

After a while a second question came:

"Staying hereabouts?"

"I don't know," said Jeremy. "I'm looking for a place to stay."

"Ah!"

"You don't know of anywhere where I could find a room for a while?"

"Jeremy," She Said Softly, Putting Her Hand Over His. "There's Something I Want to Say to You. It's About the Lady in Green"

"Would you be wanting it for long, sir?"

"I don't know."

"Um!"

Again there was a pause. At that moment the landlord's wife came in. She bustled up to the bar, nodding cheerily to the company.

"Was the gentleman asking about rooms, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "not exactly asking; just making inquiries—aye."

"Sam's my man," thought Jeremy. "*Andante*, with no variations in his speed. He's the most restful thing I've struck. Sam, I'm going to cling to you. You'll do me good."

"Why didn't you tell the gentleman we have the front room empty? You men!" She smiled cheerily, and the men grinned back at her. "It's a nice room, sir," she went on, "and it's that sunny in the mornings you'd think you were on the Reveera."

"I've never been there," said Jeremy. "But I'm sure the room is delightful. May I see it?"

"I'll get Susan to put it straight," said the landlord's wife, "and then I'll show it to you myself. Give me your things, sir."

She took his bag, coat and hat and stick and went upstairs.

"You're in luck, mister," said one of the company.

"Yes?"

"Why, yes. If she hadn't taken a fancy to you, you'd never have seen the inside of those sheets. She's a rare independent one, Mrs. Hart, isn't she, Sam?"

"She is that," said Sam.

"I'll have another ale," said Jeremy, "and perhaps these gentlemen ——"

There was a cheery sound of five pewter pots being banged on the bar in immediate answer to his suggestion. Jeremy was a success. His room, which he saw later, was a delightful place, spotlessly clean, smelling of the country. He ate a supper of bread and cheese and ale, for he had no wish to demand meals at unheard-of times. He was going to live quietly and peacefully—and forget.

After his supper he strolled up the road with a pipe, thinking of all he had left behind, and most of all of Olivia. He had made up his mind to forget her; and naturally, once his mind was free to concern itself with other than immediate and pressing affairs, it turned back to Olivia. For her sake he had gone on with the imposture, for her sake he had finally given it up. He was lost now and they would never find him. No one would expect to look for him in this quiet country place. He could settle down for a while and forget Olivia in peace. That is, he could do as he was doing now—fill his mind with the thought of her; wonder what she was doing, whether she had received his note and what she made of it.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said aloud. "And echo answers, 'What?'"

But echo did not answer "What?" Echo answered something which sounded suspiciously like "Damn." There was a violent noise in the brushwood of the coppice on the bank above the road, a noise rather like a young elephant in a plantation; a branch went off like a bomb, and a figure rolled and slid down the bank into the roadway.

"Are you hurt!" said Jeremy.

"Were you the silly ass spouting out about echo answers 'What?'" said the angry man.

"I'm afraid I was," said Jeremy. "I'm sorry I have put you out. I was merely thinking aloud."

"I thought you were some love-sick yokel," said the man. "I've twisted my infernal ankle. Give me a leg up, there's a good chap."

"Go steady," said Jeremy. "Can you stand on it?"

"No, I'm dashed if I can!"

"There's a stone here. Sit down and I'll get your boot off before it swells."

The man sat down and Jeremy removed the boot swiftly. Then, dipping a handkerchief in the ditch, he bound the cold bandage round the ankle in the dark.

"I say, you know your job," said the man. "Where did you learn that trick of bandaging? It's as firm as a rock."

"Africa," said Jeremy. "Had to be up to dodges there, you know. A crocked ankle might mean anything if it wasn't looked to at once."

"Jolly decent of you to take all this trouble."

"That's all right. If I give you a lift you'll be able to walk. Do you live far away?"

"No; this is part of my place, as a matter of fact. I was out after a moth. My net's over there. D'you mind? I like moth hunting. Get some rare specimens sometimes. I was just on one when I heard you. I suppose I must have been startled. Anyway the thing got away. I made a move and fell through the beastly hedge."

"Suppose we make a move," said Jeremy.

"You're a stranger here?"

"Yes; I only arrived tonight. I'm staying at the Three Bellows."

"Are you? You're lucky. Mrs. Hart's the limit about putting people up. Sure you don't mind coming out of your way?"

"Not a bit. Strictly speaking, I haven't a way. All ways are the same to me just now."

When they reached the Cedars, a big house some three hundred yards from the road, standing at the end of a long circular drive, Jeremy looked at his companion. He was a man of about his own age, obviously an ex-officer, a man of wealth and leisure, a man of the class which Jeremy desired to avoid above all others.

"I'll leave you here," he said. "I hope next time you'll have better luck."

(Continued on Page 35)

Some of the most delicious and valuable foods leave unpleasant traces. Destroy them with a single, simple "double action" cleansing

Strong food odors and flavors cleansed completely away!

—*with Sunbrite's "double action"*

What is more unwelcome than a whiff of yesterday's fish, onions, cauliflower?

Women used to get rid of strong, stale food odors and flavors by an extra process of cleaning—by boiling the offending utensil with soda or other freshening agent.

But now no such extra work is necessary. The "double action" cleanser, **Sunbrite,** does all cleansing steps in one quick, simple process. As it scours, it also sweetens and freshens.

This special cleansing power is due to an element which actually sweetens and purifies. And of course, **Sunbrite** scours off stains and cuts the grime. Entirely free from harsh chemicals, it harms neither fine surfaces nor hands.

Best of all, **Sunbrite** costs surprisingly little considering its double efficacy and saving in time and labor. With every can you also get a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

No more stale, strong odors! Destroy them easily and completely with **Sunbrite.** Put "double action" to work for you in both kitchen and bathroom.

Swift & Company

Quick Naptha
White Soap Chips

This is a pure, high grade soap in a wonderfully convenient form. You can use it for any household purpose—for clothes, dishes, woodwork; you will find it absolutely effective yet perfectly harmless to fabrics or hands. It acts instantly against dirt and dissolves quickly. Splendid in the Washing machine

Double action
Single cost

This is Congoleum pattern No. 516. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.40

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

For the summer porch, too— Congoleum Rugs are just the thing!

INDOORS and out, seashore or mountains, nothing provides such an all-round satisfactory covering for floors as these popular, inexpensive rugs.

On the porch—sunshine and driving rain, the accidents of many porch parties mean little to the Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rug. For the rich colors are fadeless, the material itself sturdy and long-wearing. No fastening is ever required to keep these rugs in place. They hug the floor tightly; never curl at the corners or ruffle up, even in the stiffest breeze.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs have many advantages not found in fibre or fabric rugs. No tiresome back-breaking sweeping is ever needed. Dirt, tracked-in mud and spilled things cannot stain or penetrate the smooth, sanitary surface. A few whisks of a damp mop leave the lovely colors of your Congoleum Rugs as bright as new.

Then, such a wide choice of artistic designs! Dainty floral patterns in gay chintz or soft pastel tones, sumptuous Oriental motifs and neat tile and wood-block effects—to suit any room in the house.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.40	1½	x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.70	3	x 3	feet	1.30
9	x 9	feet	14.05	3	x 4½	feet	1.95
9	x 10½	feet	16.40	3	x 6	feet	2.60
9	x 12	feet	18.75				

The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

New York Boston Kansas City San Francisco
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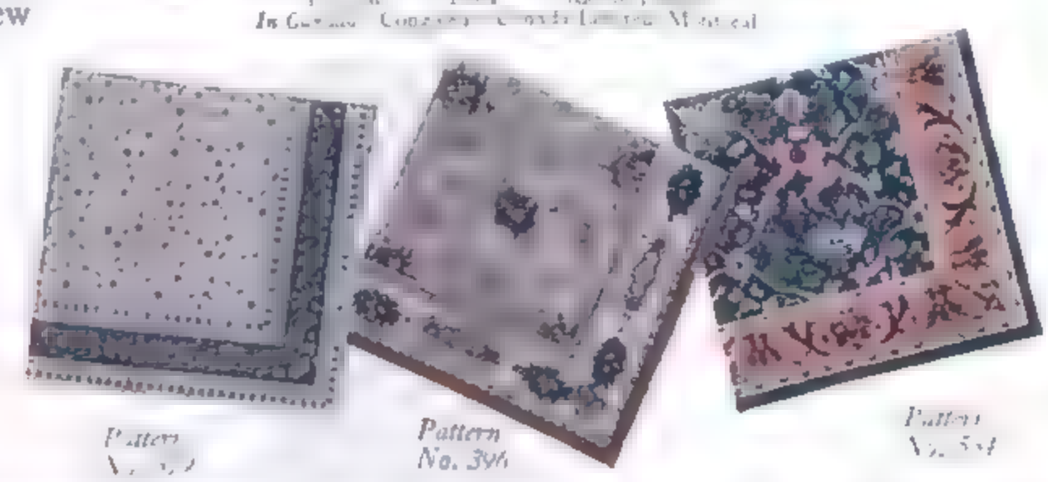


Pattern No. 396

(Continued from Page 32)

"No, you don't. You're coming in. Come in and have a drink. The old man would like to see you, I'm sure. By the way, my name's Weathers—Dibdin Weathers."

"Mine's Laytree—Jeremy Laytree."

"Well, come in. Dad'll be in the smoking room, I expect."

Jeremy followed his new host with a feeling of envy. This man was very like himself; but—he had a place in life, a father of whom he was obviously very fond, a beautiful house here in the very heart of English beauty, a settled, respected, established tradition.

"Dad," said Weathers, "here's a new pal of mine. He's just picked me up out of the road with a sprained ankle, or very near it, bandaged me up like a medical student and brought me home. Then he wants to do a guy at the front door."

"Glad to meet you, sir."

"And I," said Jeremy. "My name is Jeremy Laytree, sir."

"Like Dibbie to leave out the most important part of the introduction. Been after moths again, eh? You'll break your neck one of these days. . . . What did you say—Laytree? I knew a fellow named Laytree at Cambridge years ago."

"At Emmanuel, sir?"

"Yes, by gad! Are you Emmanuel too?"

"Yes, sir. I should think it must have been my father you knew."

"Well, well, to think of that! And how is old—let me see—old Bulger, that's it—old Bulger? Why, of course I remember him! We used to have good times together. How is he?"

"I'm sorry, sir, he's dead," said Jeremy. "He's been dead a good many years now."

"Eh? I'm sorry to hear that. You're only a young chap too. Dibbie, ring that bell. You'll take a drop, will you, and stay and smoke a cigar? Damme, don't say no! I can't have old Bulger's son picking my boy out of the hedge like a blackberry, and then going away."

"He's staying at the Three Bellows, dad," said Dibdin Weathers.

"The devil he is!" said the old man. "Well, he needn't stay there if he doesn't want to. Dibbie, see that his things are brought up here tomorrow morning. Now no argument. I ask you to stay and that's all there is to it. Why, old Bulger—I'd give anything I've got to have him here again; and now I meet his son, d'you think I'm going to let him go without a word?"

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness," said Jeremy. "As a matter of fact, it will mean more to me than you can possibly imagine. That is one reason why I do not wish to presume upon it."

"What are you talking about?"

"You have asked me to stay with you. I must tell you that I came down here so that I could live very quietly, at the minimum of expense, and in some seclusion, while I thought out my future. So far, I am pretty much of a dud. I have about twenty quid in the world; and though I have every hope of making good, at present I am merely a gentleman of leisure, without independent means. I don't want to force my affairs down your throat, but I don't want to accept anything under false pretenses."

"Too particular by half," said old Mr. Weathers. "No good riding a horse half as high as that. But it does your honesty credit. I've got one son, young Laytree. There he is. A fine specimen of a man, and he'll do something big in his research work yet. I'm proud of him. But I never had but one. There's room in this house for more than one. You're welcome to anything I've got. If I can't do as much for old Bulger's son I'm not much good!"

"But I've got to work for my living, you know," said Jeremy. "I can't just sit around and sponge. Don't misunderstand me. Meeting you and hearing you talk like that is like seven blessed miracles, one on each day of the week. You see, my real trouble is that I haven't anybody who wants me. I shall be very happy to count you as a friend, sir, in memory of my father. It means a lot to me. I've suddenly put my hand on the anchor—and I thought it had been chucked overboard."

"Well, what's to stop me finding you a job?" said old Weathers. "There's lots of work to be done. Do you know anything about estate management?"

"I've run plantations out in Africa," said Jeremy, "and I know the straight run of most farming. I know how to handle men pretty well."

"Right! That's the ticket. Since Dibbie here took to chasing those moths—not that I mind that; he's doing very good work—the estate's gone to pot. The fences are nothing but firewood and the gates scream their shame to heaven every time you open 'em. Do the place good to have a young man about. Do you ride?"

"It'll be heaven to get on a horse again," said Jeremy. "But really, sir, I don't think I ought ——"

"Stuff and nonsense! Not another word! You can stop at old Mother Hart's tonight, but I'll send a trap down for you in the morning. Then we'll talk business. And you'd better not stay here too long tonight. Mrs. Hart likes to get the place shut up early. We'll meet again tomorrow."

"I'll say good night then, sir," said Jeremy. "I'm glad to have met you, not for the offer you have made me—you may think differently about that tomorrow—but because I feel that I've found some place where I'll be welcome. I can't tell you just what that means. Thank you."

Dibdin Weathers' ankle was by now sound enough for him to limp to the door with Jeremy.

"You've made an enormous impression on the old dad," he said. "I've never seen him so taken with anyone before. I'd be glad, too, if you'd think over what he said. We don't have many friends, and I liked you from the first, in spite of your being Cambridge. I was Oxford myself; but we can agree to differ about that. Anyway, don't turn down the old man's offer just yet. He means it, and I promise you there'll be bags of work to do and worth doing."

"Thanks," said Jeremy. "I couldn't have thought of it if you hadn't said that. It was decent of you. You see, you know nothing about me. I might be anything."

"Don't forget old Bulger, as the dad calls him. It's mostly your father's doing, although if the old man hadn't liked you, he'd have been close as an oyster."

"Cheerio, then," said Jeremy. "I may blow in tomorrow."

"Well, do your best. The old man will be deeply disappointed if you don't."

They parted, and Jeremy walked back to the Three Bellows with new life. The whole incident was threaded upon such a slender skein of chance that, seen in retrospect, it had the appearance of a dream. In all England, he had chosen Cowfont by sheer chance, chosen that road by pure chance, been at hand at that moment by pure chance. As a result, he had found what most he desired, people who knew at least something about him, people who had known his people, who cared for them because of the past and because of tradition.

Since he had been back in England Jeremy had felt this lack of himself acutely. Especially had he felt it at Pulidan. There the smooth perfection of the ancient tradition had reached its highest. Everything had been in its place, born, bred, trained and grown for that place. Only he, Jeremy, had had no connection with that or any other place. He had felt it with Olivia. She had her friends, her position in the world. People knew her, knew of her, knew her family and could place her. But he had been an outsider, so much so that he had taken another man's place, and for a while had taken it successfully.

His very success had been a sign to him that he had no place among these people.

When he had left St. John's Wood and had wondered where to go, the feeling had grown so intense as to be almost a pain. He loved England, but it seemed that if he wanted England he must begin from the very beginning and build up a place for himself.

Colonel Jackson and Ballan, of course, knew him, but they were wartime friends. They liked him and were very decent to him, but he had never felt that they were bound to him by any real, deep ties. Here at Cowfont he was known, recognized as his father's son, accepted not as Jeremy Laytree, an outsider, but as a Laytree, as someone who had a right to his name and a position by reason of that name. Before, he had been nobody, a man passing under an assumed name even. Now, he felt that he was somebody. He had

"Willett," Said Olivia, "If You Hold Anything Back Now I'll Never Forgive You. I Feel Like Slapping You Already"

reëstablished his identity, and a quiet content filled his mind. It altered the whole of his attitude toward Olivia too. She did not seem so far away. And he walked under the stars, singing, happier than he had been for many a long day.

XIII

THE HON. OLIVIA ARTHURTON sat before her dressing table in her room at the hotel. She had been expecting a note from Jeremy, and the note had come. This was the end then! She had read it over and over again, and gradually her courage had failed her. She had cried, not so much for the bitter disappointment of her own case as for the thought of the unfortunate Jeremy, driven at last by stress of some unexpected happening or other to abandon his place.

Poor old Jeremy! She smiled, even through her tears, at the vision she had of him as he must have been before he wrote that note.

"The last straw has broken the camel's vertebral arrangements." How like him to begin on just that note, as though it didn't matter, as though to hide the seriousness of what had happened to him. "Perhaps some day I may come back. Good-by." And that was all. She had lost him. She had failed him. Something, some strain she had not foreseen, had driven him out, back into the wilderness from which he had come. Poor, lonely, unwanted Jeremy. For she loved him now more than ever. She believed that he loved her, though there had been but little opportunity for love-making. There had been but elusive, fugitive glimpses of their love, like sunshine on an April day. They had had to watch every step for fear of betraying themselves.

Well, now it was all over. He had gone. They had driven him out between them. What could have happened? As far as she knew, everything remained as it had always been—awful, no doubt, but not too awful. What new complication had arisen to make matters so much worse that even Jeremy, whose courage had been so wonderful, could bear it no longer?

She ordered a taxi and drove to St. John's Wood. Willett was there.

"His lordship at home, Willett?"

"No, milady."

She went into the room. All was as usual.

"Just a moment, Willett. I want to speak to you."

"Yes, milady."

"Do you know where his lordship has gone?"

"No, milady. May I make a suggestion, milady?"

"Yes, anything you can tell me now will be of the greatest possible assistance. Don't hide anything. Tell me everything that has happened today."

"Well, milady, I don't think his lordship is coming back."

"Why not?"

"He asked me to go down to the Times office this afternoon with a notice for the Personal Column. It said that Lord Amlett was leaving town for an indefinite period."

"It did not say where?"

"No, milady."

"Has anybody been here today?"

"Well ——" The man hesitated.

"Willett," said Olivia, "if you hold anything back now I'll never forgive you. I feel like slapping you already."

"Yes, milady. Then I may speak out?"

"Of course you may."

"A lady called here this morning. In fact, his lordship brought her in with him when he came back from his walk."

"What kind of a lady?"

"She was dressed in green, milady."

It was more what he did not say about the lady in green than what he said which showed Olivia that Willett did not approve of the morning's visitor.

"How long did she stay?"

"Till shortly before two, milady."

"Then she was here when I called?"

"Yes, milady. You'll pardon me, but I think his lordship didn't wish you to meet her."

"Never mind what you think, Willett. Tell me what happened."

"They both went away before two—not together. Then his lordship came back here in the evening."

"What time would that be?"

"As near half-past six as I can remember. Then he wrote that notice for the Times and it won't be in tomorrow morning, because I was too late. I went out with it and telephoned it in order to save time. When I came back he was gone. There was a note for you, milady, and I sent it by messenger. That's all I know. His lordship has taken a bag, milady, with a change of linen, and his light coat. Nothing else, save his razors."

"And that's all?"

"Yes, milady."

"That'll do. Thank you, Willett."

"I hope I haven't been at fault, milady?"

"No, certainly not, Willett. You've done what you were asked. Thank you very much."

"Thank you, milady."

Left alone, Olivia pondered the mystery. Who was the lady in green? She had heard of her before, from Jeremy himself. She had heard of her at Pulldan. She would like to meet this woman who had such a disturbing power. She drummed with her fingers on the table. What could she do? Where could she turn for help? For Jeremy's sake, she had cut herself off from her friends for weeks past. She had no one. Aleck Thane was impossible, Lady Dorothy equally so.

"What can I do? What can I do?" she repeated.

There seemed no answer. Then she remembered Colonel Jackson. He was on the telephone. He might be still at Scotland Yard. It took her some time to find the number in the book, and when she did Colonel Jackson, of course, had gone. She put through a call to his house outside Epsom and at last got in touch with him.

"Colonel Jackson, this is Olivia Arthurton speaking. I'm in great trouble and I want you to help me."

"Delighted to do anything I can," he answered. "What's the row?"

"He's gone," she said lamely.

"Who's gone?"

"Jeremy!"

Colonel Jackson was under no misapprehension as to the feelings of Olivia for Jeremy Laytree. But he groaned afresh when he heard her call him Jeremy. "These women!" he thought. "Hopeless!" He himself was a bachelor, and spent his leisure growing cucumbers and breeding Airedales. He had no time for women, pretty or otherwise. But he liked Olivia and would do anything he could to help her.

"Do you know why?" he asked.

"No," said Olivia. "Do you?"

"Yes," said Colonel Jackson grimly. "But it's not my business. Look here, it's too late to do anything tonight. Come round and see me at the Yard tomorrow morning. We'll see what can be done. Don't worry about it. To my mind it's the first sensible thing he's done. Only don't worry."

"I'll try not to. I'll come round to the Yard first thing. Will you be there at eight o'clock?"

"No, I will not!" he laughed. "I'll be there at nine for your special benefit. I'll give orders you are to be shown in right away."

"Thank you so much," said Olivia. "Forgive me for troubling you."

"That's all right. Good-by."

She had hardly replaced the receiver when there was a knock at the door. Willett entered with a letter on a tray.

"For me, Willett?"

"No, milady, for his lordship."

"Well, he's not here."

"I know, milady. But I thought you'd like to see the letter, milady. It's addressed to his lordship, but it's addressed in his lordship's own writing, and the postmark is Knollburgh, in Scotland, milady."

"But he couldn't have posted a letter from Scotland," said Olivia, thinking of Jeremy. "He couldn't have got to Scotland by now."

"No, milady; that's what I thought, milady."

A wild hope rose in Olivia's mind. She took the letter from Willett.

"That'll do, Willett, thank you."

"Yes, milady," said Willett, and bowed himself out, more bewildered than ever. The letter was addressed to the Hon. Arthur Arthurton.

Olivia turned the letter over in her hands. She knew perfectly well that she intended to open it. She could tell by a glance at the first line whether it was the letter she believed it to be. The mystery which puzzled Willett had no puzzles for her. This, by the look of it, ought to be a letter from her brother, the real Lord Amlett, to the man who was taking his place. If Jeremy had only waited a few hours! The fact that it was addressed to Arthur Arthurton showed that, wherever the real Lord Amlett was, he had no idea of what was happening or of what had happened. This was a clew too valuable to be neglected. She slit the envelope, took out a sheet of note paper, saw that it began "My dear Laytree," and knew that she was right. But save for the heading, Knollburgh, there was no address. That was a blow. The letter was dated two days previously:

"*My dear Laytree:* This is just to let you know that I am still alive and not yet at the end of my patience. I'm having the time of my life, and hope that you are enjoying the fleshpots.

"By the way, I'm afraid I came away without making the proper sort of financial provision. I always was a fool about these things. I inclose six checks duly signed. You can fill in the amounts, but you will notice they are indorsed 'Not more than five hundred pounds.' Three thousand should be more than you have any use for, and I hope you don't blow the lot. It's for an emergency. I often wonder whether you've been spotted yet, but if you stick to St. John's Wood, and keep out of the family's reach, there's no risk. I hope you have made a friend of Olivia. She really is a brick when you get to know her. If you should come across her, be very nice to her. In fact, I inclose a seventh check, for one hundred pounds, with which you can buy her something she wants for her birthday, which is on the first of November. I don't expect to be back. Cheerio!

"Yours ARTHUR ARTHURTON."

"Well!" said Olivia when she had read the note. "If men are not the most wonderful creatures! At a time like this, to think of me, to be so perfectly charming, and yet to forget to give his real address—when he ought to know that Jeremy will be gasping to hear it!"

But then she remembered that the letter and the checks had come too late. Jeremy was not gasping to hear anything. He had gone, driven out by a mysterious woman in green; and she, to whom it mattered more than anything else in the world, had not the slightest idea where Jeremy was. She rang the bell for Willett.

"Could you arrange a bed for me here, Willett?" she said.

"Certainly, milady. There's his lordship's own bedroom all ready."

"Right. I'll stay here tonight. And please ring up my hotel and ask my maid to pay my bills, collect the luggage and come on here at once. I'll stay here until his lordship returns."

"Very good, milady."

"I'd better be at headquarters," she thought. "Anything might happen now. I've got to be ready for it."

The following morning she was up early and off to Scotland Yard. She was shown straight up to Colonel Jackson.

"Any news?"

"None about Mr. Laytree; some about my brother. We'll come to that later. You said last night that you knew why he had gone. Tell me."

"My dear lady, I'm sorry, but I can't."

"It had something to do with a woman," said Olivia, "who called at his flat yesterday."

"Miss Arthurton," said Colonel Jackson, "I'm an old man—compared with you children. Let me give you a warning: Never judge a man or a case without all the evidence."

"Don't be silly, Colonel Jackson! I'm not judging Jeremy. I'm not jealous, if that's what you mean. Why, the thought never entered my head! I don't think of things that way, that's all. I don't know who the woman was. But it's very important we should know, because she has achieved what nothing else could have achieved—she has driven him away."

"I ask your pardon," said Colonel Jackson. "I must be older than I thought. Such a mistake in psychology is unforgivable. It was I who was judging without having all the evidence. Now what about the news of Lord Amlett?"

She showed him the letter.

"You'll pardon my saying so," he said when he'd read it, "but his lordship strikes me as a little reckless. Oh, I know that his trust in Jeremy Laytree is justified. I know Laytree well. But his lordship could not have known him for long. Yet he seems to have the most complete confidence in him."

"Yes; exactly three thousand one hundred pounds' worth," said Olivia. "Jeremy inspires confidence. I'm only surprised that my brother should have limited the sum."

"I'm glad you realize that he's worth your trust. I only wish we could do something. By the way, have you noticed this note scrawled on the back? It's in pencil."

"No; I didn't look on the back of the letter. Let me see." She read the penciled note. It ran:

"At present I'm in my yacht, the Vision, and I'm cruising about among the Western Isles."

"That is the most valuable part of the letter," said Colonel Jackson.

"I don't see that it helps us much."

"Yes, it does. If we can get in touch with Jeremy—but we can't. Look here, let me worry this out, will you? Keep in touch. I'll ring you up at once if I have any news."

When Olivia got back to the flat she found a visitor awaiting her. It was Mr. Joe Polkins, the millionaire American who had rented Pulldan.

"Well now, that's good," he said when he saw her. "I'm very glad to see you again. You're just the one who can help me. Where's Lord Amlett?"

"I'm sorry; he's away."

"Could you tell me where he is? You'd be doing your daily act of kindness if you could."

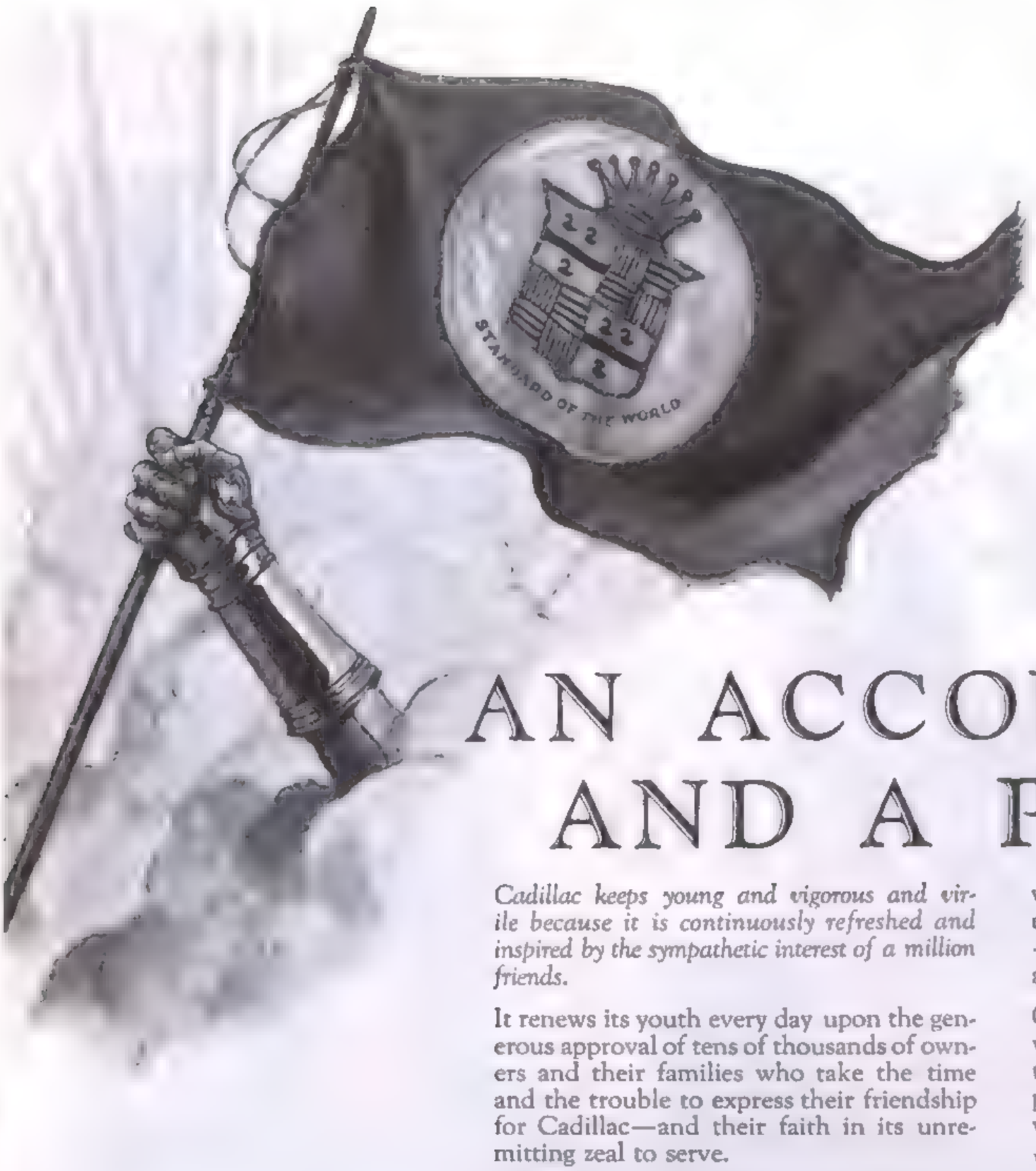
"Sorry again," said Olivia. "But really and truly I can't help."

It was obvious to the American that she was keeping something back. But it was equally obvious that he couldn't intrude.

"Sorry to trouble you. Don't bother. Perhaps you could help me in another way. Could you locate Lady Dorothy for me? I called at the Hall, but they said she had left and gone to London."

"She usually stays at Claridge's, I believe. You might try to reach her there."

(Continued on Page 116)



AN ACCOUNTING AND A PLEDGE

Cadillac keeps young and vigorous and virile because it is continuously refreshed and inspired by the sympathetic interest of a million friends.

It renews its youth every day upon the generous approval of tens of thousands of owners and their families who take the time and the trouble to express their friendship for Cadillac—and their faith in its unremitting zeal to serve.

Cadillac is gloriously young after twenty-three years of adherence to the one ambition of remaining the Standard of the World —after ten years of dedication to the task of outstripping the world in the furtherance of the eight-cylinder principle.

It is splendidly young in spite of the fact that its traditions are old—or rather because of the fact that those traditions are so fine and high that they make every working day a new day of increasing zest and inspiration.

It has been said, and it is true, that even if the impossible should happen and the directing heads of Cadillac should wish to deviate by a hair's breadth from the ideals which have dominated Cadillac all these years—they would not be permitted to do so.

They would not be permitted to do so because the great group of master workmen who are steeped in the spirit of surpassing excellence would go on serenely as before —or throw down their tools if asked to do anything less than the Cadillac best.

Cadillac is subjected to a pressure from within and from without to excel itself—the pressure of public expectation and the pressure of honest craftsmanship which can work no way other than the Cadillac way.

What is said here is in the nature of an accounting from Cadillac—a re-dedication to high service published at this moment because of the advent of a new, young, and powerful, executive leadership.

The pledge is from him—and through him, from the solid phalanx of Cadillac executives and workmen who consider themselves servants of the most loyal public any industrial institution has ever enjoyed.

Great things are always under way for Cadillac and Cadillac owners—not merely a maintenance of the high endeavors of the past but a constant striving after things never yet attained.

To every Cadillac owner of record the executive head of Cadillac will endeavor at the earliest moment to send a personal pledge of the future.

Meanwhile, because you and a million others count upon it—be certain that Cadillac will never fail to realize your highest hopes.

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Sharpest Man in Willowville

"I—I am on the Board of Our Bank, if That is What You Mean," Began Mr. Loothey, "But I Don't Understand——"

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WILLOWVILLE is the gag town for Bigburg. All Bigburg audiences—especially vaudeville and burlesque audiences—laugh uproariously when the tall thin man in the short tight suit tells the short fat man in the long loose suit that he spent a month in Willowville last Sunday; they uncover more encouragement and appreciation when the short fat man remembers he once tried to commit suicide there by stretching out on the railroad tracks outside the station—only to die of starvation.

But if Willowville is a wow to the sophisticated who prefer the snarl of motor horns over asphalt to the drone of bees over daisy fields and the hum of bottle flies over the glassy surface of the Hardin River, it is not without favor in the eyes of rich Bigburgers whose farms line the highroad which winds along the crest of the valley. Nor is this favor without profit to the village itself, which nestles into a sharp bend of the river like the tousled head of a tired child buried in its mother's arms. Land values have increased steadily, and village commerce has stirred its stumps in profitable activity.

While it is true that Laneboro, to the east, still drew the bulk of the Saturday-night commerce as the seat of government for Lakin County, there was plenty of evidence to show that more and more farmers were lining their clay-flecked cars beside the shiny limousines of the rich ridgers. The Willowville National Bank discussed the possibility of a new brick-and-stone banking house with offices to rent above the first floor. It was generally understood that without the vehement opposition of Demaline Loothey the project would have been started long since.

Demaline Loothey was respected in Willowville, but not loved. In fact, there were many, outside the circle of influence wielded by this prominent villager, who asserted that he was an oily old skinflint—a nagging old crook who had worried his hard-working wife into an early grave and his two sons into open rebellion and desertion. Even though he was a trustee of the old brick church which flanked the depot, he was spoken of by these hardy souls as a man who would foreclose a mortgage on a blind widow's cottage; a lanky, crafty old miser with a heart and eye as cold as the ice which lay blanketed in sawdust in the shed behind his house; a hypocrite and a foe, bitter as lye, of all civic improvements and progress.

In personal appearance Demaline Loothey did not belie his reputation for general sharpness. He was tall and angular, and his shiny Prince Albert dangled like a conjurer's cover to his baggy knees. His eyes were small and hung in little fleshy pockets which seemed absurdly out of place sticking out from the taut-drawn flesh of his face. His linen seemed to fit into the gray stubble which covered his thin cheeks and narrow chin—a short iron-gray stubble which never seemed shorter in the morning or longer at night.

The Loothey residence was a red-brick farmhouse across the river from the business section of the village and halfway up the gentle incline to the ridge. A rectangular piece of glass, hung in tipsy fashion against a weather-bleached window shade, proclaimed that Mr. Loothey was a notary public. A large board, nailed to an ancient elm which sheltered the road as well as the house in its mighty spread, proclaimed the fact that trespassers would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Another proclamation, crudely fashioned on a thin board torn hastily from some packing case, informed the public that it had best beware of the dog. Across the road, where the Loothey acres ran down to the river, a larger sign was posted. It informed all hunters and fishermen that buckshot awaited their sporting proclivities.

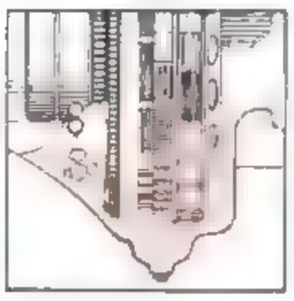
Small boys stared through the sagging pickets of the fence which ran a hundred yards along the front of the house, and wondered what bloodcurdling mysteries lay concealed behind the green shades—shades that always reached to the bottom of each window. In whispers they debated the probabilities of barrels filled with gold, and bushel baskets filled with emeralds and rubies and diamonds, as opposed to long shelves stacked high with brand-new dollar bills.

These whisperings, had they ever happened to reach the ears of Demaline Loothey, would have pleased rather than angered him. If he was a miser and a skinflint, as the hardy spirits said, at least he was not a denying miser. He was glad to have the village and the ridge know that Demaline Loothey was a rich as well as a smart, shrewd man. It was his boast that never once had he made an investment which either in principal or interest was ever in jeopardy. He laughed harshly, but still with evident amusement and contempt, at bank meetings where village losses were discussed

Continued on Page 46

Flying wheels and Ford flywheels

How Mobiloil "E" assures maximum pick-up and response in your Ford engine



Your Ford flywheel operates in a bath of oil which should be of accurate body and character for best results. SEE TEXT.

HERE is something that every Ford owner should realize.

With too heavy an oil, "oil drag" or fluid friction is certain to rob your Ford engine of efficiency, of ease in acceleration, of that quick response which should be yours.

One important reason for this arises from the action of the Ford flywheel.

This flywheel, by a splashing action, starts the oil on its way to the vital parts of the engine. This system demands an oil light in body and high in quality—oil which will atomize readily and form a lubricating mist.

With Mobiloil "E" in your Ford crankcase you have the best possible protection against "oil-drag," fluid friction, or metal-to-metal friction. Mobiloil "E" is a lively, free-flowing, free-atomizing oil. Its body is scientifically correct for every one of the Ford lubrication requirements.

And in quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

Oil "character"

To get a real margin of safety in lubricating any automobile engine, your oil must have even more than correct body. Its character must also be suited to the operating conditions in your particular engine.

The superior character of Mobiloil results from:

(1) the selection of crude stocks for *lubricating* value—not gasoline yield, and

(2) the careful refining of these crudes without resorting to excessive temperatures or "cracking."

With Mobiloil you have real protection against wear—even when the liquid oil film is unduly stressed by heat, by pressure, by excessive speed, or otherwise.

And that is a major reason why it will pay you today to look up the nearest dealer who sells Mobiloil. He has Mobiloil "E" for your Ford. He prefers steady customers to one-time customers. That's why he recommends Mobiloil.

How to buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30- or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company. Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago or Kansas City.

LET *this sign guide you to new* FORD *responsiveness.*

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

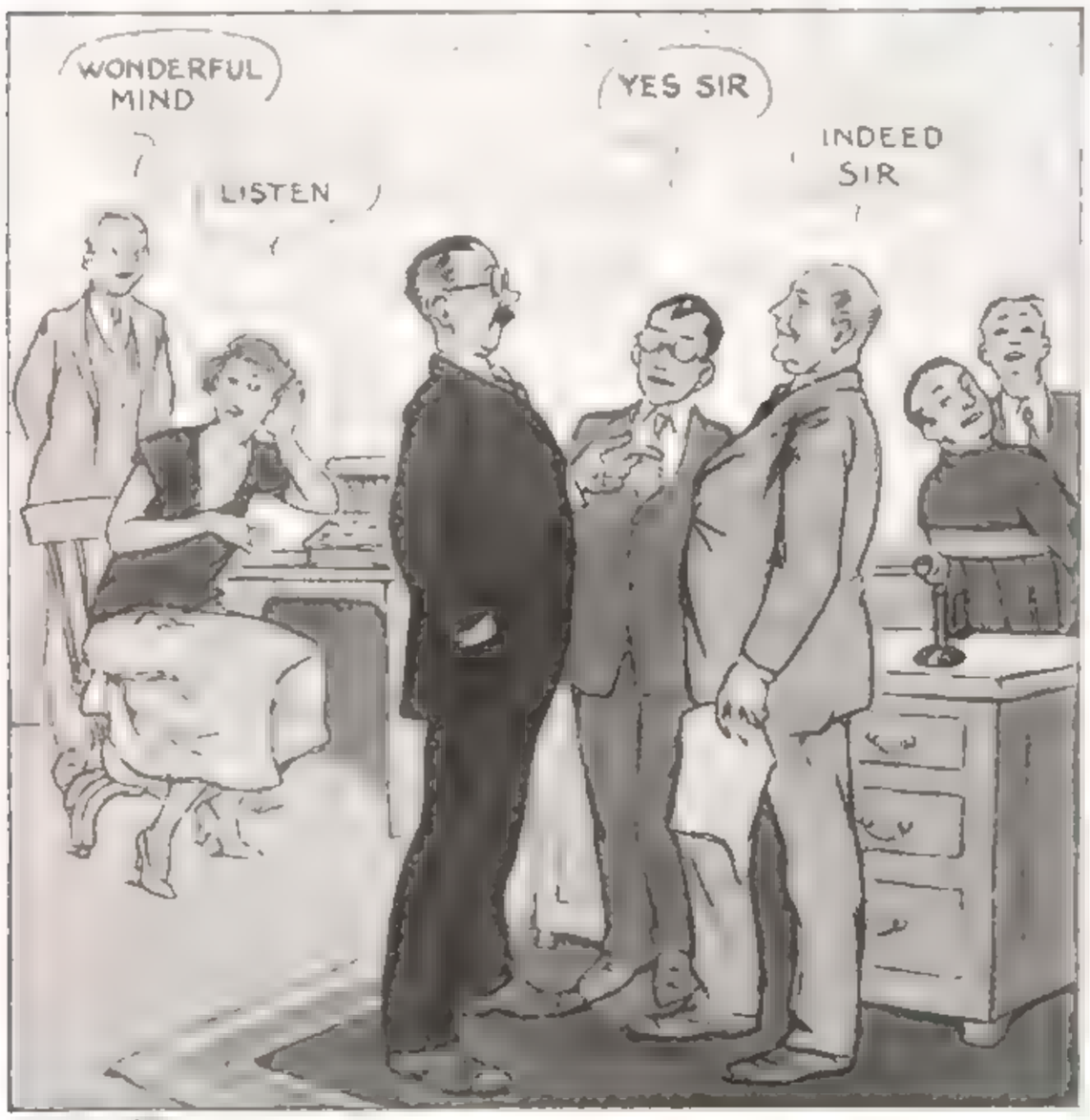
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	...			
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ru	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

CARTOON AND COMEDY



Dad at the Office

And Dad at Home

The Painful Experience of an Egotist

"Giddap, Nell! We'll Have That Ol' Stump Out in a Jiffy!"

TRAVELERS!

Take an "*Ounce of Prevention*"!

OUR normal life routine is disturbed when we are away from home. Travel, with its new environment, breaks our chain of habit. We are cooped in trains and hotels where we do not walk or exercise. We drink strange water. We eat too much rich food.

Thus we are apt to find our health endangered by faulty elimination.

We must, all of us, guard against this sinister foe of health if we are to keep well and happy. Drugs and harsh cathartics are only makeshifts. They make bad habits worse and fail utterly to get at the real source of trouble.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes as an "Ounce of Prevention"

Travelers will find Post's Bran Flakes available everywhere along their route: on dining cars, at hotels and restaurants, in the saloon of the ocean liner.

For the convenience of the transient we provide this delicious health cereal in "Ounce of Prevention" packages—just enough for a single serving—plenty if eaten daily, to *prevent* faulty elimination and its dangers.

Post's Bran Flakes, with other nutritious parts of wheat, is bran in its most palatable form. Millions of men, women and children eat it every day because they like it.

In addition to the bulk which Post's Bran Flakes provides for the intestine, it also contains phosphorus, iron, proteins, carbohydrates and Vitamin B, vital food elements which the body needs.

Eat this delicious bran food with milk or cream. Add it to fruits and the children's hot cereals. Eat it in muffins or bread.

Your doctor has told you many times to eat more bran. You'll obey his orders gladly after trying Post's Bran Flakes.

Send for an "Ounce of Prevention"

—a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 6-13, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody
every day
eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

© P. C. Co., 1925

"Come Back *every 500 miles* —and never have a big repair bill"

The real secret of lower operating costs for your motor car
A service that saves repairs

FROM coast to coast Alemite chassis lubricating service is as quick and convenient as oil or gasoline service. If your car is Alemite-equipped make it a habit to stop at one of these stations every 500 miles.

Ask Any Garage Man

It's not what you pay for gasoline, for oil or for tires that runs up the cost of your car. It's repairs! He'll tell you that most motorists could cut their repair bills in half. For 80% of all repairs are due to nothing less than faulty or neglected lubrication.

It's the 20 to 60 hard-wearing dust-exposed chassis bearings, below the body line that cause most grief. And old-fashioned, inaccessible oil and grease cups were largely to blame for their neglect.

A New Service

Today, however, most manufacturers have given you a new method of lubrication. The Alemite high pressure system. Now in use on 7,000,000 cars. Instead of grease and oil cups, your Alemite gun shoots fresh lubricant through each bearing. It cleans out all old, gritty grease at the same time. Keeps bearings *clean* as well as lubricated. 500 to 3000-lbs. pressure insures this.

This kind of lubrication—every 500 miles—will cut your operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile. Fleet operators have proved this. And with Alemite service everywhere it's easy for you to do it, too.

If Alemite is not on your car you can easily have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20 (Chevrolet, $3.99; Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk type for Ford, $6.50).—Prices in Canada and west of the Rockies slightly higher.

Read This Book

In the meantime, let us send you a free copy of "Vital Spots". A book of practical ways to cut the cost of your car. A post card brings it.

On Machinery Too—

Anywhere there's a grease cup Alemite does the job better. Write for "Industrial Lubricating Facts." Tells how Alemite reduces friction 10 to 40% in practical tests.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A Bassick-Alemite Product

ALEMITE

High Pressure Lubrication

The Trail of the Bank Swindler

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE paper man who stalks the banks is a big-game hunter. Beside him the bad-check hotel crook is a gunner for squirrels and rabbits, financially speaking.

The bank crook goes into the tiger country to make his kill, and he faces severe punishment from the tiger's claws if he misses his shot. Hotels are far too often willing to accept cash settlement for fraud imposed on them, and crooks know it. Banks prosecute captured swindlers and try to put them in prison almost invariably.

So, superior ingenuity, the most careful rehearsing of plans, and accurate assembling of advance information enter into the bank crook's preparations for taking a trail. This type of professional criminal's weak point is in his attack. I think his endeavor to seek success through originality of method and the very intensity of his concentration on the newness and smoothness of his attack blind him to a fatal danger.

I can give a remarkable illustration. It is quite recent. One of his many aliases is Charles C. Collins, and I'll use that. He was cornered through an absurdly glaring characteristic, which caused his arrest in Atlanta. The authorities permitted him to consult with his attorney in a room, unguarded, and he escaped through a window. I do not imply any collusion.

Collins was something of a psychologist, as are all really clever crooks and many of the near-clever. He played upon the natural love of husband for wife to bag his game. He would establish himself as a hotel guest in a medium-size city and open a liberal checking account at a selected bank -a busy bank. He would deposit about $5000 Within a week or two his account would have become so active that his balance was down to $2600; that is, he had drawn out by numerous checks—and put in his pocket—$2400. He is a good mixer and skilled noser-out of personal information.

Accurate Assembling of Advance Information Enters Into the Bank Crook's Preparations for Taking a Trail

It was easy for him to become friendly with two or more of the bank's tellers, dealing frequently with them as he did. Presently he was calling them by name and chatting familiarly. To their knowledge of his identity as a guest of a leading hotel he added casual intimacies about himself and his distant family, and they responded in kind.

The Weak Point in Collins' Trick

THUS he learned that one of the tellers was married, had just bought his first car and that his wife drove it. Collins now was ready to shoot; he had his tiger—the bank—fair between his sights.

His second Saturday morning in the town he walked by the bank, but on the other side of the street, before eleven o'clock. A confederate standing at the bank's door gave him a signal. A few moments later Collins bustled in, apparently out of breath. The confederate followed him in and busied himself with pen and paper at a customers' desk. A line had formed in front of one of the teller's windows—the teller who had bought a car. The confederate's signal had told Collins that. He rushed the line, all out of breath, presented his check drawn to Cash for $2400—$200 less than his balance—and asked the teller if his balance was good for that much. At the same time he apologized to him and the customers for his discourtesy in cutting in at the head of the line, and gave some plausible excuse. The incident served to throw the teller off his customary guard, upset his gait.

The teller, of course, knew Collins was carrying a good balance, so it was in an almost deprecating manner that he picked up his desk phone and asked the bookkeeping department whether Charles C. Collins' account was O.K. for $2400. The bookkeeper said it was. The teller paid the check and busied himself pacifying the rushed line of customers. This was another deviation from a paying teller's Saturday-morning routine.

Collins hastened over to the confederate at the service desk, where they engaged in brief, earnest conversation, and Collins apparently ended by handing him the $2400—a byplay, should the line be watching the man who had blocked it. The confederate hurried out of the bank. Collins remained at the desk, busy with his check book.

In five minutes the teller's phone rang. This was the message:

"Mr. Blank? Emergency Hospital speaking. Your wife has been injured in an automobile accident. Come at once. Don't delay."

"Emergency Hospital" was the confederate.

The teller directed the line to go on to the next teller's window, snapped his own shut, and as he ran from his cage, pulling on his street coat, he called to that teller that he was going to the hospital, as his wife had been hurt.

As he disappeared through the bank's door Collins, with a freshly written check for $2400 in his hand, joined the new line, but this time quietly and in his proper place at the end. When his turn came he presented his check. This teller also phoned the bookkeeping department to know whether Charles C. Collins' account was good for $2400. The bookkeeper advised him that the other teller had just asked him the same question. He said yes, the account was good for that amount. Collins here spoke up and explained that he was about to have his check cashed at the other window when the teller was called away suddenly, something about his wife being in a wreck. Number 2 teller took the check and gave Collins $2400.

An hour later the first teller returned, looking for a fight. Someone had played a rotten joke on him; his wife wasn't injured, hadn't been taken to any hospital; she was at home and had not been out of the house all morning! He entered his deserted cage, saw the check he had cashed lying on the counter, and at once phoned the bookkeeper to charge Charles C. Collins' account with $2400. The bookkeeper replied that he had accepted such a charge a little while before from Teller Number 2, and if Number 1 also had cashed such a check, the Collins account was overdrawn $2200.

Which, of course, it was. And, of course, an agitated phone call to the hotel brought the information that Mr. Collins had checked out several hours ago. The bank didn't have to ask whether he had left town.

From the crook's viewpoint, Collins' play was a beauty. But that is where the crook is wrong. It did net him well up into the thousands before his weak point, the glaring characteristic of the summoning wife—a hoax whose form he varied from time to time from the automobile cast—caved and let him down. That characteristic of the teller's loved one in trouble enabled detectives to spot Collins to client banks in advance of his possible arrival, and it became only a question of how soon he would walk into handcuffs. But he was a great jumper; from Rochester to Seattle was not too much trouble for him. The preventive measure advised for the banks in handling the tellers' work I will not disclose. It has been fully effective.

Foolproof?

ONE of the most vulnerable spots in our American banking system is certification of checks. It is an especial temptation to bank employes to whom dishonesty whispers its false offer to lead them out of personal financial siege.

About a year and a half ago a crook's game was disclosed that had every earmark of being foolproof. Indeed, the crook had devised it to be just that—no blowback. Early in the investigation it became evident that he was an ex-bank employe. Here are his tracks:

He would fraudulently introduce himself to a bank and open an account with around $2000. His account would at once become active, many small deposits and small withdrawals. One of the latter would be in the form of a certified check for $100. This he would properly negotiate and it would find its way back into the hands of the issuing bank. This was foundation work.

At the same time Wilson—the crook—would open accounts but for only small amounts, in five other banks in the same city and establish his credit with them. Later he would call at Number 1 bank and ask for a certified check for $1250. It would be given him. This is what followed:

Wilson returned home and forged four facsimiles of this check, stamping them with a stamp he had manufactured, which duplicated Number 1 bank's certification stamp. This stamp he had made while he had the $100 certified check in his possession—the one which he had not tampered with but negotiated properly, so that it returned to the bank as a precedent in his favor. His forgeries of the $1250 check were exceptionally skillful. He now had four of them, and the genuine one.

(Continued on Page 126

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Hopeless Case

IT IS highly essential to the well-being of any political party which is unattached, foot-loose and fancy free—which, in short, was licked at the last election—to have a number of strong points of attack on the policies and the individual members of the political party which is so fortunate as to be snugly and warmly ensconced in those proud and lofty positions from which emanate power, glory, free advertising and political jobs.

A homeless and wandering political party needs to be able to point the finger of scorn at a smug and well-fed political party, which is lazily lolling back in its easy-chair before its blazing open fire, and bawl venomously: "Why did you pay seventeen dollars for a pair of pants when you could have got them for eleven?" or scream passionately: "Why don't you fire your hired man? Back in 1896 he traveled around with a man who subsequently stole a horse!"

If it is able thus to point, its members are filled with encouragement, and are content to strive diligently to oust the well-fed party from its easy-chair at the next election so that it, in turn, may have its share of power, glory, free advertising and political jobs.

If it is not able thus to point, its members lose heart and turn from the uncertainties of politics to the surer rewards of salesmanship, parachute jumping, the law, contracting, short-story writing, ditch digging, burglary, and what not.

For many months prior to the Ides of March, 1925, the unharbored, unsettled and, in a manner of speaking, delitescent Democratic Party, standing homeless near a thousand homes, had repeatedly enlivened its forlorn state and raised its drooping hopes by hurling bricks at the entire Republican Party by the simple expedient of hurling them at the Department of Justice and the gentlemen at the head of the Department of Justice.

The Department of Justice was one of the grandest points of attack ever developed by any political party that was struggling to reinject itself into the madding crowd's ignoble strife. The Democratic Party had cheered its followers by pointing the finger of scorn at a Republican Attorney-General, or at a candidate for the Attorney-Generalship, for such a protracted period that it had come to regard the office as being a natural point of attack, sanctioned by immemorial usage; as something no less natural than the Great Dipper or wearing the hat on the side of the head; as something, in short, which had been inherited from the founders of the Democratic Party along with Jeffersonian simplicity and William J. Bryan.

President Coolidge and His Attorney-General, John Garibaldi Sargent

Delving Into the Mysterious Past

WHEN, therefore, the attack on the President's appointment of Charles Beecher Warren to the office of Attorney-General had finally been successful in the early part of March, and the glad word went forth that the President had appointed John Garibaldi Sargent, of Ludlow, Vermont, to the post of Attorney-General, there was merry laughter among the wise gentlemen of the Democratic Party as they sat complacently over their shad roe and bacon at the Shoreham Hotel.

"Ha! Ha!" said they, pressing their napkins to their lips so that their shad roe might not be sprayed around the room by their excess of mirth. "Ha! Ha! Who is this Sargent? Let us have the information on him, so that we may embarrass the Administration by attacking him immediately! What has he done? Who has he done? And where has he done it? This is going to be good; so let us then be up and doing!"

In response to this demand, trusted investigators delved rapidly into all obtainable facts concerning the mysterious John Garibaldi Sargent, of Ludlow, Vermont, and returned breathlessly to their complacent employers with the information that John Garibaldi Sargent was an extra-large bow-legged man who had been Attorney-General of Vermont for two terms, wore Number 14 shoes, had one of the largest law practices in the State of Vermont, smoked the largest brier pipe ever seen in a human face, carried his tobacco in a tobacco pouch that unrolled some seven times and looked like a sailor's duffel bag when unrolled, had arrived in Washington with his rubbers wrapped in a copy of the Montpelier Argus and had left said rubbers in the taxicab in which he rode up from the station, could cook an entire dinner with sufficient skill to make the cooking staff of the Ritz burst into deep racking sobs of envy, attached himself to his watch with a watch chain that would make an excellent mooring for a forty-foot motorboat, knew how to extract one-pound trout from streams in which nothing but shiners and bullfrogs had ever been known to exist, wore cuff links made out of ivory bars about the size of lead pencils, and had distinguished himself while playing football for Tufts College by breaking his ankle, breaking his nose, and falling on a football with such vigor that it burst with a loud majority report.

When this information was conveyed to the wise gentlemen the anticipatory smiles faded from their faces, and they blenched perceptibly. These facts, they quickly explained to their trusted investigators, were entirely useless as anti-Administration ammunition, because they tended to show that John Garibaldi Sargent was a large and concentrated sample of the plain people.

Owing to the fact that the voters of the nation had clearly shown their fondness for plain people of the simple and unaffected Vermont type in the election of November, 1924, it was their distinct duty not only to soft-pedal the plain-people stuff, but even to choke, gag, muzzle and smother any attempt to lay emphasis on anything of the sort. What about the early record of John Garibaldi Sargent, now? Had he ever been connected with any trust; or any malefactor of great wealth; or any great heartless corporation? Had any of his acts been contrary to the best interests of the laboring man?

Again the trusted investigators went forth.

A few of them returned quickly with obviously useless information—such as, for example, that immediately after taking office as Attorney-General, John Garibaldi Sargent raised a loud outcry for a fresh pair of detachable cuffs, and that skilled operatives of the Department of Justice were forced to hunt high and low in Washington for thirty-six consecutive hours before they were able to locate a shop that carried detachable cuffs.

Knowing full well that the sympathy of the great mass of voters instinctively goes out to a man who in these effete and degenerate days wears detachable cuffs, the wise gentlemen grew still paler and ordered their investigators back into the field with low, searing curses.

Another Rail Splitter

FOR a time several of the most trusted investigators concentrated on John Garibaldi Sargent's connection with the scythe snath industry, in the hope of proving that he had been guilty of inciting his fellow workmen to cruel and unusual exertions.

It seems that after he had followed the example of all successful New Englanders by teaching school at the age of sixteen, he began to yearn for something bigger and better in the line of education. In order to secure the necessary capital for the further acquisition of knowledge he embarked on the manufacture of scythe snaths, which are the long twisted poles to which scythe blades are attached.

In the days when John Garibaldi Sargent labored among the scythe snaths, the scythe-snath maker ventured out into the woods with a gang of men, and was supplied with a number of straight rough poles that had been split from a tree. He attacked each pole with a shave which possessed two egg-shaped handles, and transformed its roughness into symmetry as expeditiously as possible.

John Garibaldi Sargent became so adept at the making of scythe snaths that during the ordinary ten or eleven hour day, which then obtained in all respectable Vermont circles, he was able to turn out one hundred scythe snaths, or an average of about one snath every six minutes. When he worked fifteen hours a day, as he frequently did, he produced so many scythe snaths that nobody could split logs fast enough to keep him supplied with poles.

Notwithstanding the fact that his persistent and violent grasp on the egg-shaped handles of the snath shaves caused his knuckles to grow as gnarled and knobby as a trick tree in a Japanese toy garden, it is probable that John Garibaldi Sargent would have continued to make scythe snaths at the magnificent stipend of two cents apiece if the pole makers could have kept up with him. Since they weren't able to do so, he entered the broader and more remunerative field of splitting out the poles. He became so skillful at splitting out that he could start with a large, outsize log and reduce it to poles about as rapidly as a hungry man could absorb a small order of asparagus. The remuneration for splitting out snath poles was one cent apiece, and he handily split out four hundred poles a day, so that all the snath makers developed heartburn, colic, the heaves, Charley-horse and stone bruises attempting to keep up with him.

When this information was lodged with the wise gentlemen they became paler than ever and ordered the investigators to remain silent forever on the subject of snath making, since they feared that the nation's voters would see nothing in John Garibaldi Sargent's feverish overproduction of scythe snaths except a willingness to work hard in order to get ahead, and more evidences that he belonged to the plain people.

Undaunted, the trusted investigators turned to his peculiar mechanical activities. He was, it appeared,

(Continued on Page 68)

None But Chrysler Six Is Delivering These Results

The real reason for the remarkable sales record being made by the Chrysler Six is the widespread recognition that it is a distinct departure from ordinary motor car practice and performance.

Adhering strictly to the soundest principles of design, Chrysler engineers nevertheless developed and applied these principles in a manner just as revolutionary as the application of steam to ocean-going ships.

Chrysler performance and stamina conclusively proves that the creation of the Chrysler Six accomplished an all-important evolution.

For the Chrysler Six is as different as the compact, visible-writing, modern typewriter is different from the clumsy writing-machine of Centennial Exposition days.

The Chrysler is the culmination of all past experience in designing and building cars.

Its speed capacity of more than 70 miles an hour transcends all earlier power efficiency, as it transcends the general developments since the Chrysler began to exert its influence.

The vibrationless power of the Chrysler Six is a forward step in motor smoothness and efficiency as important as the over-lapping power stroke of the six in contrast to the old two-cylinder-opposed engine.

There is nothing radical about the Chrysler Six except the amazing results of its engineering.

There is nothing sensational about it except the extraordinary new standards established by its performance.

Thus, its high speed range from 2 to over 70 miles an hour, combines with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

The Chrysler Six can be driven in comfort at 60 miles and upwards over rutted roads and cobbled streets.

Its chrome-molybdenum tubular front axle and pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearing king pins, make the Chrysler as easy to handle at speeds of 60 to 65 as at 30 to 35. Chrysler-Lockheed self-equalizing hydraulic four-wheel brakes give perfect control at all speeds.

A new type of spring mounting, with rear springs mounted close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels, makes it possible to drive the Chrysler around turns at 50 miles an hour. Side-sway and road-weaving are eliminated; and general roadability is promoted by stabilators.

A new perfection of gas distribution, special combustion chambers, scientific heat distribution, through the applied science of thermo-dynamics, result in a flashing pick-up which must be experienced to be comprehended.

The Chrysler Six accommodates itself easily to the ordinary city parking space. Yet it affords liberal room for five large adults.

The Chrysler goes to new lengths in low center of gravity and perfect weight distribution. The result is steadiness and solidity not found even in two-ton cars of previous design.

Only by seeing and testing the Chrysler Six can you fully appreciate its beauty of appearance, and its unprecedented performance abilities.

We invite you to study at first hand the supreme quality of Chrysler workmanship and materials, and the new standards of performance established by its scientific design and engineering. You will find every Chrysler dealer eager to prove Chrysler superiorities in a demonstration ride.

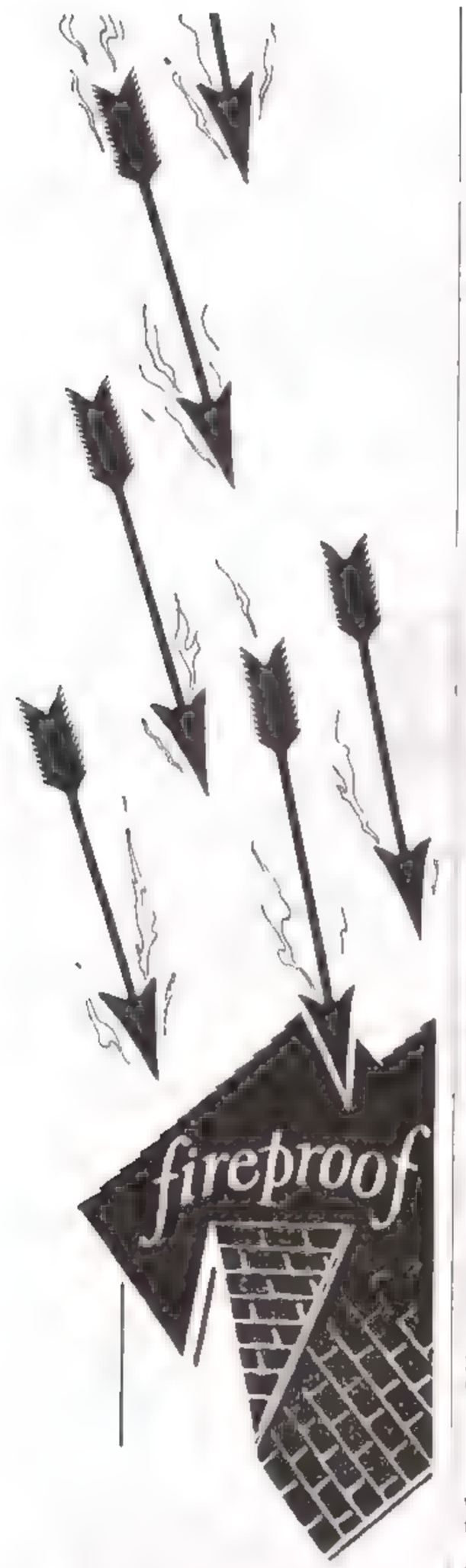
Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX



No roofing material can equal Asbestos

in durability, fire-safety and ultimate economy.

JOHNS-MANVILLE INC.
'94 Madison Ave., at 41st St
New York City

Asbestos

THE SHARPEST MAN IN WILLOWVILLE

(Continued from Page 38)

"Show me a man that can't hang on to his money," he sneered at the board, "and I'll show you a fool. Show me a man that can't hang on to his money and I'll show you somebody that had no business having any money. Don't they say: 'A fool and his money is soon parted'? Don't they?"

"They also say, 'Pride goeth before a fall,'" somebody retorted.

Demaline Loothey laughed loud and long at that. As the richest as well as the sharpest man in Willowville, he reckoned up his years and threw them in the face of the speaker. "There lies your answer," he told him. "And if you want some more to go with it, here it is: 'Who think too little and who talk too much.'"

Demaline Loothey leaned against the gate and gazed down into the valley with a sly smile of deep content. It was late afternoon in early summer, and the air was filled with hybrid odors of flower gardens and wood smoke and the smell of clover from the bottom lands. He lit a short remnant of stogy and sucked away in silence.

A man came around the corner of the road. He trod as far as possible on the patches of sod which showed here and there along the way. Mr. Loothey smiled contemptuously. A little dust hurt nobody. The man held his straw hat in his hand, and even at one hundred feet Mr. Loothey could distinguish a vivid band of red and black. Mr. Loothey spat into the dust of the road.

The man came along. Without moving, Mr. Loothey noted the smartly pressed blue serge suit, the patent-leather oxfords, still glistening under the powdered dust of the river road. He continued to suck away as the other came near.

"Good afternoon."

Mr. Loothey nodded briefly.

"Hot as midsummer, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if I could ——"

Mr. Loothey removed the smoldering remnant from his mouth. A cold light settled in his eyes. "I ain't interested in buying any electric-light plant for the house," he interrupted.

The man laughed pleasantly. He was a young man, Mr. Loothey noted. "I don't ——" he began.

"Or any life insurance."

"But ——"

"Or a radio machine."

The young man laughed again. "Pretty well fortified, eh? Lucky I haven't anything to sell."

Mr. Loothey replaced the remnant and took a long puff. He said nothing. Being a sharp man he understood the tricks in most trades.

"The fact of the matter is that my machine is down the road, hot as a bake oven and dry as a bone. I am wondering if you might lend me a bucket of water."

Mr. Loothey tossed his remnant into the road and opened the gate. With a lanky forefinger he indicated the well and a rusty upturned bucket near by. Then, as the other passed through, he resumed his position at the gate.

Presently the young man came back. "This should get me as far as your house. I won't bother you then, except for a few moments." He mopped his brow with his free hand. "I wouldn't want to carry this bucket very far on a day like this, would you?"

"No," said Mr. Loothey, and then as the young man turned down the road he chuckled. From the bottom of the rusty bucket a tiny stream of water played upon the sharply pressed serge trousers and down upon the patent-leather oxfords. With deep enjoyment he watched the little pantomime until the young man turned the corner in the road. Mr. Loothey thought he was too darn pleasant.

Presently a big blue roadster crept slowly up the road and stopped at the gate. The young man slipped from under the wheel and began to unscrew the radiator cap.

"Pretty country around here," he said.

"Middlin'."

"Pretty place you have here." Radiator cap in hand the young man gazed down into the valley. "Wonderful view."

"Fair."

"Dandy little village—Willowville."

"Not bad."

"Lot of prosperous people here, eh?"

"Some."

"The summer colony on the ridge ought to help land values around here."

Apparently the young man was in no hurry. Pail in hand he stood beside his machine. Mr. Loothey felt the chill of sudden suspicion. Was the machine but the ruse of a clever salesman with something to put over? The young man mopped his brow again. Mr. Loothey noted the black hair was plastered down, shiny and sleek. He held open the gate meaningly. With a shrug the young man passed through and walked toward the well. Mr. Loothey followed his footsteps with a cunning smile.

"Not with me, young fellow," he said softly. "Not with Demaline Loothey do you pull any of your smart tricks."

The radiator gurgled. Apparently it did need water.

"The old girl certainly was thirsty. I—I can't begin to thank you for this water. If there is any charge, Mr. ——"

Just for a second did Mr. Loothey's eyes light up. A quarter was a small amount of money, and the next supply of water was a hot dusty quarter of a mile and —— Still —— The light died. "You're welcome to the water; still ——"

"Yes?" questioned the stranger.

"I was merely goin' to say," said Mr. Loothey artlessly, "that I was readin' that out in the desert water comes as high as gasoline—to them as needs it."

"It would serve me right," agreed the stranger, "if you made me pay fifty cents a gallon, for my carelessness."

The sharpest man in Willowville shook his head with sudden indignation. "Not me," he declared. "I ain't no gouger. Live an' let live, I say. Besides, it—it—wouldn't be worth more than a quarter at the most."

The young stranger laughed. With shining eyes Mr. Loothey watched him produce a leather wallet stuffed to its limits with green and gold notes. In the few seconds which it took the young man to probe his treasure carelessly, Mr. Loothey estimated that he was staring at nearly a thousand dollars. He moistened his thin lips.

"A lot of money to be carryin' around loose, young man."

"Think so?"—carelessly.

"A lot of people work hard all their lives fer less."

The young man laughed again. "I'll bet you're not one of them." His eyes ran down the broad acres to the river in frank admiration. A slight dye of pleasure lit Mr. Loothey's thin cheeks. He smiled slyly.

"I ain't exactly starving," he admitted.

"Ha, ha!"

A crackling bill came out of the wallet; a five-dollar Federal Reserve note.

Cautiously Mr. Loothey amended his answer. "Not—not that a farmer ever has much ready money."

"Land and mortgages, eh?"

"Land an' taxes, you mean."

A flivver rattled by in a cloud of dust. It seemed to recall the young stranger's attention to the bill he held carelessly between his fingers.

"Well, here is my fine; and cheap enough considering the heat of the day."

"I couldn't ——"

"Take it, Mr. —— It serves me right."

"Loothey is the name," hastily appended the sharpest man in Willowville. "But—I couldn't think of—it." But plainly, even to the smiling stranger, Mr. Loothey's eyes and fingers reversed the judgment of his words.

"Well, if you ——"

"Unless, of course"—hastily—"you want really to make this a lesson."

"I certainly do, Mr. Loothey."

Mr. Loothey took the extended bill. "'Tain't as if I charged you for the water."

"Not a bit of it."

"Have a sto—cigar?" From an inner pocket Mr. Loothey produced the black section of hospitality.

"Sorry"—hastily—"but I never smoke—cigars."

"Cigarettes, eh?" Mr. Loothey hid his disapproval with what was intended to be a smile of tolerance.

The young man held out his hand. "Well, I must be going, Mr. Loothey. Mighty glad to have met you—even if it did cost me five dollars for the privilege."

Mr. Loothey took the hand cordially. "Glad to have met you," he repeated.

"Even if I hadn't anything to sell you?"

Mr. Loothey's lips parted in a yellow smile—a smile the hardy souls of Willowville called the sign of the wolf. But Mr. Loothey merely intended it as knowing; a smile which said that no Smart Aleck ever rang the Loothey cash register. "Ha, ha!"

"If—you ever get into Bigburg, look me up. Here is my card. I'd be mighty glad to see you."

Mr. Loothey read the card with aid of a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles.

MR. JAMES H. HAZZARD
HAZZARD & HAZZARD
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
GUARDIAN BANK BUILDING,
BIGBURG

"Stocks, eh?"

"Stocks and bonds. Mostly bonds," Mr. Hazzard explained carelessly. "I'm only the junior member of the firm."

"I never have no ready money," observed Mr. Loothey coldly.

For the first time since he swung up the dusty road the young man lost his pleasant smile. "I can't remember asking you if you had."

With the five-dollar bill clutched tight Mr. Loothey laughed nervously. The hardy souls referred to this nervous merriment as a cackle.

"Just my little joke," he explained.

Mr. Hazzard accepted the implied apology with a return of his glistening smile. He stepped into his roadster and pressed the starter. As the car moved away he waved a friendly hand.

"So long," he cried.

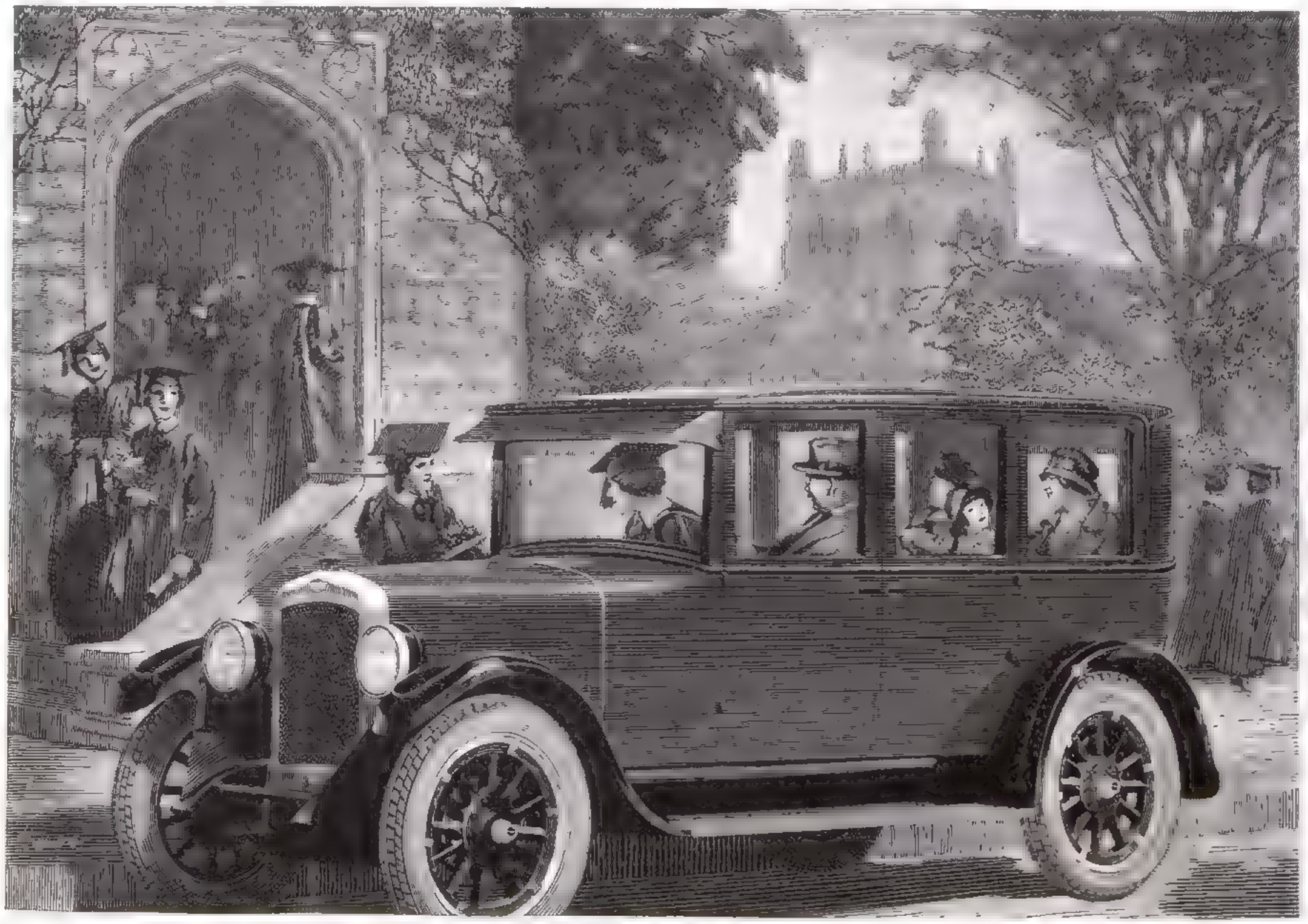
II

A WEEK later found Mr. Demaline Loothey once more leaning in deep content against the infirm gate; once more sucking away at a frayed piece of tobacco; once more gazing down across the bottom lands and the river with a smile of sly satisfaction. Across the river men were plowing and sweating in the afternoon sun—plowing and sweating that Mr. Loothey's interest might be promptly paid; beyond, the road led into Willowville, where other men were toiling that Mr. Loothey's interest might be promptly paid—other men and a few women. Mr. Loothey spat in deep peace as he thought of them, and he smiled. It was extremely pleasant to stand at ease under the grateful shade of a spreading elm and think of others sweating and toiling—at least it was to Mr. Loothey.

"A dollar in the hands of a man that knows how to use it," he told the smoldering stogy, "is the best kind of farming. The crop is sure an' it needs no tendin'."

A small coupé plowed the dust at the corner of the road. Mr. Loothey watched it puff along and come to a noisy halt before his gate. Without seeming to lift his

Continued on Page 48



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Oakland Motor Car Company of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

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THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Est. 1870 *Akron, Ohio*

GOODRICH
Goodrich
Garden Hose
"Best in the Long Run"

(Continued from Page 46)

head he observed the driver. A series of protesting squeaks announced the shifting of his huge bulk as he carefully worked his way from under the wheel and through the door.

From his point of vantage, under his shaggy brows Mr. Loothey noted a huge red face, mottled with heat, and a large black mustache, carefully curled.

"Good afternoon."

Mr. Loothey removed his stogy. "I don't want nothing in the farm-implement line."

"What the ——"

"No farm-lighting outfits either."

The big man laid a heavy hairy hand on the gate. "Well, who said you did?" he demanded truculently.

Mr. Loothey disliked loud voices. His reply was tart. "Well, I guess I can tell as well as the next one."

"Regular Shylock—I mean Sherlock, eh?" The big man's tone was frankly mocking.

"Never mind about that," rejoined Mr. Loothey a pitch higher. "This is my farm and I didn't ask you to stop."

"I stop where I please."

"You stop where you are," said Mr. Loothey shrilly. "You can't talk to me that way. If you take another step I'll have the law on you for trespassin'."

With a careless movement of his hand the stranger pulled back the lapel of his light coat, and Mr. Loothey saw a gold shield pinned to the silk shirt beneath. "Here it is, brother," the big man said rudely.

"What—what do you want?" The light scarlet of anger died slowly and in its place came yellow pallor. It was almost as if the sharpest man of Willowville was a thief, caught as he emerged from a strange window. "What do you want?" he repeated.

The big man noted the pallor and grinned. "Don't be scared, brother. I'm just after a little information."

"I ain't scared," said Mr. Loothey with dignity. "Why should I be scared?"

"Search me. Hot day, eh?"

"Warm," corrected Mr. Loothey.

The large man lit a large black cigar with a glance of amused contempt at the sliver of tobacco held between the thin bloodless lips of the man behind the fence. "Anybody been around here lately trying to sell any stocks?" he demanded suddenly. "I'm a inspector in the Blue Sky Department of the state—get me?"

"Not here."

"Skipped you, eh? Well, they're around here somewhere." He stopped abruptly and stared as the thin figure before him suddenly threw the fragment he was smoking into the road and slapped the iron handle of the gate with a bony hand. "What the ——" he began.

"I might 'a' known it!" said Mr. Loothey, and his eyes were lit with sudden understanding. "I might have known it!"

"Known what?"

"With all that smilin' and pleasantness and handing out a five-dollar bill as if it wasn't anything."

"What five-dollar bill? What are you talking about?"

"Him!" explained Mr. Loothey excitedly. "Him."

"Who?"

"The young fellow that gave me the five-dollar bill for the water! The young fellow that said he had nothing to sell! The young Smart Aleck that said he run outa water."

The large man inhaled slowly. "So he did get you, eh?"

Mr. Loothey laughed. "Ha, ha! So he thought he could work a game like that on me, eh? On Demaline Loothey, eh? Ha, ha! And I have his five dollars."

"You ——"

"But he didn't fool me! Not for a minute. Come up and see him when I was in Bigburg, eh? Come up and be robbed just as if I was one of them poor fools that can't tell a slicker as far as I can spot him. Ha!"

The large man produced another large black cigar and held it out. "Here," he said, "have a real cigar and calm yourself with it. Take it easy an' quit congratulating yourself. Give me the dope and give it to me so I don't need a interpreter. Plain an' slow, please."

Mr. Loothey accepted the cigar with a nod. Slowly and with deep satisfaction he spoke of the rusty pail with the hole in the bottom; the pleasantness; the five-dollar bill stripped from a thick package of gold certificates; the invitation.

When he finished the large man shook his head. "It sounds like one of them," he admitted. "It may be."

"May be!" Mr. Loothey's voice arose to a high quiver. "May be? Why, I knew he wasn't what he seemed to be the minute he came up to the gate. He—he didn't fool me for a minute."

"Pretty slick scheme," admired the fat man.

Mr. Loothey's eyes lit with a cunning smile. "It didn't ketch me for a minute. When he got around to mentionin' about what his business was, it didn't take me a minute to tell him that I never had any ready money."

"It would be a tough game for the boys, and us inspectors would be out of a job if everybody could size 'em up the way you can, Mr.—Loothey, ain't it?"

The attitude of the man of law had undergone a patent change. Where he had been truculent and rude he was now admiring—and almost soft of voice. Mr. Loothey lit his newly acquired cigar and nodded.

"And you say he gave you his card?"

"Come along with me." Mr. Loothey held open the gate. "I have it in the house; kept it just out of curiosity, I jedge. Like to see it?"

The large man was agreeable. "Want to see what name he is using, an' the address."

While the representative of law sat in a wicker chair and mopped his reddened brow, Mr. Loothey went into the house. Presently he returned with a bit of pasteboard between his fingers.

"Here it is. Here's the name he gave. Read it?"

The large man took the card and read it slowly. Then he began to laugh. He sank back into the wicker chair and continued to laugh until his face was dyed a deep and alarming purple. He was still laughing when Mr. Loothey rather tartly demanded what the joke was and where it came in.

"He, he! Ain't this the richest yet!" He continued to bellow his amusement.

"What ——"

"Give me time!" pleaded the large man between gasps. "Give me a minute to get my breath. If this ain't the best yet. Somebody ought to put it in the paper."

"Put what in the paper?"

"This." The fat man held out the card and continued to rock back and forth in mirth. "This whole thing. It certainly wins the cactus-lined nightcap all right." Mr. Loothey walked to the edge of the porch and waited for the large man to come to his senses. "You ain't trying to kid me, are you?"

Mr. Loothey turned at the frank suspicion in the tone. "Kid? No."

"And you say you're a banker!" The softness and admiration were gone from the man's voice. He was plainly divided between amusement and contempt.

"I—I am on the board of our bank, if that is what you mean," began Mr. Loothey, "but I don't understand ——"

"An' you mean to say that you thought this fellow was a crooked stock salesman?"

"I certainly did," said Mr. Loothey tartly; "and still do."

"An' he gave you a chance to buy some stock he recommended?"

"I didn't give him the chance"—grimly.

"What a fool you were," said the large man.

Mr. Loothey dropped his freshly lit cigar. "Eh?"

"That young fellow," the large man told him with a grin, "is about as much a crooked stock salesman—as I am. Why, do you know who his father is—this other Hazzard on the card?"

"No," said Mr. Loothey.

"Well, he was in the investment business when Hector was a pup. He helped to finance the steel trust, an' he supplied the cash for two of the biggest rubber companies in the country to begin to make punctures. He could put this burg you live in, in one corner of his safety-deposit box. And it was his son that you thought was a crook!"

Mr. Loothey moistened his thin lips. The large man arose with the grin still spread across his red face. "All I got to say is"—he paused as he wiped from his face the perspiration induced by his mirth—"the next time you have the good luck to have Rockefeller run out of gasoline in front of your house, I wish you would call me up at the State House. Maybe I wouldn't have to keep on chasin' down cheap crooks for the rest of my life. So long."

Silently Mr. Loothey watched the large man walk down to his little coupé, still chuckling. Silently he watched him puff away in a cloud of dust. Silently he picked up the cigar at his feet. Silently he applied a match to its still generous length.

Then Mr. Loothey did a strange thing. He dashed the cigar to the ground and stamped it into a meaningless blotch, amid a shower of sparks.

III

THE sun beat down upon the sharpest man in Willowville as he plodded homeward still another week later. The dangling Prince Albert hung carelessly over a bony arm, and a pair of faded blue suspenders were exposed to the torrid rays of the copper kettle suspended above. The bended backs of those engaged in tending young tomato plants afforded the sharpest man no satisfaction. No smile of sly satisfaction lighted his face as he calculated the heat in the midst of that tan expanse of earth. He walked with his head down, and the wrinkle of dissatisfaction which had printed itself across his leathery brow a week ago still twisted itself above the shaggy brows. For the first week of his life Demaline Loothey felt that the light touch of opportunity had found him sound asleep with the door locked and the dog out. Asleep at the switch!

Suddenly from behind, the screech of a motor siren commanded the right of way. Mechanically Mr. Loothey stepped to the side of the road and moved slowly forward. A car came along in a whirlpool of gray dust. As it passed, Mr. Loothey caught a momentary gleam of a familiar blue, and a hand above the dust waved in friendly greeting as the car sped on.

With the quickness of the proverbial cat—though a rather old and lanky cat—Mr. Loothey sprang into the middle of the road and waved his Prince Albert.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey there!"

A screech of hasty brakes from within the balloon of dust told the sharpest man in Willowville that his call had been heard—and heeded. He began to trot slowly forward, a smile—the hardy souls would have called it oily—upon his face.

"Hello there, Mr. Loothey! Want a lift?"

"Hello, Mr. Hazzard. Don't mind if I do. Hot day."

"Isn't it?" The young man smiled. "Seems as if it is always hot when I get up around here."

"Get up here often?" Mr. Loothey inquired carelessly.

The young man slid the car into gear. "Not often. Come out once in a while to take some securities to a couple of father's old customers."

"Ha," said Mr. Loothey. "Need any water?"

The young man laughed. "Not today, thanks. Our little fine did the trick for me. Have it filled every morning now."

Mr. Loothey coughed. "Maybe we ought to suspend it—for—for good behavior." *(Continued on Page 50)*

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Watch This Column

Good Stories—Good Actors Good Directors

The remarkable strides made by Universal in recent years can be traced directly to three primary facts—buying only the best stories by standard authors—casting them with players known to be capable and popular—having them directed by artistic directors.

REGINALD DENNY

To REGINALD DENNY was given Elmer Davis' delightful story, ***"I'll Show You the Town,"*** because DENNY is irresistible in characters like this, and the picture's success has proved the choice. The director was Harry Pollard.

For example, ***"Fifth Avenue Models"*** was written by Muriel Hine and was cast with MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY, heroine and hero of ***"Merry Go Round,"*** who have a fine following wherever moving-pictures are shown. The director was Svend Gade.

MARY PHILBIN

HOUSE PETERS because of his poise, appearance and finesse was chosen for the title rôle in ***"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman,"*** based on the works of E. W. Hornung and Eugene W. Presbrey. Directed by King Baggot.

HOOT GIBSON'S pictures are in demand everywhere. It requires no expert salesmanship to sell them. His last two productions, ***"Let 'Er Back,"*** adapted from the book of Western rodeo life by Charles Wellington Furlong, and ***"The Saddle Hawk,"*** may be called Western classics, as they are by good writers and directed by Edward Sedgwick, whose success has been pronounced. I would appreciate your opinion of all of these.

"The Phantom of the Opera," which I believe will be the moving-picture gem of the year, was written by the celebrated French author and newspaper man, Gaston Leroux. It is cast with the fine character actor, LON CHANEY, in the lead, assisted by MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY, GIBSON GOWLAND, VIRGINIA PEARSON and 5,000 others. This picture was brilliantly directed by Rupert Julian, with supplementary direction and supervision by Edward Sedgwick.

NORMAN KERRY

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

"Not so you could notice it! Besides, I couldn't stop today to collect it. I have to hurry back."

Disappointment wrote itself in Mr. Loothey's eyes, erasing the eager light which the familiar blue and the friendly hand had invoked. "Pretty early yet. Wouldn't take a minute."

"Sorry I can't, Mr. Loothey, but father is going East tonight on some deal, and I must get back before he goes. Some other time maybe." Mr. Loothey sighed. "Nothing special, was there?"

The sharpest man in Willowville coughed. "The—er-r—fact is, Mr. Hazzard, there is a little—er-r—matter that has come up. Er-r—quite funny, maybe, after the way I joked about your tryin' to sell me something."

"Would it take long?" the young man inquired doubtfully.

"Only a few minutes," Mr. Loothey assured him eagerly.

"All right. A few minutes it is."

Mr. Loothey sat back and enjoyed the brief ride up the curving road to the Loothey residence. The little sly smile of satisfaction was back again after a week. The young man at the wheel whistled merrily.

"Well, here we are."

Mr. Loothey alighted stiffly. "Come up on the porch," he invited. And presently: "Take that wicker chair; it's easier. Like a glass of milk?"

"No; I'll just smoke a cigarette."

"Have a ci—stogy?"

"No, thanks; I ——"

"The fact is," began Mr. Loothey with a smile that was plainly intended to be ingratiating, "I have a little loose money that came in a little unexpected like—an'—an'—I wondered if you would know of anything—suitable."

The young man inhaled deeply. "Not much doing now, Mr. Loothey. Things pretty dull in the security line right now. Better put your money into a few Liberty Bonds—through your bank."

"I ain't interested in Liberty Bonds," said Mr. Loothey, with a touch of impatience he tried hard to cover by puffing furiously at a freshly lit stogy.

"They're safe" –laconically.

"Sure. But once in a while I like to take a little ——"

"Flyer, eh?" Young Mr. Hazzard grinned.

Mr. Loothey grinned. "Ha," he said.

The young man looked at his watch. "I'll have to be moving along. Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Loothey, I'll keep you in mind, and if anything conservative comes along I'll get in touch with you."

"You—you don't know any—er-r—conservative—er-r—flyers now?" inquired the sharpest man in Willowville.

"No. As I said, things are dull now." The young man arose and held out his hand.

Mr. Loothey took it—almost sadly. "Don't forget."

"Good-by, Mr. Loothey."

"Good-by."

As the young man hurried down the walk Mr. Loothey remembered the suspended five dollars. He opened his mouth—and then closed it slowly. After all, maybe ——

As the young man was about to step into the car Mr. Loothey noticed him hesitate, then wave his hand.

Mr. Loothey hurried down the walk.

"I was just thinking," called young Mr. Hazzard as his erstwhile host arrived at the gate. "There is a little deal—we have most of it ourselves. No outsiders. Just father and a few of his old friends and customers. It looks rather well. A copper proposition. I—I couldn't get you very much—I would have to take it away from the firm's allotment as it is—only a few thousand. If you would care to have it I'd see what I can do and ——"

"I'll write the check right now."

Young Mr. Hazzard held up a hand in mock protest. "But I can't be sure I can get it; maybe ——"

But Mr. Loothey had his check book in hand and was searching through the ancient Prince Albert for his ancient fountain pen.

"But "

"Here it is," said Mr. Loothey.

"I'll take the check and give you a receipt—but I can't be sure "

"I'll leave it all to you," said Mr. Loothey with a cunning smile. "I know you won't forget our first meeting."

"You bet I won't," promised young Mr. Hazzard with a smile. "Here is your receipt; if I can't do anything I'll mail back the check tomorrow."

Instead, a few days later, came a large manila envelope by registered mail, containing five certificates for a hundred shares each in the Blank Copper Company.

When Mr. Loothey saw them he smiled.

IV

A MONTH, two months, six months is a short time to realize on an opportunity. But when a man is sharp he is usually impatient. A month after the visit of young Mr. Hazzard Mr. Loothey wrote a pleasant letter asking about the developments in the company. He received a letter that made his eyes shine with covetousness. Probably in two months—within six months at the latest—young Mr. Hazzard wrote, the company would go into a deal engineered by his father which would return the original stockholders approximately one hundred per cent. It was too early to say definitely.

At the end of two months Mr. Loothey wrote again. Young Mr. Hazzard wrote hurriedly. There had been unexpected delays—as often happened in deals of this sort, but the goose hung high. "My six-month estimate will come true," he wrote; "just as my estimate of profit looks more like a hundred and fifty per cent instead of a hundred."

At six months Mr. Loothey wrote again. But mails are haphazard things. In his Sunday Prince Albert, Mr. Loothey boarded an interurban for Bigburg. It was a pleasant sunshiny day—the sort of day that makes a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent sweeter and more desirable.

Mr. Loothey arrived in Bigburg shortly after two o'clock. He purchased three ten-cent cigars at a convenient counter and turned toward the towering Guardian Bank Building, rising majestically in the heart of the banking district.

He boarded the elevator with a smile. He wondered what the elder Hazzard would say when he told him how he had almost ordered his son away, thinking he was some kind of salesman. He got off at the thirteenth floor with a smile upon his thin face. He walked down the long marble corridor. Presently he came to 1323. There was no sign on the door. Mr. Loothey tried it gently. It was locked. He rapped on the glass panel rather loudly. An empty echo rewarded his effort. He wiped his forehead and wet his thin lips until the thought occurred that perhaps he had mistaken the number on the stationery—or that the firm had moved to larger quarters. He went back to the elevator with a firm step.

When the car stopped, Mr. Loothey stepped in. It was empty of passengers.

"I am looking for the firm of Hazzard & Hazzard," he told the young man in the blue uniform.

That young functionary grinned. "So is a lot of people."

"Eh?"

"Which one?"

"Either one. The younger Mr. Hazzard, I know."

The functionary continued to grin. "So did a lot of people. Some boy! The cops came up in one elevator, an' him an' the old man went down another."

"You—you mean ——" faltered Mr. Loothey.

"They beat it. Ran for the choo-choo. Vamoosed."

"I—I think you're mistaken. The—the firm I am speaking about is pretty old. The elder Mr. Hazzard ——"

"Sure, I know," said the blue-garbed functionary. "I heard it all before. But just the same I'm telling you that great big bird with his red face and black mustache shook a wicked pair of heels before the ball an' chain arrived."

"Big!" gasped Mr. Loothey. "Big! Black mustache! Was—was his face red?"

"Like a beet—an' so was his hands, where you could see them for the hair."

The air in the car made Mr. Loothey reel.

"Did they get you, mister?"

Mr. Loothey straightened. With fumbling hands he wiped his streaming face. As the car came to a sudden stop he managed to laugh. Not a mirthful laugh, perhaps, but still a laugh.

"Who? Those two!" shrilled the smartest man in Willowville. "Get me? I should say not. I—I was merely looking them up—for a friend."

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Desperate Fisherman: "All Right, If You Don't Care for Any Kind of Bait!"

Again Packard Pioneers!

PROGRESS based on knowledge has been a Packard characteristic for more than a quarter of a century.

Every five years or so it has been Packard's privilege to make some revolutionary advance for others to follow.

Now, having exhausted present possibilities in power and smoothness, Packard announces improvements of an entirely new nature:

(1) Ease of routine care.

(2) Greater motoring comforts.

Packard has long known that it has not been enough to design well and to build well. It remained necessary to find some way to protect the workmanship and material built into fine cars.

This has now been done.

The thousands who have taken delivery of new Packard Six and Eight cars during the past few weeks know this to be true.

They have found built into their cars a veritable insurance policy against the undue wear and annoyances that come from lack of lubrication.

They have found the Motor Oil Rectifier and the Chassis Pressure Lubricator, a combination not to be had in any other motor car in all the world.

They have found that motor oil life has been multiplied by five; that they need to change oil but four or five times a year, and that their motors are now almost human in caring for themselves.

They have found that they may lubricate the chassis in less than one second of time, the pull of a plunger forcing oil to the 45 points requiring regular attention.

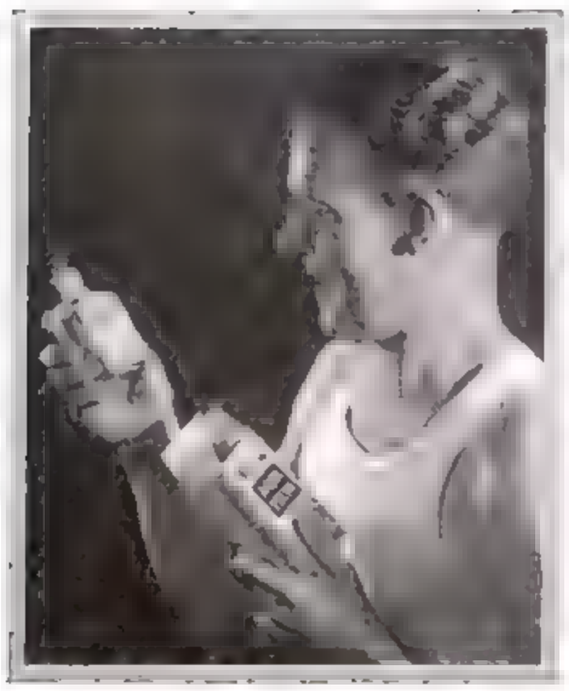
They have found new comfort features; notably an ease of steering and wider and even more luxurious enclosed bodies.

For example, the enclosed models of the Packard Eight have the widest and roomiest bodies offered on any motor car.

They have found that the utmost in beauty, distinction and comfort is now combined with an easy ability to at least double the mileage life of their Packard cars.

And Packard has found that now, more than ever, Packard should say—

Ask the man who owns one



Amber-colored crystal-clear

—as fine for after-shaving as it looks

Not sticky. Not greasy. The skin *absorbs* Aqua Velva. It does not stay on the surface to clog the pores and help collect dust and germs.

Aqua Velva conserves the natural moisture of the skin. So it keeps it flexible, velvety, well-conditioned all day long. No stiffness, no parched dry feeling to the Aqua Velva treated face. Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Because we designed Aqua Velva expressly for after-shaving, it does all that such a preparation should do:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Hundreds of thousands now complete their shaves with Aqua Velva. A 150-drop test bottle free for you to try. Use the coupon below or a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle costs 50 cents (60 cents in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For free test bottle

Address
The J B Williams Co., Dept 46 B, Glastenbury Conn (If you live in Canada address The J B Williams Co., St Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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FROM ATTIC TO SELLER

How I Became an Antique Dealer

By CAROLINE CAMP

WITHOUT malice aforethought I overheard someone say on our party wire the other morning, "I am aching to buy antiques, but I simply don't know enough about them to chance it."

I wanted to tell that woman something, right then and there; but being fearful of the appellation "listener-in," I checked my desire, and hung up my receiver with a politic crash. That her mournful plaint is the cry of many makes the absurdity of it all the more poignant. Of course the fountainhead of such a timorous lamentation is the mistaken idea that one must know early American furniture before one starts in to buy it—unless one deliberately wishes to be victimized by dealers.

I maintain that the only way to accumulate and appreciate an enviable collection of antiques is to buy and sell or buy and throw away as you go along. You cannot possibly be endowed at birth with a connoisseur's knowledge, nor can you learn discrimination by reading. If you rely on someone else's judgment you will lose the joy of personal achievement and experience. Each time you buy you will learn, and as you learn you will begin to note the differences between good and bad.

And so my advice is, if you feel the insistent twinges of antiqueitis wrenching your very soul, the best thing you can do is to rush to an antique shop and buy recklessly. By the time you have each gleefully bought piece satisfactorily placed in your home, your friends will come in and expostulate with you.

"You don't mean to tell me that you paid fifty-five dollars for that chair! I saw one almost like it yesterday for thirty-five."

"You can never in this wide world get that clock to run if it has wooden works."

These remarks will serve as an inoculation for some time; but only until someone says, "My, but that chair is a beauty! A bargain too. Impossible to have the clock put in running order? I should say not! I know an excellent man who can do it."

You will have then lived through one of the most sickening phases of the ailment, and like some other pining people, you will enjoy your affliction.

The Little End of the Horn

I am not exploiting mere words when I say that the majority of people cherish the idea that antique dealers as a whole are a band of cutthroats. They refuse point-blank to meddle with them unless they feel that they themselves are as well versed on antiques as they think the dealers are. Even then they often fancy that they have come out the little end of the horn Their grocer tells them that butter is sixty cents a pound, and they do not—perhaps I should say cannot—question it. They pay a certain price for their tobacco without demurring. Not a thought of the automobile dealer's commission enters their heads when they pay for a car. But when it comes to buying antiques they involuntarily wonder to what extent they have been duped.

If these people only knew with what timidity and reserve we dealers mark our stock! Often fearful that our prices are too low. Never sure that we haven't given certain things away. "Steep'd in poverty to the very lips," however, we conclude that a quick turnover is everything. The outcome of this conclusion is that the buyer leaves a shop, thinking, "What a fool I was to pay so much," and the vacillating dealer, watching him go, says, "What a fool I was to sell it for so little." It is an incomparable game.

The public naturally assumes, I suppose, that because we are in business we have each and every value down to a nicety. This is, perhaps, true of a few chosen wise men, but the majority of us are far from being so almighty. We make mistake after mistake. And do not think for a minute that we are lucky enough to blunder in favor of ourselves. If we start to, our customers are always quite willing to acquaint us with the fact. Where they fail us is in being so shy about mentioning our bargains.

Experienced and inexperienced buyers have an equal chance to benefit by our frequent errors.

It is confusing, I know, when one first takes up the pursuit of antiques, to discover that prices vary to such a startling degree. This is because no Grand Rapids go-getter has seen fit to corral all the early furniture and organize the business. Every dealer is independent of the other, each one buying his stock in a different place and marking it for what he thinks it is worth.

The Chair on the Woodpile

Country dealers, in the main, are doctors who exchange some of their wearisome drives for furniture; ill-paid ministers who make their parish calls profitable; farmers, undertakers, widows and old maids, each with an eye for a penny, but no thought of knavery. We were all, at the beginning of our careers, quite at sea; and as a matter of fact we still do not feel that we are on solid ground.

Before I became what I am, I was a welfare worker, a librarian, a dancing teacher, a nurse, a dietitian. Finally realizing that the world held no hopes for me anyway, I joined this credulous troop. It happened in this way:

One day I saw on a woodpile just the chair that I wanted for my porch. I did not know whether it was Jacobean or Chippendale. In fact, it never occurred to me to wonder. And if it had I couldn't have told. I will even go so far as to say that at that time I had never consciously heard these mystic words of period. I bought the chair for the simple reason that I liked it. Tossing it in the rear of my car I drove on six houses to see a friend of mine. She hung over one of my mud guards, simultaneously seeing the chair and getting hub grease on her immaculate white skirt. The grease sank in, unmolested. Any other time it would have monopolized her entire conversation.

"Exactly the chair I've been wanting. Why don't you let me have it? I'll give you ten dollars for it."

Only knowing my destitute condition can you fully realize how promptly I handed the chair over. I left, thinking the ignoble thought, "It's a shame to take the money."

Every day, after that, I spent my time gazing at woodpiles and porches; eventually growing so bold as actually to knock at doors. I knew absolutely nothing about old furniture. If a thing looked like a dollar to me I gave a dollar. If I thought, "In a shop, marked five dollars, that would seem a bargain," I offered that amount. After spending all my ready cash in this death-defying fashion I would carelessly drop in on a friend or two. My calls generally netted me a profit. Of course I made mistakes—harrowing ones. I bought everything from farmers, who sometimes have a tenacious way of demanding a price beyond all reason. I was putty in their hands. I also had a captivating way that summer of selling, with simply the cost in my mind—entirely unmindful of value. My loaded car, heaving in sight, always rendered my friends insensible with anticipation. And no wonder! A piece bought from me was generally a master stroke for them. I was not unlike the old-fashioned tin peddler, and should have shouted, "Valuables here, for nothing."

New dealers are always cropping up, acting in this same generous-hearted way. Furthermore, one dealer seldom meets another, regardless of the length of time he has been in business, without bemoaning the fact of some loss through carelessness or indetermination.

I have been buying and selling six years. I have now reached the point where no one can steal a Windsor chair from me, nor any other familiar piece. However, the minute I pick up anything unusual I am directly in the air. It is very funny. At the moment, I have in mind a slant-top desk with a broken arch top. I had never seen one until the day I went to buy a certain Thanksgiving turkey. The turkey was floundering around inside a burlap bag which lay in front of the desk in a corncrib. I bought both of them for ten dollars. My ride home was slightly disconcerting. With one eye on the road and both feet on the agitated turkey, I pivoted around countless times to go into raptures over the desk. Every inch of the way I rhapsodized.

I started out, visualizing a profit of four hundred dollars. At the end of the trip I had it up to a thousand. I could see myself written up in Antiques: "Connecticut Dealer Finds Very Rare Piece. May Have Belonged to Washington." There was no end to my imaginings. Well, I put it in my shop and it caused no upheaval whatsoever. People strolled by it, remarking, "Isn't that perfectly atrocious?" "Now, to my mind this is impossible." Or they would say nothing.

A Wyandotte Wardrobe

I asked several dealers more experienced than myself about it, and their thoughts on the subject were most helpful. "I suppose it's worth just what you can get for it." "Looks like a good piece; rather crude. It looks to me as if it had been cut off." I could get no enthusiasm from anyone. I finally sold it for a hundred and ten dollars. Last winter I saw its double go for four hundred and eighty-five dollars at a sale in New York.

I remember also, and too well, a wardrobe that I unearthed from a chicken house. At the time I was under the impression that it was a cupboard. Shelves had been built in, on which sat blinking Wyandottes, doing their daily dozen. I was totally unmoved over this bit of still hen life, but the lines of the cupboard impressed and pleased me. I thought of it, not as it was, completely besmirched with gray paint and dirt, but scraped to the bone; a beautifully proportioned pine or maple piece. I bought it for a very small sum, as its owner had made a failure of chickens and was about to return to the city. It hadn't occurred to me that there might be doors to this improvised hens' nest, but I was informed that such was the case, and they were rescued for me, regardless of the fact that the act quite demolished two sides of a rabbit pen. The more I collected of the piece, the better I liked it. And I showed excellent judgment! The trouble was I did not let my enthusiasm carry me far enough. My repair man threw not a little cold water on my ardor, but gallons of it. Breakers. Torrents. In fact, he let fly disparagement as only he can, and his scathing remarks had the desired effect. I came home with my fetish still in the car.

As fate would have it, at that moment a man stopped at my house. An intelligent

(Continued on Page 54)

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SPECIAL
TOURING CAR

Half the pleasure of buying a motor car rests in the conviction that you have exercised a sensible choice.

That pleasure is shared by every Dodge Brothers purchaser—not alone at the hour of purchase but ever afterward.

His good judgment is confirmed by everything that he continues to hear about the car, and everything that it does.

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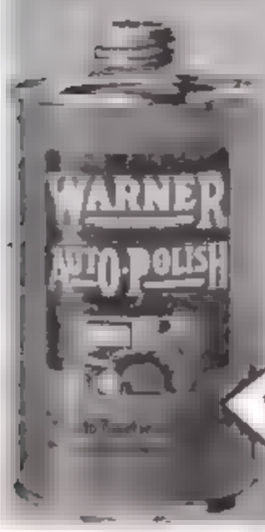

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Gives almost unbelievable results on varnish, Duco or enamel finishes. Cleans the surface of dust, dirt and grease. Polishes with a high, dry lustre. Cannot injure the finest finish or leave a smeary, glazy effect that gathers dust and quickly becomes dull. Do not use on weather-beaten, checked (cracked) finish. Try a can today at your dealer's or direct from us.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.,
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 52)

man. Keen. Long-sighted. But with it all, insufferably jocose. Said he, "How much for the infected wood?"

Said I, "Four dollars." This, after my castle-building, and a drive of forty-five miles. But a repair man is nothing if not convincing. The money was pressed into my hand and he was gone.

A month after that, I was invited to dine at the home of this base gentleman. With an air of "Ha ha, I have eaten the canary," he smiled, "Would you like to see my latest bargain?"

And I followed him innocently to his workshop. There stood what was once the object of my dreams. Transfigured. Glorious. A mahogany wardrobe with oval panels, veneered and inlaid!

A joint stool once played me the same losing trick. This stool I really wanted to keep for my own home, it was so thoroughly perfect and satisfying. But I dismissed the thought, as I was particularly low on funds just then. I found it at the end of an afternoon's work in a stifling attic whose roof was so low that I was obliged to do my exploring in a half-opened-jackknife position. If you have never tried this you cannot conceive of the torturing backache it brings. One simply has to resort to a recess every few minutes, making it partly a hands-and-knees expedition.

I delved into dusty boxes, only to find nothing. I poked over books and old papers. Countless times I cracked my head against a beam. Cobwebs wound themselves around me. I crept about, cramped and utterly black with dust. At last, in a corner, my searchlight showed up the joint stool.

For several days my control and I argued over what price to put on it. I was of the opinion that they were difficult to find and therefore necessarily valuable. However, my control said, "You are perfectly foolish. You have gone through this same phase of uncertainty before—and with what result? Your money was tied up in something that you overvalued, and that you eventually had to sell for much less than your original asking price. The thing to do is to dispose of it quickly, and make a reasonable profit. Because you have never found such a piece before, it does not follow that it is rare. You have picked up this one, and you can easily find another."

But I never have. And now I know that it should have brought a hundred dollars instead of twenty-five.

Getting Rid of the Jonahs

Sometimes we have pieces that are veritable hoodoos, and we are forced almost to give them away. They are good, and worth every cent that we are asking for them, but we just can't sell them for what they are worth. One time I sold a bureau to a dealer for eighty-five dollars. He held it three years, during which time the price ranged from one hundred and ten dollars to sixty-five. Try as he would, that bureau would not move. At last in sheer desperation he sold it for forty. He was not mistaken in its value, for the man who bought it told him that he had recently seen one like it marked a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

You may ask, "Why didn't he hold it until the right person came along?" The truth of the matter is, we become so worn out looking at these Jonah pieces that it seems as if we couldn't stand it another minute. We are glad to lose money on them just to see them go. Furthermore, there are a great many times when even a little wherewithal is a godsend.

I have a Franklin stove that sticks to me like a leech. Before I found it nearly every customer who came into my shop wanted one. Now that I have it no one takes a second look at it. It took the combined efforts of two men and myself to get it to the shop and set it up. There it sat, and continued to sit. I have tried every method of modern warfare to dispose of it, but its jaw is set. Recently I added four dollars to my original investment of fifty, and a truckman moved it two miles to my barn, where it rests and rusts, undisturbed. Now and then I send a customer up to look at it. I told the last one that he could have it for ten dollars. Nevertheless, I notice that it is still there, and no check has come my way.

I have had other pieces that have shown their hoodoo instinct, not by persistently clinging but by everlastingly having something happen to them. I have just brought home from the repair shop, today, a mirror that chooses to break periodically. This is the fourth time that I have had a new glass put in it. And I have sworn that it shall be the last. When I have finished writing this I shall pack that mirror in cotton and drive to the rectory with it. There I shall make an elaborate presentation. How grateful they will be! Little will they realize what a drain on their annual thousand dollars the donation will make. The first time it broke, en route from its ancestral home. A Bennington jug rolled over on it. In this instance it was entirely blameless, of course. But the next time it complaisantly severed all connections with the hook on the wall, and shattered itself to bits. The last two times it has jumped, once from my hands to the floor, and once from a customer's hands to the radiator.

Swallowing a Loss

I have, also, a chair that has a suicide complex. It invites people to sit in it, and then without a word of warning it shivers and gives way, before its occupant has decided whether it is comfortable or not.

It is an easy matter for an antique dealer to lose money, but the most irritating way is to undervalue a piece deliberately, without any doubt whatsoever.

A very sad case of mistaken value was the time I sold an Edouart silhouette for ten dollars. The inscription in the corner, "Augn Edouart fecit Saratoga July 13, 1843," meant no more to me at the time than the proverbial "Made in Germany." I learned too late that it was worth in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars. It is now gracing a house that I frequent astonishingly often. I am determined not to cease my visits short of ninety dollars' worth of sustenance. If justice were coming to me I should receive even more, as I also sold to this same unscrupulous household a pair of yellow dolphin candlesticks for five dollars!

Last summer, in passing a shop, I saw out on the lawn a very good looking stenciled chest. It appealed to me so much that I stopped and asked the price. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard that it was eight dollars, it was such a beauty. Of course I bought it, taking it directly to be repaired. The work cost me twenty dollars. I sold it for sixty, to a woman who afterward told me that she had been offered seventy-five dollars for it. Whereas the dealer who sold it to me said quite frankly, "I'm glad you like it; I don't. The only reason I've got it here is because a man owed me some money, and the chest is all I could collect." That man is a dealer of fifteen years' experience. He saw no merit in the chest and it did not occur to him that anyone else would.

Yesterday I called on a friend of mine who has been a dealer for twenty years. She met me at the door, looking as if her entire family had mistaken the nux vomica bottle for chartreuse. Blotting an escaped tear she sobbed, "What do you think has happened? You know that carved chest I bought the other day? I marked it a hundred and thirty-five dollars, and sold it to Mrs. Crane. She left it here to be crated, and hadn't been gone more than five minutes when a dealer from Boston came along and offered me four hundred dollars for it! It's just what Mrs. Crane wanted, and I know she won't give it up. I shan't ask her to, either."

I had dropped in to tell her that I would continue to owe her a hundred and forty dollars for some time to come. But her contortions put me to silence, and I skulked away, feeling as if I had looked in on Hamlet dying at his best.

It is strange that one does not immediately retire from the antique business after several of these idiotic miscalculations, but one just doesn't. I have learned to buy and weep or buy and rejoice—each with equanimity. I struggle along, as most gamblers do, and I shall undoubtedly finish in the same wretched fashion. I play the antique wheel of chance, around and around, in every conceivable way, but I draw just about the same sort of luck each time.

After attending several sales of early American furniture in New York, I came home imbued with the idea that the only way to make money on antiques was to have two majestic, knight-like porters place them before a mulberry velvet curtain, and let a suave auctioneer hold forth on their merits, from his carved pulpit. And so I decided to have a sale in New York. I resolved, also, that it should be a sale of Currier and Ives pictures. Previous to my decision these lithographs of distraught-looking women holding their young, little sisters in pantalets, Julias, Hortenses, Jennies and Little Charlies, had fairly pursued me. Now they all disappeared like magic. Bedspreads—quilted, woven, candlewicked, appliquéd and pieced—poured themselves in upon me. I took it as a direct sign from heaven, and concluded that I would let the pictures remain in their hiding place, and make it, instead, a bedspread sale. Every spread that I found was cleaned, fondled, folded and put away to await the great day. I had collected forty-two, when I suddenly realized that I had what was, to me, an enormous amount of money invested in them.

With this realization came the decision that I would not infringe on an entire afternoon of the mulberry curtain's time, but that I would ask for part of the afternoon of a miscellaneous sale. After many letters, a few telephone calls and several months of waiting, the time for the sale was set. I was present, eager and palpitating. The sheen of the velvet curtain was quite as alluring as before, the porters as splendid. The auctioneer talked convincingly. Notwithstanding these favorable touches, as I marked my catalogue I knew that another shot had been uselessly fired. After paying the selling commission I was exactly one hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-five cents in the hole.

Changeable Public Taste

A friend of mine who had made a flat failure of a shop in New York felt certain that she could make a huge success of one in the country. She was able to procure a very desirable location on a much traveled state road in the Berkshires. So she started all over again, optimistic and confident. The shop, the stock and she herself were more than usually attractive. The end of the summer came, however, and she had taken in only two hundred and thirty-five dollars. With utter disgust for the whole business she held an auction of her entire stock. I put a few things in the sale. We spent a great deal of time tacking up posters and sending out notices. Also praying that the day would be clear. It was. Not an enormous crowd gathered, but a very good number. Contrary to most country auctions, the things brought exceedingly low prices. I sat on a tree stump, and saw a hooked rug, that I had paid ten dollars for, go for two. On the other hand, one that I had bought for a dollar brought seventeen.

When the farce was all over I found that I had luckily recovered approximately what I had paid for the things. But my friend had lost five hundred dollars on her summer's venture. She is now selling in a well-known book shop, and enjoys it with one exception. She writes me that she feels like a criminal every time she sells a book on antiques. And she is fully convinced that every publisher of such books should be hanged and the books burned, for

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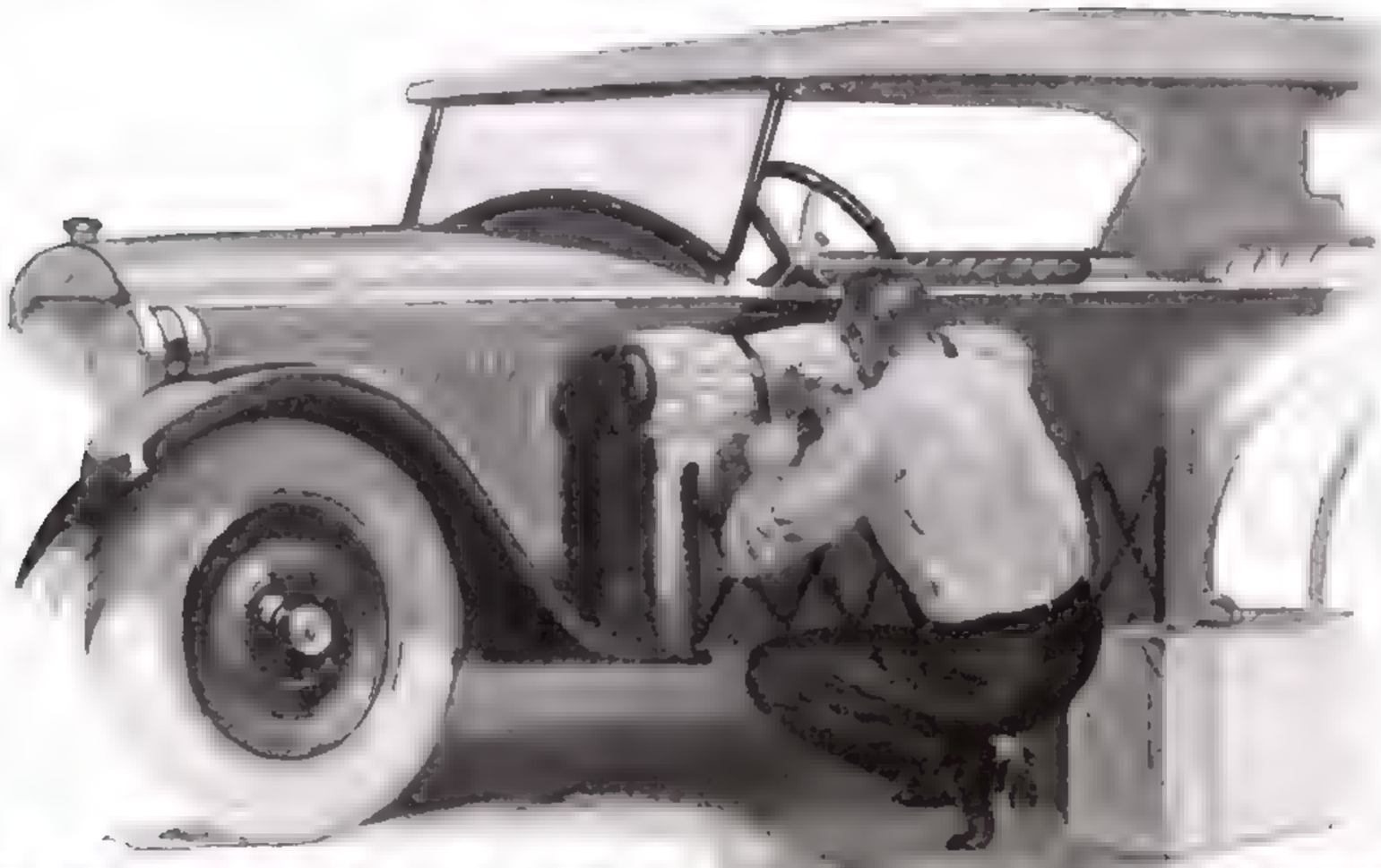

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Everything's ready for the tour—

But haven't you, perhaps, forgotten spark plugs, the one thing necessary to assure the dash and nimbleness that is half the joy of touring?

If you haven't renewed your spark plugs in the last 10,000 miles, you won't get the brilliant performance your motor can actually give.

After about 10,000 miles, any spark plug fails to give the full, hot spark that means maximum power, greatest gasoline economy, least carbon.

Make certain of better engine performance by installing Champions before you start.

Your car will have more power and speed; will perform better on the hills and in the crush of city driving. You will save in gas and oil.

More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents).

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Auto-Lite Ignition for FORDS

With this new improved ignition system you can increase the efficiency of your Ford and add immeasurably to the pleasure and service it gives you. Quicker, easier starting—more power—more speed—quicker pick-up—longer life—greater economy. Big-car action that you never dreamed was possible. Install Auto-Lite today! Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.

Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords can be easily and quickly installed without removing the radiator. Placed in approximate position, you simply bolt it on in place of your regular Ford timer. Start the motor. Then with one hand turn the interrupter case till maximum efficiency is reached. Tighten one screw and the job is done.

Price includes wiring and fittings

Special coil $5.00 extra

Dealers: There are profits in selling Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords. Order through established distributors or write us direct.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.
Office & Works: Toledo, Ohio

$12.00

AUTO LITE

(Continued from Page 54)

she is positive that they turn a mild case of insanity into a violent one.

I recall a butcher saying to me once, "It beats all; now you're the fourteenth person this morning that has wanted pork chops. It's funny how things run that way; another day they will all want hamburg steak. Queer, isn't it?"

I find the same inexplicable situation in my shop. It seems to be particularly peculiar to chairs and glass. One summer the great hue and cry is "Windsors. We must have Windsors! Have you no Windsors?" I remember this, and the next year the shop will be filled with them. But what do the people want, then? Why, Hitchcocks, of course. I might have known! Hitchcocks pass into oblivion, and it is imperative that we have banister backs. And certain years we can sell all, and more than all, the glass that we can find. Other years it will not be so much as even noticed.

There is no question about it, the public is tricky. And we are absolutely at their mercy. It is a trivial affair for a butcher to turn on a switch and grind out hamburg steak all day long, or even to the end of his days. But where, will you tell me, can an antique dealer get dozens of banister-back chairs at a moment's notice?

A Year-Round Quest

For several years past, the public has been quite satisfied to have their pine and maple purchases rubbed down to the natural wood and shellacked. They ask it, demand it, and get it. Mark my words, however, the time is soon coming when someone will enter my shop and whimper, "Oh, the greater part of your furniture has that natural finish, hasn't it? Haven't you anything with the old paint left on? Any kind of paint, even white, as long as it is as you found it. I am so tired of this never-ending color of yellow about my house. My grandmother's furniture hadn't that look and why should mine have it?"

And after her will follow the rest of the world, all wanting precisely what she wanted. I am as sure of this as I am sure that the whole business is a lottery. Despite this depressing outlook I buy and shellac every piece of furniture that I can lay my hands on, and look for more.

I have been trying four years to corner a highboy that is at present ornamenting a kitchen. The upper part of it is being used for pots and pans. One drawer is filled with homemade soap. The lower part seems to be ideal for knives, whetstones and nails. It stands near the stove, making an excellent target for spattering grease, and its carved bonnet top towers authoritatively above its mediocre surroundings, while its owner does the dead march of kitchen work around it.

Like clockwork I go there four times a year. My first visit was in April. Knowing that the spring is the open season for sulphur and molasses and low spirits in general, I decided to make another venture in the summer. The result was the same. Nevertheless, I went again in the autumn, and in December. Now it is a religion with me. I embark on that pilgrimage, faithfully, as every season comes around. I am presented with flowers, apples, sugar cookies and cider. I am shown the newest baby. John's radio. I am cordially asked to take a seat. But never do I get what I go for. I know as well as I know anything that I have offered that woman fully fifty dollars more than the highboy is worth. But, no, she guesses she will keep it a spell longer. It's an awful handy article. I would gladly pay a hundred dollars over its value, solely for the thrill of liberating it and giving it a much needed scraping. I may have a chance yet. Another season is approaching. I can see myself now, standing in that kitchen, munching an apple, forcing myself to admire the baby, talking about everything, with but one real thought in my mind.

I have been kept on the rack for the last two years, because another immovable woman flat-footedly refuses to sell me one of the best-looking corner cupboards I have ever seen. It is in her cellar, filled with preserves and jelly. The last time I went to her house she told me in not uncertain terms to stay away until she had breathed her last. "Now there's no use in your coming around here every little while. It's a regular nuisance. Other people have bothered me about it, too, and I'm not going to have it. That cupboard is right where it's going to stay until I am dead and gone. After that I don't care what happens to it. So you might as well save your breath; the next time I shan't even come to the door."

There are two old ladies not many miles from here who own a Dutch roundabout chair. Should you notice their house you would think beyond all doubt that it was unoccupied. Its fallen-in porch is a tangled mass of trumpet vines. The path leading up to it is overgrown with weeds. Every blind is closed. I never should have ventured there had my father not been their physician, as they are recognized recluses. I knocked and waited. Knocked and waited.

At last the door was opened, barely an inch. I was looked up and down, over a pair of square-rimmed early American spectacles. "So you're the doctor's daughter? Well, I wouldn't have believed you if he hadn't told me that you were coming. You don't favor him a speck. He is tolerably good-looking."

Advice to the Timid Buyer

Of course this was a disheartening beginning for me, but she finally overlooked my lack of beauty and invited me in. I sat in the roundabout chair while these two old ladies continued their sewing, by the light of a kerosene lamp—quite disregarding the fact that it was the early part of a June afternoon and the sun was shining its brightest.

Their countenances froze in concert when I dared to say that I should like to buy the chair. They changed the subject with no attempt at finesse.

But I still have hopes. I go to see them frequently. I like them. And I am always curious to know if the light is still burning. Hopeful, too, that one day they will tell me that I am growing to look like my father.

An antique dealer's life is made up principally of hope and luck. Frustrated hope. Bad luck. We are a gullible, simple, honest, long-suffering lot. Particularly we country dealers. There is no earthly reason why a baby shouldn't buy from us to excellent advantage. That full-grown people should ache to take a gamble and not give in to their writhings, fills us with immeasurable perplexity.

I should like to say to these shrinking flowers who fear our very door, "Brace up and become hardy perennials with the rest of us. Plant yourself in the antique field. It will surprise you to see how courageously you will weather the occasional frosts that will nip you. Soon it will mean nothing to you to be completely snowed under. Each time you will spring up, perhaps a bit wilted, but yet stout-hearted, self-reliant, persevering, and philosophically expecting to be nipped or snowed under again."

A CITY WORKER

The Company Medico: His Job is to Help You Hold Your Job—As Told by Himself to John Mappelbeck

I FEEL that I'm really popular now—that I've earned my laurels. But I didn't feel that way when we began here about ten years ago. The laurels they wanted to decorate me with then were hemlock—or as we say in the contemporary American, the hook.

"We have too many employes losing time on account of sickness," said the president of the company. "Our accident rate is too high. We hire experts to keep our machinery running up to capacity. There must be some way of getting better upkeep among the people who work for us."

Other corporation executives were saying the same thing, and establishing medical departments to deal with this matter of human upkeep.

I was appointed chief medico for our company. They gave me a small office, a nurse and a clerk, to begin with, and I began selling myself to the company's employes. It was literally a sales job.

"What's the big idea? Medical examination?" they asked suspiciously when I issued a general invitation to come into my little den and be looked over. "What's the company trying to put across? Looking for some reason to fire me, eh?"

"Come in next time you get an ache or a pain," I suggested, temporizing; and that seemed fairer, so that by and by we were starting a nice little practice in cuts, bruises, sprains, colds and minor troubles, with occasionally something more serious.

One afternoon a mechanic complained of a pain in his stomach. I went over him very carefully, consulted a specialist, made arrangements to have an operation performed at a fee adjusted to his ability to pay, and that night he was in a hospital, on the road to recovery from something that might eventually have killed him. At least he was saved many weeks of sickness, and both he and the company made money out of it in this way:

The company pays sick benefits to employes. Had this trouble not been caught right at the start, and cured, there might have been months of sick benefits, besides the loss of the employe's ability. And sick benefits, of course, are not so much as wages; so this employe was glad to be back on the job, both for the money in it and because he felt well.

Now just the other day this same employe was bowling along in one of the company's motortrucks, when he heard a child screaming. Stopping the car, he found that a boy about eight years old, running and playing, had fallen on a jagged bottle and cut his arm so badly that he was in danger of bleeding to death. Since the old days of suspicion dozens of first-aid crews had been trained among our fellows. They fairly eat up the lessons, and it is exceptional to find an old employe without some first-aid knowledge.

This mechanic promptly stopped the bleeding with a tourniquet, and may have saved that little boy's life.

I'm chief of the medical staff now, because the work has been extended to company branches, and last year we examined more than fifteen thousand employes. This isn't a hospital, nor do we do much doctoring. Our job is looking people over to keep

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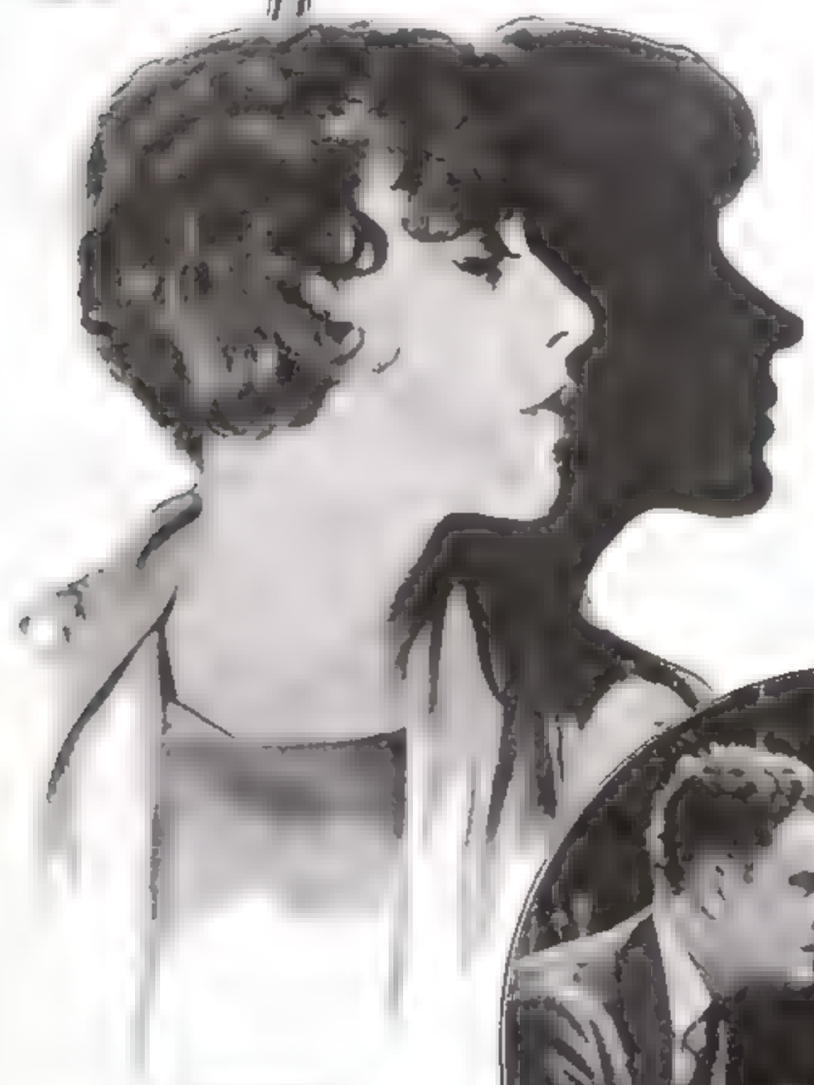
News of First National Pictures



"The Talker"

Favorite players in "The Talker" Above—Anna Q. Nilsson.

In Circle—Shirley Mason and Harold Goodwin. At right—Ian Keith and Lewis Stone. Tully Marshall and Barbara Bedford are also in the cast.

"The Talker"

WIVES! Husbands! And all who are yet unwed! You'll relish the tang of this drama, presented by Sam E. Rork, Inc.

It's mellowed by humor, yet portrays grippingly the sometimes grim result when the ultra-modern credo of woman's rights crashes against certain age-old decrees of society.

Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis S. Stone head the splendid cast—other favorites in the listing below. An Alfred E. Green production.

Circle—Ben Lyon and Viola Dana. Frank Mayo (at right) heads the supporting cast. George Archainbaud directed. Supervised by Earl Hudson.

"The Necessary Evil"

BEN LYON, accepted screen favorite, was *made* for the male lead in this adaptation of "Uriah's Son."

The crux of the plot, after the boy "busts out" of college, is that down in the tropics, where dancing girls allure and life runs wild, the same supreme test that broke his father, makes the boy a man.

Milton Sills in "The Making of O'Malley"

ALL the world loves such a gallant knight as the cop O'Malley, Milton Sills in his first starring rôle. Action! Only one man could trail the perilous, twisting path to the gang's lair—more would raise an alarm. O'Malley was the man to do it with the inspiration furnished by one girl who believed in him, the part played by Dorothy Mackaill.

The picture was directed by Lambert Hillyer under the supervision of Earl Hudson from the story by Gerald Beaumont.

Left—Milton Sills prepares for action. You get the glamour and tension of a cop's life in these scenes from "The Making of O'Malley."

Right—Thomas Carrigan.

Colleen Moore in "The Desert Flower"

IT'S a new Colleen that appears in "The Desert Flower," a wistful scamp of the West who will twine herself around your heart just as much as she did in "Flaming Youth," "The Perfect Flapper" and "Sally." Watch for detailed news on "The Desert Flower" two weeks hence.

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* *These shapes were formed COLD from Continental Vulcanized Fibre grade 25.*

(Continued from Page 56

them well. We have the very latest apparatus for diagnosis. We begin with the applicant for employment, making a thorough medical examination and starting with a health record for each person who is hired. Thereafter, if they come back either for regular examination or because something is wrong, we send them to their own physicians or dentists or surgeons, and the latter attend to the treatment.

I don't want to make this talk too medical, because my job deals not so much with pills and operations as it does with everyday things like food, fresh air, exercise, sensible clothing, the daily bath, the toothbrush drill.

You will be interested to know that one of our latest devices for diagnosis is the use of the new process for transmitting pictures by wire. You see such pictures in the newspapers now. When President Coolidge was inaugurated San Francisco newspapers had actual photographs of the ceremony on the street in less than three hours after the oath was administered.

That livens up the day's news. But suppose one of our employes had suffered an accident that called for the opinion of specialists. We take an X-ray picture, and if it is thought advisable, we put it on the wire and lay the case before some specialist in another city, because this method of transmitting pictures by wire conveys perfectly all the facts needed in diagnosis.

Custards Instead of Pastry

But I consider it just as remarkable that the officers and department heads in this company have learned to look squarely at employes while they talk with them, because that heads off a good deal more trouble than X-ray pictures. We have a good many office workers here at headquarters, and at certain times of the year they may be subject to strain. Extra work piles in, according to the season, and it is necessary to work fast and late, keep one's mind on the job, and perhaps be pleasant to unpleasant people. We discovered that after such periods it was necessary to go over the organization and find the men and women who had been affected by the strain, sometimes ordering a rest, or maybe a change of work or more nourishing food.

That proved such a splendid thing that we made this health inventory continuous. Nobody will notice changes in people so quickly as those who see them every day if they will only look at them. But you probably know that the quickest way to lose anything is to keep it right around in sight—hang a picture on the wall, and you'll never see it again. It's the same way with people right around you every day.

"Take this memorandum, Miss Smith," directs the third vice president, and Miss Smith is right under his nose for half an hour without being seen. But we've taught our chiefs really to look at least once a day at people who work for them, instead of looking out the window or into space; and they notice things.

"Why, Miss Smith, I believe you look tired!" says the third vice president. "Have you had your lunch?"

And it transpires that Miss Smith is starving in the midst of plenty. Contractors and others who hire outdoor workers have long known that the units of work must be fed into them if they are to come out in a satisfactory day's labor. Employers of indoor workers are just learning that. I am as much a chef as a doctor, because it is part of my job to see that employes are well nourished. The third vice president sends Miss Smith to see me, or maybe she comes herself. Nothing the matter with her, except that she isn't getting enough to eat. Conscientious about her work, and eating irregularly, or skipping meals—or maybe half starved because she has picked up some wrong ideas about diet. I can tell her what to eat, but there may be fifty other women and girls who need more nourishment, and they don't come to me for advice, nor is it my business to butt in and tell them what to have for lunch. What they really ought to have is fruit instead of candy, a bottle of milk instead of coffee, a cup custard instead of French pastry. Here's where the chef gets in his fine work! Our office folks are fed in company lunch rooms, paying for the meals they eat there at cost. Seeing that the girls are naturally fond of candy, we carry the most expensive kind obtainable—and keep fresh and cooked fruit as cheap as possible all year round.

The milk can be put in plain sight where it will tempt their appetites and the coffee kept in the background. And we make up two or three lunches for a round price, and put the cup custard in as dessert, and make the French pastry à la carte.

In a good many business concerns nowadays, employes are given lunch without charge, this being particularly so in banks, and there the menu is under still more direct control of the company's doctor. He doesn't drop your pickles or stick his thumb in your soup just to be meddlesome, but he would like to be certain that you get the necessary number of calories per day to do your work happily and have plenty of pep left over for play.

The Country Rest Cure

Again, the third vice president looks up and sees Jones, the transfer clerk, who is plainly worried. Maybe Jones is making blunders in his records. Tactful inquiry reveals a sick wife or child at home, and we regard it as good business to extend medical service to employes' families to the extent of finding out what's really the matter and taking steps to put things right. Our visiting nurse goes to Jones' home, unless the sick wife or child can come to see us for a more thorough diagnosis.

Like a good many other corporations nowadays, we have a country house for our employes, and it is the quickest and most economical place to strengthen our rundown folks.

Several weeks ago one of our vice presidents noticed that a woman employe looked as though she had suddenly grown fifteen years older. Remembering that she had been with the company eighteen years, he was thinking of retirement and a pension, when he looked up her age, found she was still in the lower forties, and suggested that she visit me. We sent her to our country place for two weeks, and she came back as pretty as a flapper! As soon as she went away her sick benefit from the company began, and at the country home she paid her board like a guest in any other such

(Continued on Page 60)

We Have a Country House for Our Employes, and it is the Quickest Place to Strengthen Our Rundown Folks

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

"Los Angeles" to almost everyone in the United States means the place where motion pictures are made, and of course no trip to the Coast would be complete without a visit to at least one of the studios. By a special dispensation of a film company official who happens to be distantly related to Jim, the Pecks are permitted to see a big scene being "shot". Young Jim is particularly interested in a gigantic Roman centurion, and wonders whether they haven't an extra suit of armor that he could take home.

IN addition to the long, trouble-free mileage that has always been a Kelly-Springfield characteristic, the Kelly Flexible Cord affords the car-owner a degree of riding comfort that he cannot obtain in any other tire of the high pressure type, because its flexibility —the feature that makes this easy riding possible— is due to its Integral Bead construction, used *only* by Kelly.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

5th

Among All Magazines

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN during 1924 carried a total lineage exceeded only by The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, Vogue and Literary Digest

(Continued from Page 58)

place—except that similar accommodations could not be secured elsewhere so cheaply.

Besides good food, country air and life in the open, there is always a jolly group at this home, so the atmosphere is cheerful and curative. Employes are sent there when they need a simple rest, and also when recovering from sickness or operations.

If there is room when their regular vacations come along employes can take them there, too, although we also have a vacation camp in summer, and another place where folks with a touch of tuberculosis can be sent separately for systematic treatment. That's one of the greatest satisfactions in my work—is the catching and curing of tuberculosis in the very first stages. We know more than one employe who needs careful watching, and who reports to us at the first sign of a cold. With our physical examination of applicants for positions, we can frequently stave off trouble for some fellow who ought to be working elsewhere. When the gangling young telegraph pole of eighteen or nineteen, measuring over six feet and weighing maybe one hundred and twenty-five pounds, applies here for an office job, we frankly tell him that this is no place for anybody with a build like his, and advise him to get some active outdoor work until he attains his growth.

It is astonishing, yet a fact, that many a young fellow, not very strong physically, thinks that he ought to have a light indoor job, when a few years outdoors at not too heavy physical work at the right time of life would make a splendid man of him. This notion about the light indoor job for Johnnie because he isn't very strong also prevails among parents and relatives, and we have opportunities to help Johnnie get started right in life.

I take it for granted you've heard about the safety-first movement for the prevention of accidents. We carry it a little farther here, and have a safety-as-a-habit movement. It is really the first-aid idea applied to health. Hundreds of little accidents that occur in a big work force are kept little by prompt treatment with the first-aid kit.

Contests in First-Aid Work

It is surprising to many people, but literally true, that first aid can keep down sickness.

As fast as employes realize how much sickness is preventable if taken in the very first stages and skillfully diagnosed and treated, we shall get rid of all except the unavoidable sickness, which is real, but a very small part of the whole.

We teach first aid in accidents with a series of charts and lessons. The first chart and lesson compare the human body to an automobile engine, to stress the fact that it is a machine. Few Americans will abuse a machine and expect it to do its work, but they will abuse the body and expect it to run right. The bony framework of the body is like the automobile engine block—the chassis, if you please. The stomach is the fuel tank, and the whole intestinal tract is comparable to the gasoline line that runs to the carburetor. The auto carburetor has an intake to mix air with the fuel. So has the human body, in the nose, windpipe and lungs. The automobile engine runs by explosion. So does the human body—infinitely small explosions of the digested food mixed with air and carried through the blood stream. The human body has an exhaust for the exploded materials in the lungs, glands, kidneys and bowels. The muscles correspond to the automobile transmission system. The heart corresponds to the water pump, oil pump and timing gear. Human fuel generates heat, like gasoline, so there must be a radiator or cooling system which is the skin, which needs frequent baths to do its work properly.

The student is shown how to care for this power plant and the machine it drives, in difficulties such as fractures, fainting, sunstroke, gassing, drowning, poisoning, bleeding, and the like. We have given this teaching a sporting slant—the men learn as first-aid teams, and we have contests between these teams every little while, held in a big auditorium, with an audience. The teams are each made up of six members and a "patient." They march in, uniformed, generally in athletic clothes or white duck, and prizes are awarded for quick resourceful work. The patient is supposed to have met with a particular kind of accident—he has fallen and broken a leg or cut an artery or been hoisted out of a manhole containing coal gas. The judges are doctors, often some of the most skillful specialists.

"Why have you given up a whole evening to come down here and judge this contest?" I asked an eminent surgeon at our first-aid contest last week.

"Why? Because I never fail to get a good idea," he replied. "This evening I got a brand-new nose splint!"

A Volunteer Veterinarian

You can't be helpful to people who have met with accidents unless you are able to use the common appliances at hand, and our fellows learn to work with what they've got, and some of them teach the specialists new tricks.

The big thing about knowing first aid is that fellows keep their heads. For example, a man's clothing is caught in a piece of machinery. Fright may cause him to lose his head and be drawn in, where if he keeps cool he may escape uninjured. This happened some months ago to one of our fellows who is captain of a winning first-aid team. A machine caught his coat and began slowly pulling. He coolly braced himself and pulled against the machine. He wasn't stronger than the machine, of course, but he was stronger than his coat, which gave way and liberated him.

One of our men saw a woman knocked down by an automobile. A self-important, whiskered young practitioner of one of the new freak schools rushed up to take charge of the case, and was preparing to have the woman lifted, when our fellow interfered. All through our first-aid teachings we show how to make hurt folks as comfortable as possible until the doctor comes, but caution at every step against lifting or meddling in other ways that may do more harm than good. Our man said "That woman's leg is broken," and prevented interference until an ambulance arrived. The woman's leg was broken, and two of her ribs.

Our fellows do such things every week, helping their team mates and strangers. There was an odd case not long ago where a repair gang applied first aid to a wounded horse. The animal was one of a team harnessed to a heavy wagon. It slipped and fell on an icy street, and was dragged some distance by the wagon, having a big gash torn in its side. It was thought the horse must be shot, as it was bleeding profusely, but the foreman of the repair gang found that there was only a deep cut, and this was bandaged with a first-aid kit, and a valuable animal saved.

First aid in health is taught to our girls in the same way, and they go at it with equal gusto. When the teacher asked Johnnie Jones to describe a cold he said, "First there is a little cold and a big me; then there is a big cold and a little me; and then it is all cold and no me at all." First aid on a cold is to dodge it altogether if you can by being warmly clad in cold weather, keeping the feet dry on rainy days, avoiding close contact with people who have colds, and taking similar common-sense precautions, and if the cold does materialize handing it over to the doctor as soon as possible, so that he may determine what sort of cold it is, and give the right treatment, which may be anything from a day in bed to the removal of diseased tonsils.

The girls learn simple hygiene of this kind, and also simple nursing. The latter has a strong appeal to them, because

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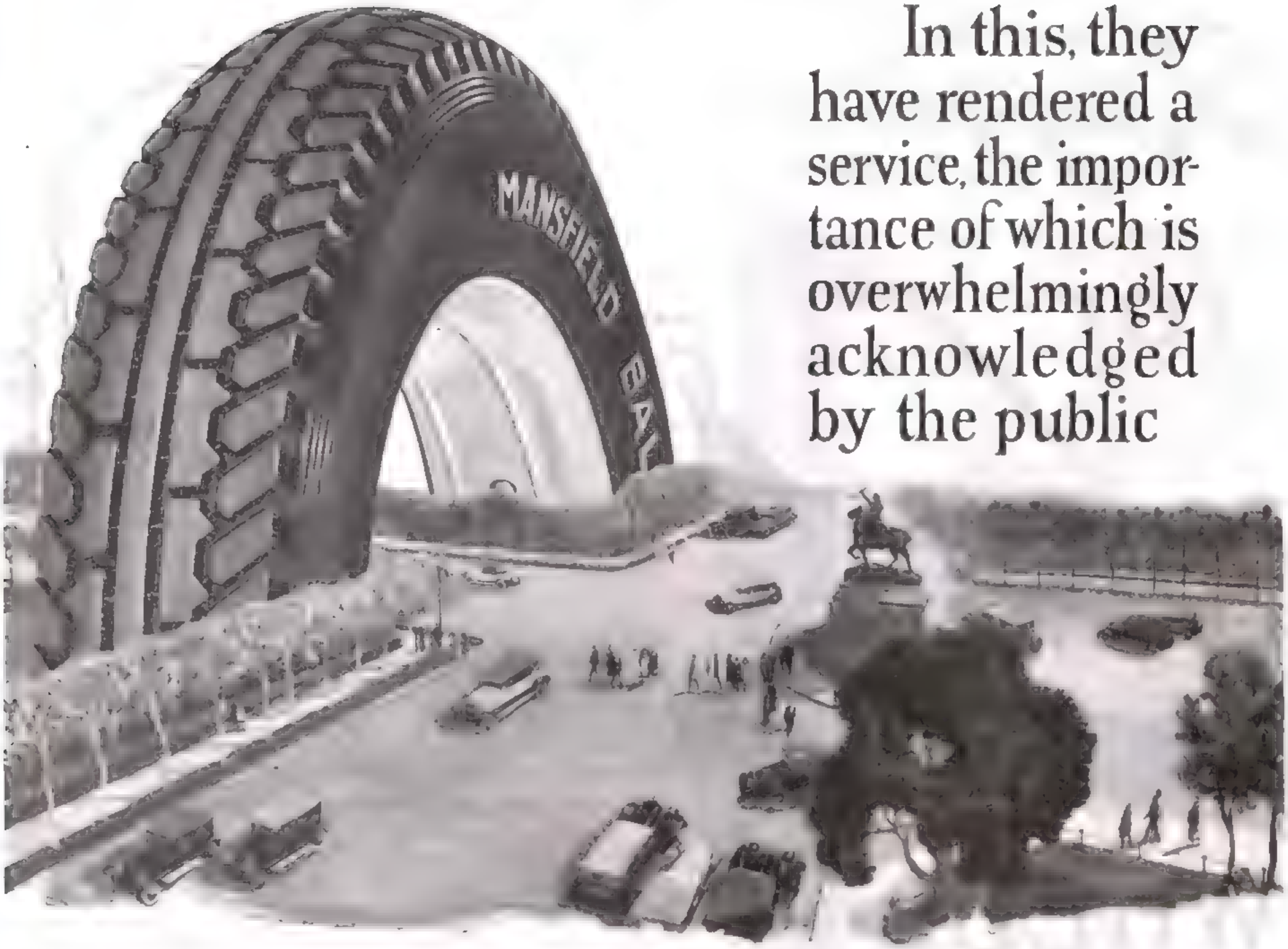

In this, they have rendered a service, the importance of which is overwhelmingly acknowledged by the public

Their Triumph Truly Great

WHETHER a business triumph be truly great is commonly determined by the importance to the public of the service rendered.

Even a ten percent reduction in the cost of tire mileage will save the people of this country over seventy-five million dollars a year.

Most users of Mansfield Tires figure their saving, through the added miles they get from them, to be much more than ten percent.

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Raybestos is particularly adaptable to 4-wheel brake service... Raybestos is woven of selected long-fibred asbestos and specially treated to resist wear.

The treatment used is such that the lining will give a very uniform action in all kinds of weather and under the most severe uses and conditions, whether in congested city traffic or in hilly or mountainous country.

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Illustration shows Raybestos method of attaching lining securely to the band and how rivets are countersunk, preventing contact with the brake drums.

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(Continued from Page 60

ninety-nine in every hundred girls who work nowadays expect to marry after three to five years, and do marry, and regard this instruction as preparation for the management of their future families. Don't let anybody tell you that business has changed girls. The modern girl's grandmother got ready for marriage by filling a hope chest full of needlework. The modern girl herself uses her brain as a hope chest, and fills it with practical home-making knowledge, and our health-as-a-habit work is as welcome to her as a dozen hemstitched linen tablecloths were to grandma.

This is a sporting proposition too. Just as first-aid teaching for the men has cut our accidents 80 per cent in seven or eight years, so the health teaching cuts down loss of time. We keep a weekly score by regular attendance, and department after department shows a lost-time rating of zero week after week—which is the home run of this game.

In the course of a year we get about everything here except yellow fever—though come to think of it, I don't believe we've ever had a case of housemaid's knee. Most of our visitors are well people—applicants for jobs, and employes who have learned to come in for a regular yearly examination. Every applicant for a job nowadays must be examined by the company doctor, and a good many dread it, being afraid that some physical handicap will disqualify them. Actually very few persons are rejected for medical reasons. Here and there we find somebody seeking an office job when its confinement would be harmful, and again some fellow overestimates his strength in hunting a rough job with an outdoor gang. Periodical examinations of employes show that most of them are in good shape, and the occasional trouble that might lead to a breakdown is found and corrected.

Saving the Company's Time

When I first came here people were really afraid of a medical examination—they thought the doctor, after looking them over, would say that they had so many more days to live! Now they know that even in serious conditions the doctor can often help them multiply the fancied number of days of remaining life and probably carry them on into a ripe old age. Not by pills or powders, either, but a little sensible advice concerning habits, and liberal doses of cheerfulness and optimism. I don't know whether there was any real basis for that idea of you-have-just-so-many-more-days-to-live stuff, but there isn't any of it in our department. We don't know how long anybody has to live. But we do know that many folks set out to reach the century mark and enjoy every minute of living when a thorough examination assures them that they are in perfect health.

Among the complaints where visitors are really sick, minor troubles are commonest, with common colds leading all the rest. We get some serious cases—appendicitis, pneumonia, fractures, diphtheria, typhoid. We get a good many minor surgical cases, such as boils, sprains, cuts, and the like, and are able to give treatment at hours when employes cannot go to outside doctors, some of whom will not attend to them after their own office hours, which come in the business day. Even the simplest cases of this kind require three or four treatments, and many necessitate a dozen or two, so that the saving in time to the employe and the company runs into real money during the course of a year.

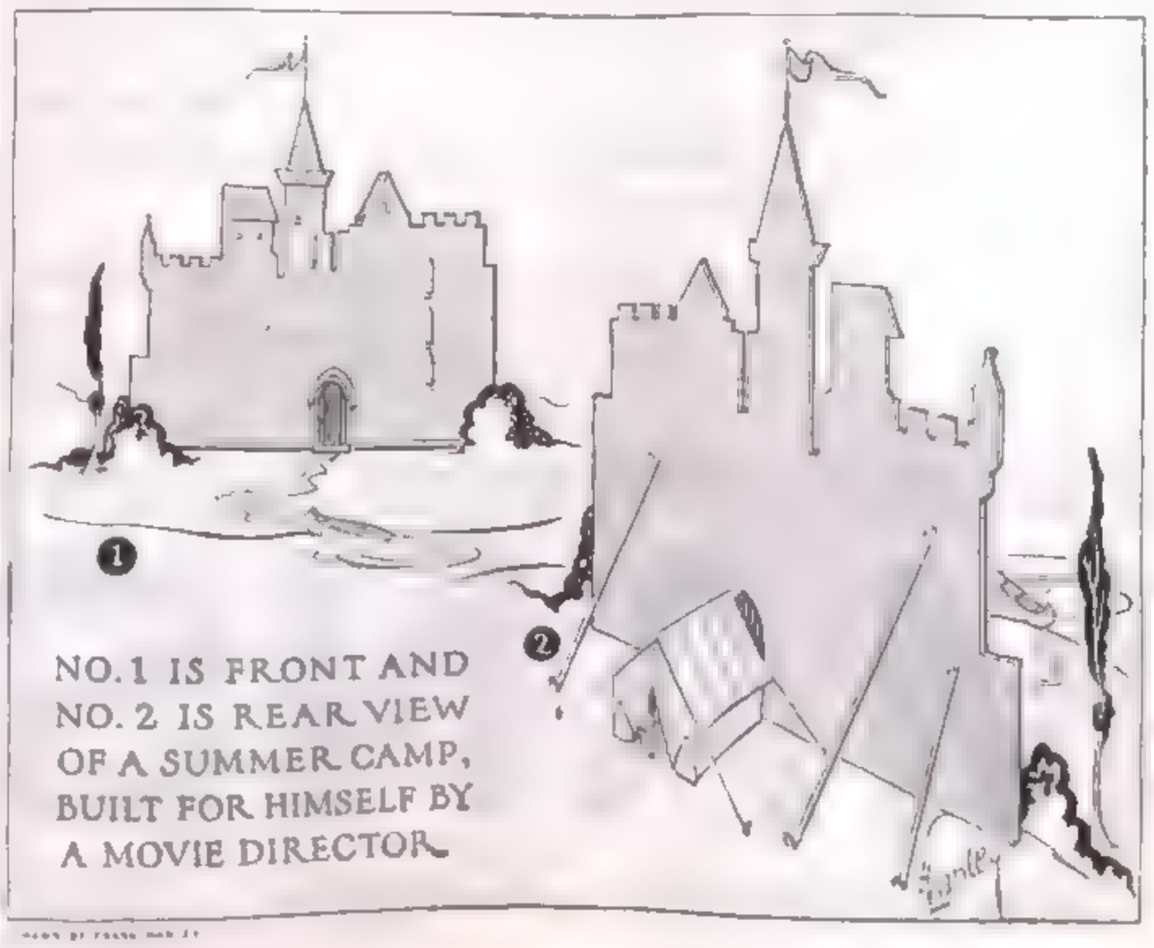
Reaching the Unwilling Patient

Yes, our folks used to r'ar right up at the suggestion of company medical supervision. Even though it was purely voluntary on their part, they suspected that the company doctor was another kind of boss. But that suspicion is dwindling, if not dead.

One of the big difficulties about preventive medicine is getting it to the people it should be benefiting. Advances in science the past generation have made it possible to eliminate many of the ills to which humanity thought it was heir. The physician and the surgeon, the dentist and other specialists are ready to cure mankind of troubles that yesterday were considered incurable, and to prolong human life. But mankind is elusive. It doesn't want to go to the doctor, and won't, and it has often been difficult for the doctor to come to mankind.

But the great business organizations of the country are one of the strategic points for applying preventive medicine. When you get five or ten thousand employes together in one manufacturing establishment or a public-utility corporation or a great office or shop, and set up a medical department to attend to their welfare, you have really begun to get in touch with the whole country, in my opinion. Big business is going farther and farther into this field, because it has found that medical supervision pays. More and more, the big concerns of the country are adopting medical supervision. During the next ten years our work ought to mean much in the health and long life of the country, because before that time, I believe, practically every large corporation in the United States will have adopted medical supervision. And there is no reason why it should not be adopted by small concerns, because it will pay them just as well—pay in dollars and in human happiness.

Come in and see me sometime—I've got the goods!



NO. 1 IS FRONT AND NO. 2 IS REAR VIEW OF A SUMMER CAMP, BUILT FOR HIMSELF BY A MOVIE DIRECTOR

—and in the capitals of Europe

RETURNING travelers frequently comment on the number of Chandlers to be seen in the capitals of Europe—a fact perhaps not well known but easily explained.

In lithe, athletic, spirited performance, the Chandler offers certain qualities that even the hand-built cars of Europe do not possess. For the Pikes Peak Motor is exclusive to Chandler.

Its economy in gasoline, oil and tires appeals to the thrifty Continental; and unfailing dependability is essential where service stations are few and far between.

But in addition to these purely mechanical aspects, there is another important consideration. That is Chandler's distinguished appearance—its notable grace and aristocracy of line.

Europe has been the inspiration of many trends in motor car body design. So it is only natural that Europe should prefer the American car that represents a singularly successful development of its own ideas in style and luxury—Metropolitan Sedan $2195—Coach Imperial $1595—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City Cable Address, "Chanmotor"

CHANDLER

For filling your grease-cups

For filling your grease-gun

The job of greasing your car *can now be clean and quick*

TO load your high-pressure grease-gun, to pack grease-cups, or to lubricate the chassis of your car, simply squeeze the big Veedol Grease tube—just as you would a tube of tooth paste—and the job's done. You get just the right amount of grease, right where you want it.

This new handy tube makes the job of greasing your car clean, quick and easy. No more grease-smudged hands, ruined clothes or soiled upholstery.

Veedol Grease, made in Tide Water's own refinery, is of the same high and uniform quality as Veedol lubricating oils. In addition to having the consistency of excellent grease, it possesses the lubricating properties of high grade petroleum oil.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York (*main office*); Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland (Oregon).

The price is only thirty-five cents. Buy one of the new tubes today. Always keep a fresh tube in your garage and under the seat of your car—and then you will discover a new pleasure and efficiency in the care of your automobile.

Each tube in an individual carton

35¢

VEEDOL GREASE

High Pressure Grease Guns-Grease Cups-Chassis Lubrication

The Police College

By NEWMAN LEVY

Police Commissioner Enright, of New York City, has just established a college for policemen.—*News item.*

I WALKED across the campus of the new Police College with my friend, the dean. Except for the two green lights that shone brightly before the library building, it looked pretty much like many other college campuses I had visited. Here and there I could see eager college boys with books under their arms hurrying to classes.

"What degree do you confer here?" I asked the dean.

"The third degree of course," he said, bowing pleasantly to a bright-looking lad who passed us on his way to the classroom. "That's one of our best students," said the dean. "He was just elected to Phi Beta Copper."

A group of students was seated on the steps of one of the buildings singing one of their merry college songs. I tried to hear the words.

"Oh, Angeline, sweet Angeline,
You are my own shoplifting queen.
I'll tap you lightly on the bean,
And pinch you quick,
My Angeline."

"Tell me," I asked, "what courses do you have here?"

"Well," said the dean, "for those who need it we have elementary courses in Raiding and Rioting."

"That's interesting," I said.

"And then," continued the dean, "we have courses in Ancient and Modern Mystery. Those are among our most popular courses. And then, to teach the young idea to shoot, we have quite thorough courses in Elementary and Higher Automatics."

"What's Higher Automatics?"

"Why, triggernometry, of course," said the dean.

"How about languages?" I inquired.

"Ah," replied the dean. "We lay great emphasis here on languages. Perhaps you'd like to hear a class in session?"

We went up the steps of one of the buildings and entered a large sunny classroom. A student on his feet was reciting while the young man seated beside him was prompting him in a hoarse whisper from a book surreptitiously concealed on his lap, so I knew that the Police College was run on the most approved modern principles. It made me homesick for my own Alma Mater.

"Now read that passage again," said the instructor.

"'A mockey cannon who just done a stretch in stir was friskin' a pie-eyed gob when he pipes a flat-foot comin'. "I gotta beat it," says the yegg. "I guess I better lay off this stew. If that bull cops me with them irons on me it'll set me back a coupla grand to fix it."'"

"Now translate," said the instructor.

"'A highwayman of foreign extraction,'" said the student, prompted audibly by his neighbor, "'who had recently been released from incarceration in a penal institution, was searching an intoxicated seaman when he became aware of the approach of an officer of the law. "I believe it would be discreet for me to depart," soliloquized the ex-felon. "I had better refrain from further molesting this inebriate, for if that minion of the law apprehends me with these firearms concealed about my person, it would involve an outlay of several thousand dollars to extricate myself from the toils of the authorities."'"

"Besides modern languages," I said as we came out again onto the campus, "do you teach any of the dead languages?"

"We have a course in Coptic," said the dean, "for our advanced students. Our course in Traffic Regulating is quite interesting. In the final examination last year half the class flunked."

"Is it as difficult as all that?"

"One of the hardest we have. In order to get a passing mark," said the dean, "the student has to be able to assume a nonchalant unconcerned attitude until a group of motorists just reach the crossing. Then he has to be able to raise his hand abruptly so as to stop them suddenly. Most of the students find it hard to give the motorist insufficient warning. Then, too, there is the course in Label Pasting."

"What's that?"

"We call it Traffic B," said the dean. "The pupils have to become proficient in stopping motor cars and pasting labels on their windshields to indicate that the owners have purchased tickets for the various police balls, dances, concerts and picnics."

"Concerts?" I asked.

"Certainly. Our music courses are among the most important in the college. Detecting crime is becoming one of the less important functions of a modern police force. Police-band rehearsals and glee-club rehearsals take up so much of their time nowadays that the students really haven't much time left to bother with criminals."

"That's strange," I said.

"Read the papers," said the dean. "No public function is complete without the Police Glee Club, and no distinguished visitor would feel that he had been properly received if the Police Band were not at the pier to greet him."

"How about student activities?" I asked.

"Well," the dean answered amilingly, "boys will be boys, you know. They have their frats and their secret societies. There's the Handcuff and Nightstick—that's the most exclusive. I tell you that the young man who is tapped for 'Cuff and Nightstick has an experience that he doesn't forget in a hurry."

"Really?"

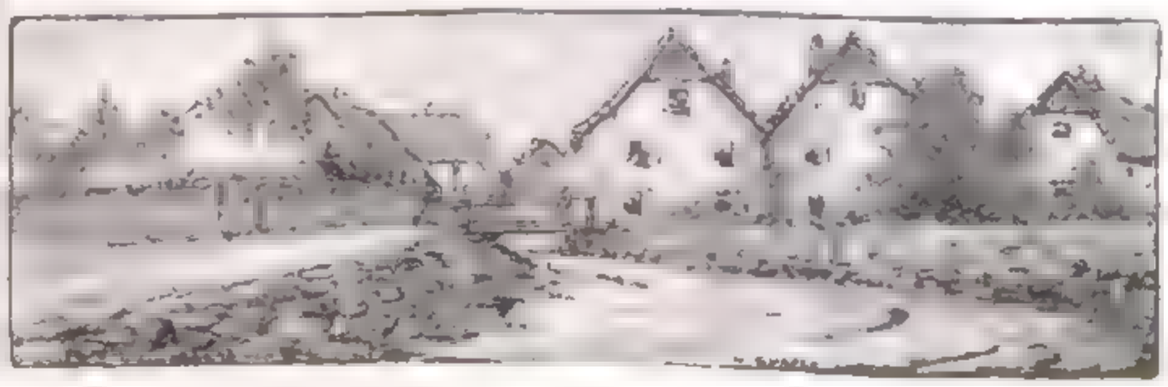
"Last year on Tap Day three of the juniors had to be taken to the hospital after they were tapped. We also have hazing and inter-class fights here, the same as at other colleges."

"That's what I'd like to see," I said. "I've always regretted that I was not born early enough to witness the contests in the old Roman arenas. But a freshman-sophomore flag rush among policemen would be worth traveling far to witness."

"The class fights in the Detective School are the best. Do you know what they're called?"

"What?" I asked.

"Why, bull fights, of course," said the dean.



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From Business Firms who know—

"We favor the Sundstrand particularly because of its portability, convenient ten-key keyboard arrangement, ease of operation and freedom from mechanical difficulties. The direct subtraction model saves a great amount of time. We know of no other machine that combines all of these advantages."
—from a large central west glass company
"The Sundstrand machine, in our opinion, is faster on addition multiplication and subtraction than any other machine which we have used, and we are particularly pleased with the direct subtraction feature."
—from a large coal company
"We have been using another make of machine previous to the purchase of the Sundstrand and we frankly state that we find your machine far superior in all respects to previous machine used.
—from a leading toy and novelty company
The direct subtraction feature has been valuable in balancing a number of ledgers monthly that contain both credit and debit balances, shortening the process used on other machines."
—from a leading southern hardware house
—from an eastern national bank
"We would not replace our Sundstrand machines for any amount of money. They have proved to be highly satisfactory. The subtraction feature has saved us considerable time."
—from a well-known eastern concern
—from an eminent scientist
"The direct subtraction feature of these machines is a very important time saver and, in fact, is put to many uses in this office."
—from a leading axle concern
"We are using the Sundstrand Direct Subtraction machine principally for addition and subtraction work and are pleased to say that the subtraction feature is a very excellent one."
—from a well-known manufacturer of billiard and bowling equipment
"We have received no complaints from any of our operators. In fact, they speak very highly of this machine and I doubt whether they would consider any other machine on future prospects where subtraction work is necessary."
—from a large public utilities company
—from a prominent real estate organization
—from a nationally-known flour mills company
(As we do not care to submit the above companies to possible annoyance, we have not mentioned their names. The original letters, however, are on file in our offices.)

Direct Subtraction Featured Models $150 and up

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Hand or Motor Operated

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EVERYWHERE, from thousands of offices, stores and factories come glowing reports of the remarkable efficiency of Sundstrand machines. Especially is emphasis laid upon the value of *direct subtraction*—a feature introduced by Sundstrand in moderate priced machines and thus made available to every business, large and small.

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Send complete information concerning figuring machines checked below:
☐ With Direct Subtraction ☐ Without Direct Subtraction
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Name

Address

City *State*

The Poets' Corner

The Pay Roll

THE biggest man in the rigger gang
Is lantern-jawed Jerry O'Teel.
He's boss, of course, by right of force
And a wow at pushing steel.
He knows about channels and reënforced panels
And rivets and I-beams and power.
He'll walk two-by-fours at forty-eight floors,
But he only gets two bucks an hour.

If ever you stop in the carpenters' shop,
Just look up Oscar the Swede.
You'll find him there with a big steel square
And a miter that you can't read.
He can hang oak doors or lay hardwood floors,
And for him, building forms is just play.
He'll frame a roof truss with nary a fuss,
But he only gets fourteen a day.

The master mechanic is Angus McBannock,
The handiest guy on the dump.
He gives steam to the masons and air to the caissons
And knows the heat loss of each pump.
It's a copper-bound cinch to set up a winch
And to fix up a knock or a squeak.
If a mixer goes sour it's jake in an hour,
But he only gets eighty a week.

Young Johnny Hume in the drafting room
Pushes a pencil all day.
He checks over plans and quite understands
That he's making too damned much pay.
He's learned about stresses and plaster web meshes,
But only in books, so I hear.
Just as if college could give a guy knowledge!
And he's getting twelve hundred a year!
—*Charles Dean Chamberlin.*

Rimes for Mary

THE VACUUM CLEANER

MY MOTHER says if I swaller dirt
My stummick is almost sure to hurt;
But our vacuum cleaner gobbles grit
And dust and dirt, and thrives on it!

BILLY B. JONES

Billy B. Jones wouldn't hark to his mother;
She'd say one thing—he'd do another.

Billy B. Jones wouldn't hark to his father;
All he would say was "I can't bother!"

Up on her knee his mother yanked him;
"Do as your father says!" so she spanked him.

Up on his knee his father yanked him;
"Do as your mother says!" so he spanked him.

Billy B. Jones has changed completely;
Now he harks to his parents sweetly.

Billy B. Jones fears he might distress 'em
So when his mother speaks, Billy says "Yessum!"

His re-frack-shus-ness is lesser;
When his father speaks, Billy says "Yessir!"

OUR CANARY

We had a canary, his name was James.
He might have had several other names,
But of course he wouldn't of been the same
If George or Reginald was his name.

We had a cat named Millicent May
Who ate our canary up one day;
And that was naughty of Millicent May,
But cats will often behave that way.

So James got swallowed, and there he lay
Right in the middle of Millicent May.
And now my comickle Uncle claims
That Millicent's Middle Name is James!

PERCY

We have a big ole wogga and my Uncle calls him Percy
Because he Percy-cutes the cats without a bit of mercy;
And Uncle says that's fair enough, for cats aren't very nice,
They Mercy-lessly Percypere in Percy-cuting mice!

BINGO

A Bingo hurt is a hurt that doesn't
Or a hurt that was—and you play it wasn't!
You screw your face up good and tight
Then you say "Bingo"—and that's all right!

A scratch on the finger, a bump on the head
Is a Bingo hurt if it don't bleed red.
And once my finger was cut—and BLED,
But I said "Bingo!" I did, yes ma'am!
THAT shows how terribly brave I am!

THE BATH

It's not so bad taking a scrub
With water that's warm in the tub
And soapy and splashy and squirty;
You come out all clean and all pink,
But if you ask me what I think,
I think I would rather be dirty!
—*Berton Braley.*

Any Lover to His Love

WHERE you have been the lilies blow
More thickly, and the grass is sweet
Where you have touched it with your feet.

Where you have been, and where you go
The world is fair—so fair!
Your laughter trembles in the air.

Where you have been I wander, and
The lilies and the grass
Utter your beauty as I pass.

Even the blind clouds understand
What loveliness by all is seen
Who walk where you are, or have been.
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Fat Little Flivver

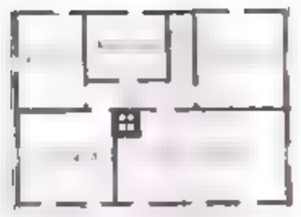
THE fat little flivver's an orphan now.
Nobody loves it any more.
It has a smashed hood anyhow,
And an engine knock, and a sprung rear door.
Deep in its soul is a hidden scar:
It's been turned in for a bigger car.

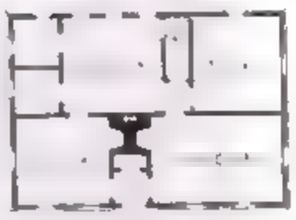
The fat little flivver still believes
That the children will climb in, all aglow.
Deep in its little tin heart it grieves
For the picnic grove where it used to go.
But to those joys its age is a bar.
It's been turned in for a bigger car.

The fat little flivver, they loved it well.
The center of all their world, it stood,
Proud as a king in his citadel,
Out in the shed by the pile of wood.
But all those scenes are vanished far.
It's been turned in for a bigger car.

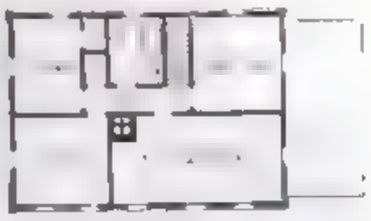
Fat little flivver, don't sob so hard!
Be still, I will tell you a secret. Wait.
Somewhere, still, there's another yard
And children hanging across the gate!
You're homely and old. But just as you are,
They'll love you as much as a bigger car.

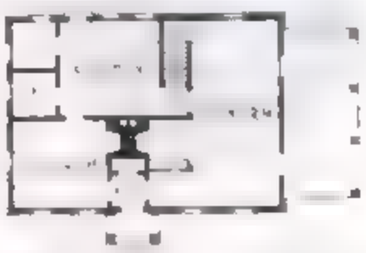
Listen! The salesman's starting to sell you.
And five six children! What did I tell you!
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*





Old House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below





Remodeled House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below

"We turned to page 6—

There was the very idea for altering our old house"

" . . . and right there we stopped—on page 6 of *Better Homes from Old Houses*. For there was a sketch with simple plans which showed us exactly what alterations were needed to make our out-of-date house attractive."

And with the Barrett Book, *Better Homes from Old Houses*, to guide you, wonders can be accomplished with your old place. Prepared by a staff of leading architects, this book has proved its value to more than 200,000 American home-owners. It shows all the common types of old American houses—and then shows practical sketches and suggestions for making them beautiful, more comfortable and worth more money.

In *Better Homes from Old Houses*, you are sure to find alteration hints that will prove practical for your house. And only ten cents in stamps brings this valuable little book to your door.

While you are considering the remodeling of your home, you will very naturally give some thought to the question of a new roof.

The roof is so important

Real estate men will tell you that nothing adds more to the charm and *value* of a house than a fine roof—colorful, durable, fire-safe. Here's a statement that points straight to Barrett Giant Shingles.

These Giants were specially designed for reroofing. Extra thick and extra big (12" x 14"), they can be laid right over the old roof. And they're beautiful! Surfaced with everlasting mineral in fadeless moss-green, soft red or shadowy blue-black. Never need painting or staining—never rot or rust. Finally, they're fire-safe!

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Remington
cash registers

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 44)

addicted to honing razors, and would eagerly hone half a dozen razors for persons with whom he struck up casual acquaintanceships in the smoking rooms of Pullman cars.

Even more violent than his razor-honing frenzy was his absorbing zeal for acquiring ancient clocks with a marked disinclination for keeping time, and giving the insides of the clocks his personal attention until he had healed their maladies and overcome their objections to running.

A clock, to him, is inflaming to the emotions and exciting to the fancy beyond any other inanimate object. Fight against the craving for clock repairing as he will, it always conquers him in the end. He may solemnly swear off on clock repairing with such seriousness as to convince the most skeptical of his good intentions; but let him be confronted ten minutes later by a fine old banjo clock, and all the old craving springs into being again and rages through him like a spring flood until he can get the article in his hands and remove with low moans of satisfaction the face, the mainspring and sixty-nine assorted cogwheels.

When he first entered the Attorney-General's office in the Department of Justice, his eye fell on a mantel clock, and he had to be forcibly restrained from interrupting the proceedings by taking it down and tearing out its insides.

For a time the investigators hoped to prove that he had succeeded in cornering the antique-clock market in Vermont, and had thus become a trust; but it soon developed that there were a few antique clocks that he had failed to acquire. So the investigators delved deeper into his fondness for tinkering with machinery; and at length their efforts were rewarded by discovering distinct signs that he had probably been in some measure responsible for building up the great phonograph industry.

In League With Edison

It appears that back in 1877, when he was teaching school in the town of Mt. Holly, he boarded at the home of Ira Davenport, the Mt. Holly blacksmith. Some time before that a young man named John Lawson had boarded with Ira Davenport, and had then gone away and entered the employ of one Thomas Edison, of New Jersey, who was messing around with a blame-fool invention that was calculated to reproduce the human voice. At any rate, while John Garibaldi Sargent was boarding with Ira Davenport, John Lawson came back for a vacation; and with him he had a model of this blame-fool contraption that Edison had handed to him for experimental purposes.

When one talked into the machine a needle was supposed to make marks on a piece of tin foil that was fastened to a cylinder on the blame thing—marks which later would reproduce the voice which caused them; but the trouble with it was that if the needle was close enough to the tin foil to make marks, it usually punched holes in addition—which spoiled everything. So John Garibaldi Sargent and John Lawson got their heads together, and between them evolved the idea of backing the needle with a piece of felt, so that it would yield a little when it touched the tin foil over-hard, and consequently stop punching holes.

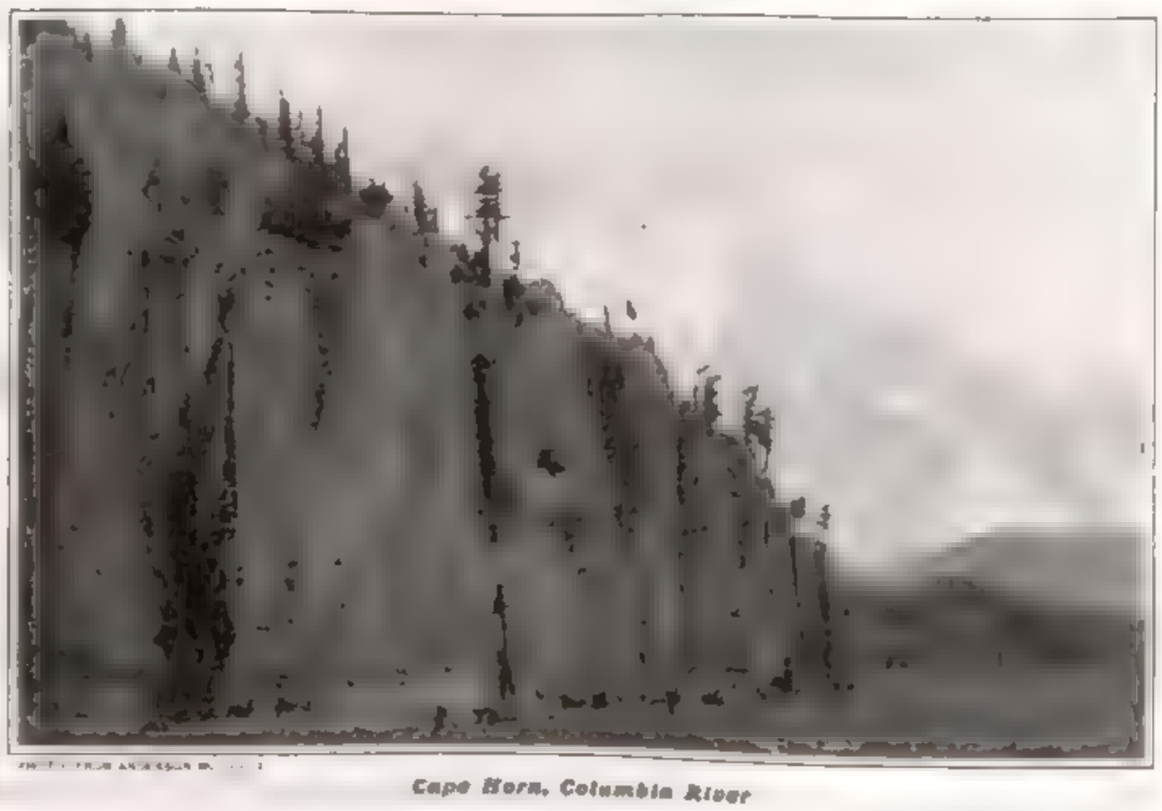
Therefore there are indications that John Garibaldi Sargent had a hand in the perfecting of the original phonograph, and might therefore, without stretching things very much, have the finger of scorn pointed at him as an encourager and abettor of the great phonograph industry. So the trusted investigators rushed gleefully back with the damning facts to their pale distraught employers, who saw their great point of attack against the Republican Administration slowly crumbling to something resembling a hole instead of a proud prominent point.

A Super-Tinkerer

But even this information served only to cause the wise gentlemen to turn more pallid; for it was at once apparent to them that the great voting population of the United States is addicted to tinkering with tools, and that the news of John Garibaldi Sargent's super-tinkering would only fix more firmly in their minds the fact that he was a concentrated and therefore highly desirable sample of the plain people.

No ray of hope came to the wise gentlemen when they subsequently discovered that John Garibaldi Sargent's law firm represented such great monopolies as the American Express Company, the Standard Oil Company, the Boston and Maine Railroad and the Vermont Hydro-Electric Power Corporation; for at the same time they discovered that, as Attorney-General of Vermont, Sargent had adopted and insisted on the principle of telling the counsel of all persons against whom suits were brought by the State of Vermont exactly what evidence the state had against their clients, and of showing them all the state's exhibits in each case. His only duty as Attorney-General, argued Sargent, was to have the truth prevail.

So the wise gentlemen of the Democratic Party have abandoned the new Attorney-General of the United States as a point of attack on the Republican Administration, and are devoting themselves to cursing the day when they prevented the appointment of a Republican Attorney-General at whom a wandering and homeless political party could point the finger of censure.



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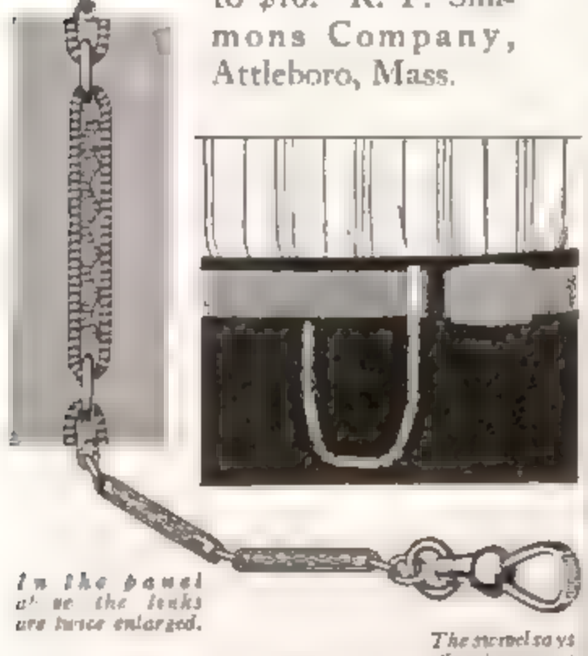

In the panel at the links are twice enlarged.

The swivel says it's a Simmons

SIMMONS CHAINS
TRADE MARK

EXPRESSIONS AND THE FRAUDIAN COMPLEX—By Blanche Godman

"AFTERNOON," called Uncle Peter to Viney as he paused in front of her cabin, hung his hat on one of the semi-occasional palings in the fence, and mopped his brow with a bright bandanna.

"Come in and rest yo'self," called Viney, pointing to a place beside her on the cabin porch steps.

Uncle Peter hobbled in.

"How's eve'ybody up at de Big House?" The dwelling of Colonel and Mis' Fanny Slocum was always referred to in this manner by its black satellites.

"Dey's all fine. I jest finished helpin' Mis' Fanny houseclean, aginst Mis' May an' de chillen come on a visit fum Nashville. You know Mis' May's done been cured."

"Cured?" echoed Uncle Peter. "Why, I ain't even heerd tell 'at she was ailin'. Whut she been cured of?"

"Uncle Peter"—and Viney made room for him beside her—"you 'members back yondah in de olden days when Doctah Luke Randall was livin', how we went to him ef we was feelin' po'ly? He'd tell us to poke out ouah tongues, an' after takin' a look, he'd say, 'Cal'mel' er 'Pa'goric,' as de case mought be. Er maybe he'd tell us to go on home an' fo'git about hit, dat dey wan't nothin' de matter wid you but 'magination, nohow. An' as I ricollecks hit, folks seemed to be 'bout as well an' healthy in dem days as dey is now, if not mo' so.

"Hit was jes' two kinds er doctahs den," continued Viney, "folks, an' hoss. All er dat's done gone an' been changed. Now'days, doctahs is called specialties, an' all de ailments whut's in de books is bavided up 'mongst 'em."

"But," said Uncle Peter, evincing some impatience, "I cain't figgah out whut all dat got to do wid Mis' May."

"I'm a-comin' to Mis' May right now. You see, 'bout a yeah ago she begin gittin' nuvvus an' cross an' thin, an' couldn't nobody seem to find out what 'uz de matter wid her. She went to one specialty aftah de other, an' de 'pinion, inginerally, seemed to be dat she was sufferin' wid some kind er infraction."

"In whut?"

"Infraction, Uncle Peter," said Viney importantly. "Mis' Fanny say dat folks gits infractions fum pizen backin' up in de system, an' dat de specialties has done found out dat de different kinds er miseries you gits come fum dat cause. Dey 'zaminated Mis' May fo' eve'y kind er infraction dey is, befo' dey give up. Den one er Mis' May's frien's ax 'em why don' Mistah Tom take her up No'th to insult a specialty whut am still mo' new-fangled den de home ones, an' find out ef she's sufferin' fum expressions."

"Expressions?" Uncle Peter turned a wide-eyed gaze of inquiry upon Viney.

"Dat's whut I said, Uncle Peter, an' de explainment of dat word am somep'n like dis, fum what Mis' Fanny tell me: Jes' like infractions comes fum pizen backin' up in yo' body, expressions am cause' by a lot er notions backin' up in yo' haid, an' churnin' round, an' chawin' on each other, twel de nuvvus system is all upsot, jes' like de body system. She say dat a gemman by de name er Fraud done 'skivered 'bout expressions, an' dat he was de fust one whut found out how to he'p folks git shed of 'em. De specialty dey was aimin' to take Mis' May to, had done went to school to Doctah Fraud, hit seem', an' Mis' Fanny say dat he didn' only cure folks of havin' expressions, but he learnt 'em how to git rid of dey complexions too. Dat las' part I didn' un'erstand 'bout so well, but I sho' did un'erstand 'bout whut havin' de expressions means. I had 'em oncet myself."

"Sho' 'nough?" breathed Uncle Peter.

"Yes. Hit was de time I went ovah to Nashville to help Classy, Mis' May's cook, take keer of de two chillen while Mis' May was at de horsepital, havin' a apparition. Mis' May an' Mistah Tom had rented out dey house in de country an' come in town de year befo' I went ovah, an' dey was livin' in a department buildin' at dat time. Uncle Peter, I'm tellin' you, dat ef ever anyone wants to make me suffer fo' my sins on dis earf dey ain't only got to do but jes' one thing, an' dat am to fo'ce me to go an' live in one er dem kind er places. Why, you cain't even show off yo' good temper in 'em, let alone yo' bad one, which no one ain't cravin' to make public, nohow.

"I couldn't even sing, dat de folks overhaid didn't phome down to please keep dat cat quiet. Er ef I rocked de baby to sleep, de folks below us sent up word dat I chuck de plasterin' down on 'em. You'd think dat dem folks bein' so p'tic'lous wid us 'd be de very ones to keep quiet deyselves, wouldn't you? Well, 'bout two o'clock in de mawnins, hit'd sound like de people upstairs took a sudden notion to move out, an' pitch de funnisher back an' foth to each other an' drap a dresser er a table on de flo' ev'y now an' den to see ef hit would stand de strain of bein' carried downstairs. Dey'd keep up dey racket a hour or two, an' 'bout time dey changed dey minds an' decide to keep payin' rent whar dey is some un in de department below us begin playin' de Memphis Blues on de phonygraph, an' de sound come up de airy-way as plain as ef hit was right in my room. Cose dey own noise didn' bother them, but dey'd raise a rumpus mighty nigh eve'y time me an' Classy moved. I got so dat I was afeared to put my feets down on de flo', and fo' a long time after I got home, Isom axed me whut fo' was I egg-walkin'?

"When de weather in Nashville was too bad fo' me to take de baby out er doors, an' set in de park wid him, I kep' him quiet by smearin' his palms wid 'lasses an' givin' him a feather. He'd change dat feather back an' fo'th by de hour, bless his li'l' heart. But you couldn' keep Tom Junior, de other one, quiet dat 'ere way.

"And what wid worryin' ovah his noise, an' tryin' to hold my tongue so as to keep fum havin' a run-in wid de neighbors I got so plum' full of expressions, dat ef Mis' May hadn' a got well when she did, so I could come on back to Chatt'noogy, I'd 'a' blowed up an' busted.

"All er dat come back to me, when Mis' Fanny was tellin' me 'bout Mis' May. I says, 'Mis' Fanny, I'm gwine tell you right now dat livin' in a department, instead of a house, is 'nough to give anyone expressions, let alone Mis' May. Why, befo' I'd give up a sho' 'nough home like her an' Mistah Tom done, fo' one er dem sardine boxes dey calls flats, I'd pick me out a place by de bresh pile to live in. Mis' Fanny,' I says, 'not meanin' no disrespeck to no one, but you knows dat we all is liable to git temperous, now an' den. Hit ain't in nature fo' folks, either married or contrarywise, to be p'lite all de time, an' a department buildin' ain't no place fo' to be un-polite in. You kin hear a pin drap fum one flo' to de next. Hit ain't no wonder 'at Mis' May's sufferin' wid expressions. She don't have to insult no specialty fo' to find out whut ails her. I knows what de trouble am. Nachully she's got too much qual'ty to fuss wid de neighbors, an' ef she gits aggavated at Mistah Tom er Tom Junior, she'd ruther keep hit inside o' her, den spill hit out fo' de whole buildin' to hear.'"

"Whut Mis' Fanny say?"

"Why, Mis' Fanny says to me, 'Viney, I degrees wid you intirely.' An' I says, 'Mis' Fanny, ef Mis' May was to move back to her house, whar de chillen has a plenty er groun', an' whar her an' Mistah Tom can have dey ruckuses in peace, I'll lay you dat inside of a few weeks she's gwine be as healthy as she ever wuz. Ef she don't she's sho' gwine to have nuvvus frustration.'" Viney paused.

"Fum what you done said 'bout her an' de chillen comin' ovah, an' 'bout her bein' cured, Mis' May must 'a' tuck yo' device, den," remarked Uncle Peter.

"Dat's whut she done did. I ain't claimin' no credit fo' hit. All I hopes is dat now dat she's got well she's gwine to stay dat 'ere way. De bottom of de whole thing am, Uncle Peter, dat de most er de white ladies gits dey sicknesses by lettin' trouble gether up on 'em an' den runnin' to a specialty 'stid er gittin' rid er whut's on dey mind jes' as things comes along. Hit puts me in mind er what Isom said de time he answered a appetizement in de paper fo' a boa'din'-house sheff. 'Kin you cook?' de lady axed him. 'Yes'm, I sho' kin,' says Isom. 'Well,' she says, 'ef dat am de case, tell me how does you make hash?' 'Lady,' says Isom, 'you doesn't make hash. You jes' lets hit 'cumulate.'"

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SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 5)

appreciably in looks. Kay Derrick was one of them. He would then have observed that his views on her appearance had been sound. Her eyes, as he had predicted, were blue—a very dark, warm blue like the sky on a summer night—and her hair, such of it as was visible beneath a becoming little hat, was of a soft golden brown. The third thing he would have noticed about her was that she looked tired. And, indeed, she was. It was her daily task to present herself at the house of a certain Mrs. Winnington-Bates, in Thurloe Square, South Kensington, to read to that lady and to attend to her voluminous correspondence. And nobody who knew Mrs. Winnington-Bates at all intimately would have disputed the right of any girl who did this to look as tired as she pleased.

The omnibus arrived and Kay climbed the steps to the roof. The conductor presented himself, punch in hand.

"Fez, pliz."

"Valley Fields," said Kay.

"Q," said the conductor.

He displayed no excitement as he handed her the ticket, none of that anxious concern exhibited by those who met the young man with the banner marked Excelsior; for the days are long past when it was considered rather a dashing adventure to journey to Valley Fields. Two hundred years ago, when highwaymen roved West Kensington and snipe were shot in Regent Street, this pleasant suburb in the Postal Division S. E. 21 was a remote spot to which jaded bucks and beaux would ride when they wanted to get really close to Nature. But now that vast lake of brick and asphalt which is London has flooded its banks and engulfed it.

The Valley Fields of today is a mass of houses, and you may reach it not only by omnibus but by train, and even by tram.

It was a place very familiar to Kay now, so that at times she seemed to have been there all her life; and yet actually only a few months had elapsed since she had been washed up on its shores like a piece of flotsam; or, to put the facts with less imagery, since Mr. Wrenn, of San Rafael, Burberry Road, had come forward on the death of her parents and offered her a home there. This Mr. Wrenn being the bad Uncle Matthew who in the dim past—somewhere around the year 1905—splashed a hideous blot on the Derrick escutcheon by eloping with Kay's Aunt Enid.

Kay had been a child of two at the time, and it was not till she was eight that she heard the story, her informant being young Willoughby Braddock, the stout boy who, with the aid of a trustee, owned the great house and estates adjoining Midways. It was a romantic story—of a young man who had come down to do Midways for the Stately-Homes-of-England series appearing in the then newly established Pyke's Home Companion; who in the process of doing it had made the acquaintance of the sister of its owner; and who only a few weeks later had induced her to run away and marry him, thereby—according to the viewpoint of the family—ruining her chances in this world and her prospects in the next.

For twenty years Matthew Wrenn had been the family outcast, and now time had accomplished one more of its celebrated revenges. The death of Colonel Derrick, which had followed that of his wife by a few months, had revealed the fact that in addition to Norman blood he had also had the simple faith which the poet ranks so much more highly—it taking the form of trusting prospectuses which should not have deceived a child and endeavoring to make up losses caused by the diminishing value of land with a series of speculations, each of them more futile and disastrous than the last. His capital had gone to the four winds, Midways had gone to the mortgagees, and Kay, apprised of these facts by a sympathetic family lawyer, had gone to Mr. Matthew Wrenn, now for many years the editor of that same Pyke's Home Companion of which he had once been the mere representative.

The omnibus stopped at the corner of Burberry Road, and Kay, alighting, walked toward San Rafael. Burberry Road is not one of the more fashionable and wealthy districts of Valley Fields, and most of the houses in it are semidetached. San Rafael belonged to this class, being joined, like a stucco Siamese Twin, in indissoluble union to its next-door neighbor, Mon Repos. It had in front of it a strip of gravel, two apologetic-looking flower beds with evergreens in them, a fence, and in the fence a gate, modeled on the five-barred gates of the country.

Out of this gate, as Kay drew near, there came an elderly gentleman, tall, with gray hair and a scholarly stoop.

"Why, hullo, darling," said Kay. "Where are you off to?"

She kissed her uncle affectionately, for she had grown very fond of him in the months of their companionship.

"Just popping round to have a chat with Cornelius," said Mr. Wrenn. "I thought I might get a game of chess."

In actual years Matthew Wrenn was on the right side of fifty; but as editors of papers like Pyke's Home Companion are apt to do, he looked older than he really was. He was a man of mild and dreamy aspect, and it being difficult to imagine him in any dashing rôle, Kay rather supposed that the energy and fire which had produced the famous elopement must have come from the lady's side.

"Well, don't be late for dinner," she said. "Is Willoughby in?"

"I left him in the garden." Mr. Wrenn hesitated. "That's a curious young man, Kay."

"It's an awful shame that he should be inflicted on you, darling," said Kay. "His housekeeper shooed him out of his house, you know. She wanted to give it a thorough cleaning. And he hates staying at clubs and hotels, and I've known him all my life, and he asked me if we could put him up, and—well, there you are. But cheer up, it's only for tonight."

"My dear, you know I'm only too glad to put up any friend of yours. But he's such a peculiar young fellow. I have been trying to talk to him for an hour, and all he does is to look at me like a goldfish."

"Like a goldfish?"

"Yes, with his eyes staring and his lips moving without any sound coming from them."

Kay laughed.

"It's his speech. I forgot to tell you. The poor lamb has got to make a speech tonight at the annual dinner of the Old Boys of his school. He's never made one before, and it's weighing on his mind terribly."

Mr. Wrenn looked relieved.

"Oh, I didn't know. Honestly, my dear, I thought that he must be mentally deficient." He looked at his watch. "Well, if you think you can entertain him, I will be going along."

Mr. Wrenn went on his way; and Kay, passing through the five-barred gate, followed the little gravel path which skirted the house and came into the garden.

Like all the gardens in the neighborhood, it was a credit to its owner—on the small side, but very green and neat and soothing. The fact that, though so widely built over, Valley Fields has not altogether lost its ancient air of rusticity is due entirely to the zeal and devotion of its amateur horticulturists. More seeds are sold each spring in Valley Fields, more lawn mowers pushed, more garden rollers borrowed, more snails destroyed, more green fly squirted with patent mixtures than in any other suburb on the Surrey side of the river. Brixton may have its Bon Marché and Sydenham its Crystal Palace; but when it comes to pansies, roses, tulips, hollyhocks and nasturtiums, Valley Fields points with pride.

In addition to its other attractive features, the garden of San Rafael contained at this moment a pinkish, stoutish, solemn young man in a brown suit, who was striding up and down the lawn with a glassy stare in his eyes.

"Hullo, Willoughby," said Kay.

The young man came out of his trance with a strong physical convulsion.

"Oh, hullo, Kay."

He followed her across the lawn to the tea table which stood in the shade of a fine tree. For there are trees in this favored spot as well as flowers.

"Tea, Willoughby?" said Kay, sinking gratefully into a deck chair. "Or have you had yours?"

"Yes, I had some. . . . I think ——" Mr. Braddock weighed the question thoughtfully. "Yes. . . . Yes, I've had some."

Kay filled her cup and sipped luxuriously.

"Golly, I'm tired!" she said.

"Had a bad day?"

"Much the same as usual."

"Mrs. B. not too cordial?"

"Not very. And, unfortunately, the son and heir was cordiality itself."

Mr. Braddock nodded.

"A bit of a trial, that lad."

"A bit."

"Wants kicking."

"Very badly."

Kay gave a little wriggle of distaste. Technically, her duties at Thurloe Square consisted of reading and writing Mrs. Winnington-Bates' letters; but what she was engaged for principally, she sometimes thought, was to act as a sort of spiritual punching bag for her employer. Today that lady had been exceptionally trying. Her son, on the other hand, who had recently returned to his home after an unsuccessful attempt to learn poultry farming in Sussex and was lounging about it, with little to occupy him, had shown himself, in his few moments of opportunity, more than usually gallant. What life needed to make it a trifle easier, Kay felt, was for Mrs Bates to admire her a little more and for Claude Bates to admire her a little less.

"I remember him at school," said Mr. Braddock. "A worm."

"Was he at school with you?"

"Yes. Younger than me. A beastly little kid who stuffed himself with food and frousted over fires and shirked games. I remember Sam Shotter licking him once for stealing jam sandwiches at the school shop. By the way, Sam's coming over here. I had a letter from him."

"Is he? And who is he? You've never mentioned his name before."

"Haven't I told you about old Sam Shotter?" asked Mr. Braddock, surprised.

"Never. But he sounds wonderfully attractive. Anyone who licked Claude Bates must have a lot of good in him."

"He was at school with me."

"What a lot of people seem to have been at school with you!"

"Well, there were about six hundred fellows at Wrykyn, you know. Sam and I shared a study. Now there is a chap I envy. He's knocked about all over the world, having all sorts of fun. America one day, Australia the next, Africa the day after."

"Quick mover," said Kay.

"The last I heard from him he was in his uncle's office in New York, but in this letter he says he's coming over to work at Tilbury House"

"Tilbury House? Really? I wonder if uncle will meet him."

"Don't you think it would be a sound move if I gave him a dinner or something where he could meet a few of the lads? You and your uncle, of course—and if I could get hold of old Tilbury."

"Do you know Lord Tilbury?"

"Oh, yes; I play bridge with him sometimes at the club. And he took my shooting last year."

"When does Mr. Shotter arrive?"

"I don't know. He says it's uncertain. You see, he's coming over on a tramp steamer."

"A tramp steamer? Why?"

"Well, it's the sort of thing he does. Sort of thing I'd like to do too."

"You?" said Kay, amazed. Willoughby Braddock had always seemed to her a man to whose well-being the refinements—and even the luxuries—of civilization were essential. One of her earliest recollections was of sitting in a tree and hurling juvenile insults at him, it having come to her ears through reliable channels that he habitually wore bed socks. "What nonsense, Willoughby! You would hate roughing it."

"I wouldn't," said Mr. Braddock stoutly. "I'd love a bit of adventure."

"Well, why don't you have it? You've got plenty of money. You could be a pirate of the Spanish Main if you wanted."

Mr. Braddock shook his head wistfully.

"I can't get away from Mrs. Lippett."

Willoughby Braddock was one of those unfortunate bachelors who are doomed to live under the thrall of either a housekeeper or a valet. His particular cross in life was his housekeeper, his servitude being rendered all the more unescapable by the fact that Mrs. Lippett had been his nurse in the days of his childhood. There are men who can defy a woman. There are men who can cope with a faithful old retainer. But if there are men who can tackle a faithful old female retainer who has frequently smacked them with the back of a hairbrush, Willoughby Braddock was not one of them.

"She would have a fit or go into a decline or something if I tried to break loose."

"Poor old Willoughby! Life can be very hard, can't it? By the way, I met my uncle outside. He was complaining that you were not very chummy."

"No, was he?"

"He said you just sat there looking at him like a goldfish."

"Oh, I say!" said Mr. Braddock remorsefully. "I'm awfully sorry. I mean, after he's been so decent, putting me up and everything. I hope you explained to him that I was frightfully worried about this speech."

"Yes, I did. But I don't see why you should be. It's perfectly simple making a speech. Especially at an Old Boys' dinner, where they won't expect anything very much. If I were you, I should just get up and tell them one or two funny stories and sit down again."

"I've got one story," said Mr. Braddock more hopefully. "It's about an Irishman."

"Pat or Mike?"

"I thought of calling him Pat. He's in New York and he goes down to the dock and he sees a diver coming up out of the water—in a diving suit, you know—and he thinks the fellow—the diver, you understand—has walked across the Atlantic and wishes he had thought of doing the same himself, so as to have saved the fare, don't you know."

"I see. One of those weak-minded Irishmen."

"Do you think it will amuse them?" asked Mr. Braddock anxiously.

"I should think they would roll off their seats."

"No, really?" He broke off and stretched out a hand in alarm. "I say, you weren't thinking of having one of those rock cakes, were you?"

"I was. But I won't if you don't want me to. Aren't they good?"

"Good? My dear old soul," said Mr. Braddock earnestly, "they are Clara's worst effort—absolutely her very worst. I had to eat one because she came and stood over me and watched me do it. It beats me why you don't sack that girl. She's a rotten cook."

"Sack Claire?" Kay laughed. "You might just as well try to sack her mother."

"I suppose you're right."

"You can't sack a Lippett."

(Continued on Page 77)

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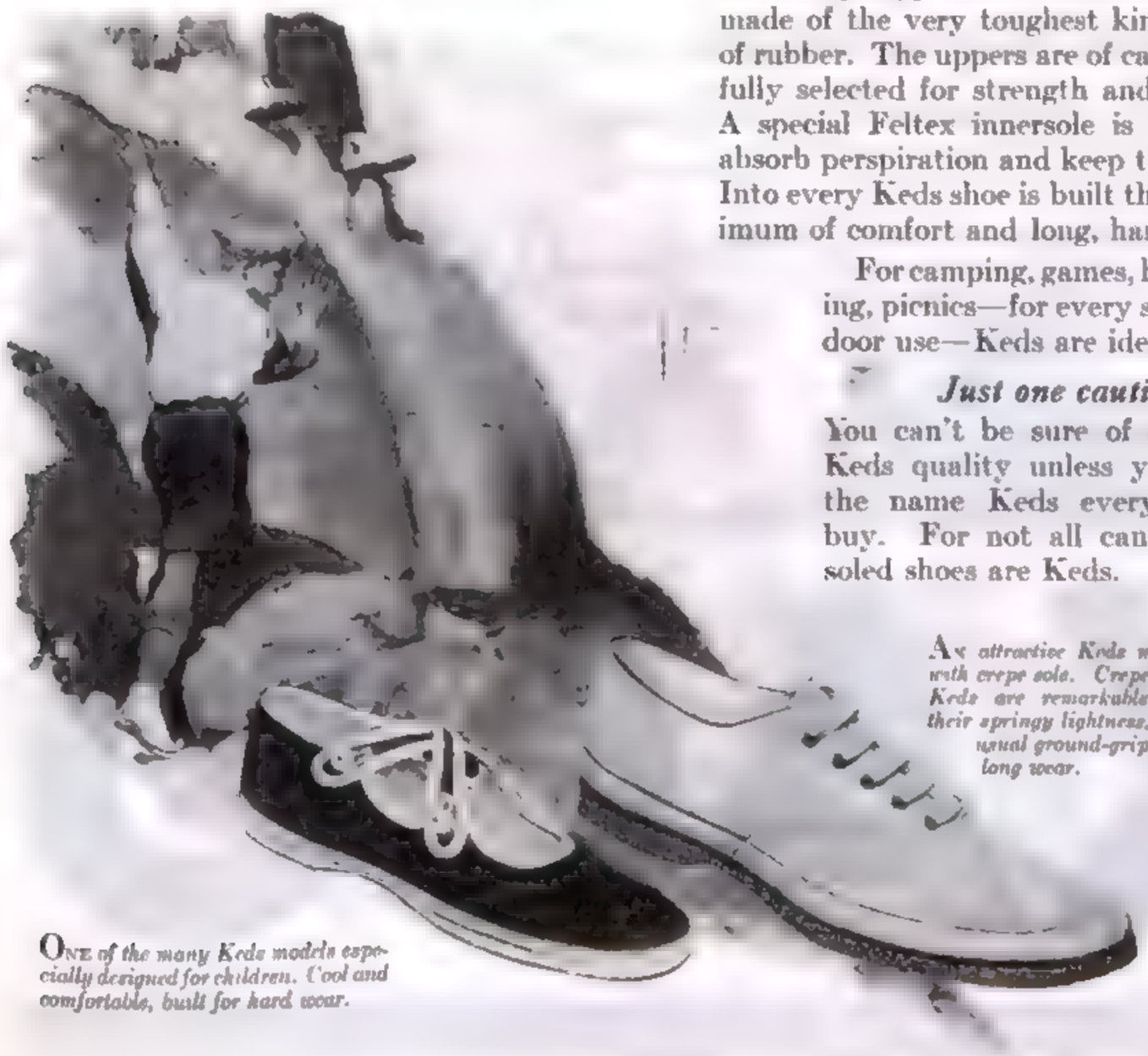

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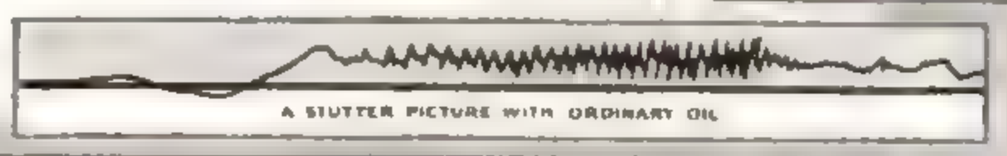

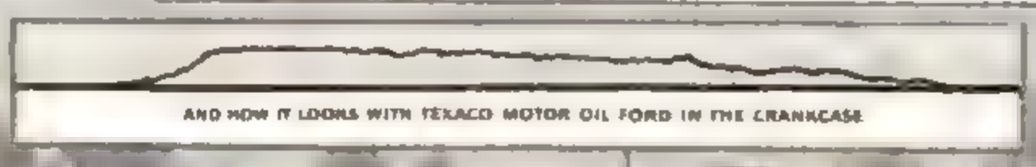

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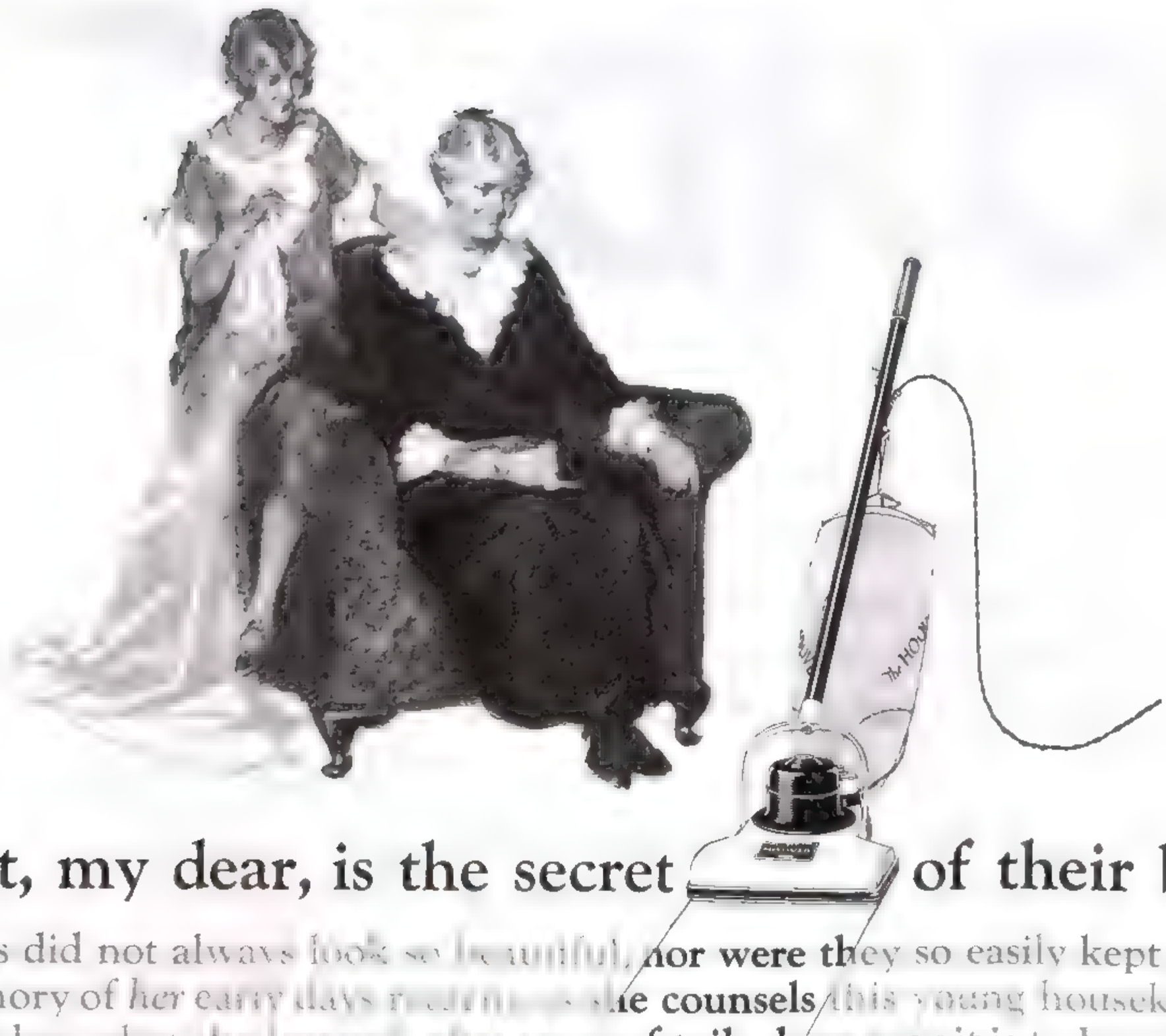

"That, my dear, is the secret of their beauty"

Her rugs did not always look so beautiful, **nor were they** so easily kept clean. And the memory of *her* early days **she counsels** this young housekeeper-to-be. She tells her what she learned, after **years of toil—how** easy it is to keep rugs *beaten and swept*, with a Hoover. "And that, **my dear, is the** secret of their beauty." For well she knows, from long experience, **that rugs need** beating to dislodge the embedded sharp-edged dirt which cuts rug nap. **(You, too,** can prove this . . .) She tells her the easy way to do her "dusting," **with the remarkable** dusting tools provided with The Hoover. And as they talk together, **of the future**, she wonders what this girl's lot will be. Will she find a Hoover in **the new home**—*a wedding gift?* Surely no one could give her a greater aid to **happiness than this** *complete home-cleaning servant.* And nothing would be easier **to buy. For any** Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver The Hoover, complete **with dusting tools**, for *only* $6.25 *down.*

The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

***TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING:** Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, *and that beating has dislodged.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *beating* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag

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(Continued from Page 72)

"No, I see what you mean. I wish she wasn't so dashed familiar with a fellow, though."

"Well, she has known you almost as long as I have. Mrs. Lippett has always been a sort of mother to you, so I suppose Claire regards herself as a sort of sister."

"Yes, I suppose it can't be helped," said Mr. Braddock bravely. He glanced at his watch. "Ought to be going and dressing. I'll find you out here before I leave?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll be pushing along. I say, you do think that story about the Irishman is all right?"

"Best thing I ever heard," said Kay loyally.

For some minutes after he had left her she sat back in her chair with her eyes closed, relaxing in the evening stillness of this pleasant garden.

"Finished with the tea, Miss Kay?"

Kay opened her eyes. A solid little figure in a print dress was standing at her side. A jaunty maid's cap surmounted this person's tow-colored hair. She had a perky nose and a wide, friendly mouth, and she beamed upon Kay devotedly.

"Brought you these," she said, dropping a rug, two cushions and a footstool, beneath the burden of which she had been staggering across the lawn like a small pack mule. "Make you nice and comfortable, and then you can get a nice nap. I can see you're all tired out."

"That's awfully good of you, Claire. But you shouldn t have bothered."

Claire Lippett, daughter of Willoughby Braddock's autocratic housekeeper, and cook and maid of all work at San Rafael, was a survivor of the Midways epoch. She had entered the Derrick household at the age of twelve, her duties at that time being vague and leaving her plenty of leisure for surreptitious bird's-nesting with Kay, then thirteen. On her eighteenth birthday she had been promoted to the post of Kay's personal maid, and from that moment may be said formally to have taken charge. The Lippett motto was Fidelity, and not even the famous financial crash had been able to dislodge this worthy daughter of the clan. Resolutely following Kay into exile, she had become, as stated, Mr. Wrenn's cook. And, as Mr. Braddock had justly remarked, a very bad cook too.

"You oughtn't to go getting yourself all tired, Miss Kay. You ought to be sitting at your ease."

"Well, so I am," said Kay.

There were times when, like Mr. Braddock, she found the Lippett protectiveness a little cloying. She was a high-spirited girl and wanted to face the world with a defiant "Who cares?" And it was not easy to do this with Claire coddling her all the time as if she were a fragile and sensitive plant. Resistance, however, was useless. Nobody had ever yet succeeded in curbing the motherly spirit of the Lippetts, and probably nobody ever would.

"Mean ter say," explained Claire, adjusting the footstool, "you ought not to be soiling your hands with work, that's what I mean. It's a shame you should be having to ——"

She stopped abruptly. She had picked up the tea tray and made a wounding discovery.

"You haven't touched my rock cakes," she said in a voice in which reproach and disappointment were nicely blended. "And I made them for you special."

"I didn't want to spoil my dinner," said Kay hastily. Claire was a temperamental girl, quick to resent slurs on her handiwork. "I'm sure you've got something nice."

Claire considered the point.

"Well, yes and no," she said. "If you're thinking of the pudding, I'm afraid that's off. The kitten fell into the custard."

"No!"

"She did. And when I'd fished her out there wasn't hardly any left. Seemed to have soaked it into her like as if she was a sponge. Still, there 'ud be enough for you if Mr. Wrenn didn't want any."

"No, it doesn't matter, thanks," said Kay earnestly.

"Well, I'm trying a new soup, which'll sort of make up for it. It's one I read in a book. It's called pottage ar lar princess. You're sure you won't have one of these rock cakes, Miss Kay? Put strength into you."

"No, thanks, really."

"Right-ho; just as you say."

Miss Lippett crossed the lawn and disappeared, and a soothing peace fell upon the garden. A few minutes later, however, just as Kay's head was beginning to nod, from an upper window there suddenly blared forth on the still air a loud and raucous voice, suggestive of costermongers advertising their Brussels sprouts or those who call the cattle home across the Sands of Dee.

"I am reminded by a remark of our worthy president," roared the voice, "of a little story which may be new to some of you present here tonight. It seems that a certain Irishman had gone down to New York—I mean, he was in New York and had gone down to the docks—and while there—while there ——"

The voice trailed off. Apparently the lungs were willing but the memory was weak. Presently it broke out in another place.

"For the school, gentlemen, our dear old school, occupies a place in our hates—a place in our hearts—in the hearts of all of us—in all our hearts—in our hearts, gentlemen, which nothing else can fill. It forms, if I may put it that way, Mr. President and gentlemen—forms—forms—forms a link that links the generations. Whether we are fifty years old or forty or thirty or twenty, we are none the less all of us contemporaries. And why? Because, gentlemen, we are all—er—linked by that link."

"Jolly good!" murmured Kay, impressed.

"That is why, Mr. President and gentlemen, though I am glad, delighted, pleased, happy and—er—overjoyed to see so many of you responding to the annual call of our dear old school, I am not surprised."

From the kitchen door, a small knife in one hand and a half-peeled onion in the other, there emerged the stocky figure of Claire Lippett. She gazed up at the window wrathfully.

"Hi!"

"No, not surprised."

"Hi!"

"And talking of being surprised, I am reminded of a little story which may be new to some of you present here tonight. It seems that a certain Irishman ——"

From the days when their ancestresses had helped the menfolk of the tribe to make marauding Danes wish that they had stayed in Denmark, the female members of Claire Lippett's family had always been women of action. Having said "Hi!" twice, their twentieth-century descendant seemed to consider that she had done all that could reasonably be expected of her in the way of words. With a graceful swing of her right arm, she sent the onion shooting upward. And such was the never-failing efficiency of this masterly girl that it whizzed in through the open window, from which, after a brief interval, there appeared, leaning out, the dress-shirted and white-tied upper portion of Mr. Willoughby Braddock. He was rubbing his ear.

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Miss Lippett.

Mr. Braddock gazed austerely into the depths. Except that the positions of the characters were inverted and the tone of the dialogue somewhat different, it might have been the big scene out of Romeo and Juliet.

"What did you say?"

"I said be quiet. Miss Kay wants to get a bit of sleep. How can she get a bit of sleep with that row going on?"

"Clara!" said Mr. Braddock portentously.

"Claire," corrected the girl coldly, insisting on a point for which she had had to fight all her life.

Mr. Braddock gulped.

"I shall—er—I shall speak to your mother," he said.

It was a futile threat, and Claire signified as much by jerking her shoulder in a scornful and derogatory manner before stumping back to the house with all the honors of war. She knew—and Mr. Braddock knew that she knew—that complaints respecting her favorite daughter would be coldly received by Mrs. Lippett.

Mr. Braddock withdrew from the window, and presently appeared in the garden, beautifully arrayed.

"Why, Willoughby," said Kay admiringly, "you look wonderful!"

The kindly compliment did much to soothe Mr. Braddock's wounded feelings.

"No, really?" he said; and felt, as he had so often felt before, that Kay was a girl in a million, and that if only the very idea of matrimony did not scare a fellow so confoundedly, a fellow might very well take a chance and see what would happen if he asked her to marry him.

"And the speech sounded fine."

"Really? You know, I got a sudden fear that my voice might not carry."

"It carries," Kay assured him.

The clouds which her compliments had chased from Mr. Braddock's brow gathered again.

"I say, Kay, you know, you really ought to do something about that girl Clara. She's impossible. I mean, throwing onions at a fellow."

"You mustn't mind. Don't worry about her; it'll make you forget your speech. How long are you supposed to talk?"

"About ten minutes, I imagine. You know, this is going to just about kill me."

"What you must do is drink lots and lots of champagne."

"But it makes me spotty."

"Well, be spotty. I shan't mind."

Mr. Braddock considered.

"I will," he said. "It's a very good idea. Well, I suppose I ought to be going."

"You've got your key? That's right. You won't be back till pretty late, of course. I'll go and tell Claire not to bolt the door."

When Kay reached the kitchen she found that her faithful follower had stepped out of the pages of Romeo and Juliet into those of Macbeth. She was bending over a caldron, dropping things into it. The kitten, now comparatively dry and decustarded, eyed her with bright interest from a shelf on the dresser.

"This is the new soup, Miss Kay," she announced with modest pride.

"It smells fine," said Kay, wincing slightly as a painful aroma of burning smote her nostrils. "I say, Claire, I wish you wouldn't throw onions at Mr. Braddock."

"I went up and got it back," Claire reassured her. "It's in the soup now."

"You'll be in the soup if you do that sort of thing. What," asked Kay virtuously, "will the neighbors say?"

"There aren't any neighbors," Claire pointed out. A wistful look came into her perky face. "I wish someone would hurry up and move into Mon Ree-poss," she said. "I don't like not having next-doors. Gets lonely for a girl all day with no one to talk to."

"Well, when you talk to Mr. Braddock, don't do it at the top of your voice. Please understand I don't like it."

"Now," said Claire simply, "you're cross with me." And without further preamble she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

It was this sensitiveness of hers that made it so difficult for the young chatelaine of San Rafael to deal with the domestic staff. Kay was a warm-hearted girl, and a warm-hearted girl can never be completely at her ease when she is making cooks cry. It took ten minutes of sedulous petting to restore the emotional Miss Lippett to her usual cheerfulness.

"I'll never raise my voice so much as above a whisper to the man," she announced remorsefully at the end of that period. "All the same ——"

Kay had no desire to reopen the Braddock argument.

(Continued on Page 79)

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Jelly
Apple Butter
Pork and Beans
Green Olives
Ripe Olives
Olive Oil
Corn
Early June Peas
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Spinach
Asparagus
Red Kidney Beans
Green Beans
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Hominy
Beets
Okra
Sweet Potatoes
Tomato Puree
Evaporated Milk
Pears
Apricots
Apple Sauce
Egg Plums

For the
MONARCH
PANTRY

Green Gage Plums
Fruit Salad
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Yellow Cling Peaches
Loganberries
Blueberries
Red Raspberries
Blackberries
Black Raspberries
Red Pitted Cherries
Royal Anne Cherries
Salmon
Lobster
Shrimps
Sardines
Tuna Fish
Cod Fish
Clams
Crab Meat
Dried Beef
Boned Chicken
Spices
Tomato Soup
Vegetable Soup
Clam Chowder
Pimentos
Prepared Mustard
Grape Juice
Maple Syrup
Jelly Powder
Cocoanut
Preserved Figs
Evaporated Fruits
Seedless Raisins
Currants
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Cider Vinegar
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Corn Flakes
Corn Meal

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(Continued from Page 77)

"That's all right, Claire. What I really came to say was—don't put the chain up on the front door tonight, because Mr. Braddock is sure to be late. But he will come in quite quietly and won't disturb you."

"He'd better not," said Miss Lippett grimly. "I've got a revolver."

"A revolver!"

"Ah!" Claire bent darkly over her caldron. "You never know when there won't be burglars in these low parts. The girl at Pontresina down the road was telling me they'd had a couple of milk cans sneaked off their doorstep only yesterday. And I'll tell you another thing, Miss Kay. It's my belief there's been people breaking into Mon Ree-poss."

"What would they do that for? It's empty."

"It wasn't empty last night. I was looking out of the window with one of my noo-ralgic headaches—must have been between two and three in the morning—and there was mysterious lights going up and down the staircase."

"You imagined it."

"Begging your pardon, Miss Kay, I did not imagine it. There they were, as plain as plain. Might have been one of these electric torches the criminal classes use. If you want to know what I think, Miss Kay, that Mon Ree-poss is what I call a house of mystery, and I shan't be sorry when somebody respectable comes and takes it. The way it is now, we're just as likely as not to wake up and find ourselves all murdered in our beds."

"You mustn't be so nervous."

"Nervous?" replied Claire indignantly. "Nervous? Take more than a burglar to make me nervous. All I'm saying is, I'm prepared."

"Well, don't go shooting Mr. Braddock."

"That," said Miss Lippett, declining to commit herself, "is as may be."

III

SOME five hours after Willoughby Braddock's departure from San Rafael, a young man came up Villiers Street, and turning into the Strand, began to stroll slowly eastward. The Strand, it being the hour when the theaters had begun to empty themselves, was a roaring torrent of humanity and vehicles; and he looked upon the bustling scene with the affectionate eye of one who finds the turmoil of London novel and attractive. He was a nice-looking young man, but what was most immediately noticeable about him was his extraordinary shabbiness. Both his shoes were split across the toe; his hands were in the pockets of a stained and weather-beaten pair of blue trousers; and he gazed about him from under the brim of a soft hat which could have been worn without exciting comment by any scarecrow.

So striking was his appearance that two exquisites, emerging from the Savoy Hotel and pausing on the pavement to wait for a vacant taxi, eyed him with pained disapproval as he approached, and then, starting, stared in amazement.

"Good Lord!" said the first exquisite.

"Good heavens!" said the second.

"See who that is?"

"S. P. Shotter! Used to be in the School House."

"Captain of football my last year."

"But, I say, it can't be! Dressed like that, I mean."

"It is."

"Good heavens!"

"Good Lord!"

These two were men who had, in the matter of costume, a high standard. Themselves snappy and conscientious dressers, they judged their fellows hardly. Yet even an indulgent critic would have found it difficult not to shake his head over the spectacle presented by Sam Shotter as he walked the Strand that night.

The fact is, it is not easy for a young man of adventurous and inquisitive disposition to remain dapper throughout a voyage on a tramp steamer. The Araminta, which had arrived at Millwall Dock that afternoon, had taken fourteen days to cross the Atlantic, and during those fourteen days Sam had entered rather fully into the many-sided life of the ship. He had spent much time in an oily engine room; he had helped the bos'n with a job of painting; he had accompanied the chief engineer on his rambles through the coal bunkers; and on more than one occasion had endeared himself to languid firemen by taking their shovels and doing a little amateur stoking. One cannot do these things and be foppish.

Nevertheless, it would have surprised him greatly had he known that his appearance was being adversely criticized, for he was in that happy frame of mind when men forget they have an appearance. He had dined well, having as his guest his old friend Hash Todhunter. He had seen a motion picture of squashy sex appeal. And now, having put Hash on an eastbound tram, he was filled with that pleasant sense of well-being and content which comes on those rare occasions when the world is just about right. So far from being abashed by the shabbiness of his exterior, Sam found himself experiencing, as he strolled along the Strand, a gratifying illusion of having bought the place. He felt like the young squire returned from his travels and revisiting the old village.

Nor, though he was by nature a gregarious young man and fond of human society, did the fact that he was alone depress him. Much as he liked Hash Todhunter, he had not been sorry to part from him. Usually an entertaining companion, Hash had been a little tedious tonight, owing to a tendency to confine the conversation to the subject of a dog belonging to a publican friend of his which was running in a whippet race at Hackney Marshes next morning. Hash had, it seemed, betted his entire savings on this animal, and not content with this, had pestered Sam to lend him all his remaining cash to add to the investment. And though Sam had found no difficulty in remaining firm, it is always a bore to have to keep saying no.

The two exquisites looked at each other apprehensively.

"Shift ho, before he touches us, what?" said the first.

"Shift absolutely ho," agreed the second.

It was too late. The companion of their boyhood had come up, and after starting to pass had paused, peering at them from under that dreadful hat, which seemed to cut them like a knife, in the manner of one trying to identify half-remembered faces.

"Bates and Tresidder!" he exclaimed at length. "By Jove!"

"Hullo," said the first exquisite.

"Hullo!" said the second.

"Well, well!" said Sam.

There followed one of those awkward silences which so often occur at these meetings of old schoolmates. The two exquisites were wondering dismally when the inevitable touch would come, and Sam had just recollected that these were two blighters whom, when *in statu pupillari*, he had particularly disliked. Nevertheless, etiquette demanded that a certain modicum of conversation be made.

"What have you been doing with yourselves?" asked Sam. "You look very festive."

"Been dining," said the first exquisite.

"Old Wrykynian dinner," said the second.

"Oh, yes, of course. It always was at this time of year, wasn't it? Lots of the lads there, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good dinner?"

"Goodish," said the first exquisite.

"Not baddish," said the second.

"Rotten speeches, though."

"Awful!"

"Can't think where they dig these blokes up."

"No."

"That man Braddock."

"Frightful."

"Don't tell me the old Bradder actually made a speech!" said Sam, pleased. "Was he very bad?"

"Worst of the lot."

"Absolutely!"

"That story about the Irishman."

"Foul!"

"And all that rot about the dear old school."

"Ghastly!"

"If you ask me," said the first exquisite severely, "my opinion is that he was as tight as an owl."

"Stewed to the eyebrows," said the second.

"I watched him during dinner and he was mopping up the stuff like a vacuum cleaner."

There was a silence.

"Well," said the first exquisite uncomfortably, "we must be pushing on."

"Dashing off," said the second exquisite.

"Got to go to supper at the Angry Cheese."

"The where?" asked Sam.

"Angry Cheese. New night club in Panton Street. See you sometime, what?"

"Oh, yes," said Sam.

Another silence was about to congeal, when a taxi crawled up and the two exquisites leaped joyfully in.

"Awful, a fellow going right under like that," said the first.

"Ghastly," said the second.

"Lucky we got away."

"Yes."

"He was shaping for a touch," said the first exquisite.

"Trembling on his lips," said the second.

Sam walked on. Although the Messrs. Bates and Tresidder had never been favorites of his, they belonged to what Mr. Braddock would have called—and, indeed, had called no fewer than eleven times in his speech that night—the dear old school; and the meeting with them had left him pleasantly stimulated. The feeling of being a seignior revisiting his estates after long absence grew as he threaded his way through the crowd. He eyed the passers-by in a jolly, Laughing Cavalier sort of way, wishing he knew them well enough to slap them on the back. And when he reached the corner of Wellington Street and came upon a disheveled vocalist singing mournfully in the gutter, he could not but feel it a personal affront that this sort of thing should be going on in his domain. He was conscious of a sensation of being individually responsible for this poor fellow's reduced condition, and the situation seemed to him to call for largess.

On setting out that night Sam had divided his money into two portions. His baggage, together with his letter of credit, had preceded him across the ocean on the Mauretania; and as it might be a day or so before he could establish connection with it, he had prudently placed the bulk of his ready money in his note case, earmarking it for the purchase of new clothes and other necessaries on the morrow so that he might be enabled to pay his first visit to Tilbury House in becoming state. The remainder, sufficient for the evening's festivities, he had put in his trousers pockets.

It was into his right trousers pocket therefore that he now groped. His fingers closed on a half crown. He promptly dropped it. He was feeling seigniorial, but not so seigniorial as that. Something more in the nature of a couple of coppers was what he was looking for, and it surprised him to find that except for the half crown the pocket appeared to be empty. He explored the other pocket. That was empty too.

The explanation was, of course, that the life of pleasure comes high. You cannot go stuffing yourself and a voracious sea cook at restaurants, taking busses and Underground trains all over the place, and finally winding up at a motion-picture palace, without cutting into your capital. Sam was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the half crown was his only remaining spare coin. He was, accordingly, about to abandon the idea of largess and move on, when the vocalist, having worked his way through You're the Sort of a Girl That Men Forget, began to sing that other popular ballad entitled Sailors Don't Care. And

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Five Stores on the Boardwalk

Common Sense
AND
My Purchasing Agent

"My purchasing agent buys the printing and record forms we use. When we get low, he re-orders; and naturally he buys at as low a price as possible. Those are my instructions. If we've made mistakes by that method, it's my fault, not his; he does his job conscientiously.

We Were Wrong

"We have made a mistake. I discovered it one day when the purchasing agent asked me to see a man. He showed me that the forms and systems we've used since father started the business are badly out of date. We've let the inertia of tradition, and the fetish of 'lowest price' keep out real improvement.

"This man showed me stock forms which would save more clerical work and expense than any 'lowest price' deal we ever made. He asked me if I allowed a job printer to design my advertising and I laughed at him. 'Then why let him do a job like this that specialists ought to do?' I asked *myself*, why?

A Printing Specialist

"He said, 'We're a one price house. We base the price on costs; we know costs. This kind of printing is the only kind we do—record forms, ledger leaves, etc. We're specialists.'

"That struck me favorably; it's the way I do business myself. I take some pride in believing that nobody can make goods of the same quality and finish as mine, and sell 'em for less than I do.

Glad We Changed

"After a conference with my office manager and purchasing agent we decided to give this company our business. Here's what we find: Every order is well wrapped; contents are neatly labeled; the count is accurate—we pay for exactly what we get; no guessing.

"The punching is accurate; the crimping makes our record leaves lie flat—easy to write on; the paper stock fits the job it's meant for. That's important; we and the printer had been 'guessing' a good deal. Sometimes the paper was too good for unimportant transient uses; sometimes it wasn't good enough for a lot of handling. Too many of our forms were of odd size and would not fit standard binders, either in size or punching.

Getting Good Ideas Too

"We're satisfied now—the bookkeepers, order clerks, shipping clerks—all who use the forms—are delighted. Baker-Vawter has made good; I'm getting new ideas from them all the time. And the purchasing agent—he's happy too; I've taken one load off his mind."

The above statement came to us second-hand, from one of our customers. It is a typical case.

Bankers, wholesalers, manufacturers, retailers, hotels and clubs can profitably use specialists like Baker-Vawter Company in devising and printing their record forms. We are constantly lowering office costs; eliminating waste of material by standardizing sizes; saving time and clerical effort thru better methods and well made equipment.

Our manufacturing plants are located at Holyoke, Benton Harbor, Kansas City, and San Francisco. Our salesmen cover the country and sell direct from these factories to you.

Drop us a line at our General Offices, Benton Harbor, Mich. Maybe we can help you.

it was no doubt the desire to refute the slur implied in these words on the great brotherhood of which he was an amateur member that decided Sam to be lavish.

The half crown changed hands.

Sam resumed his walk. At a quarter-past eleven at night there is little to amuse and interest the stroller east of Wellington Street, so he now crossed the road and turned westward. And he had not been walking more than a few paces when he found himself looking into the brightly lighted window of a small restaurant that appeared to specialize in shellfish. The slab beyond the glass was paved with the most insinuating oysters. Overcome with emotion, Sam stopped in his tracks.

There is something about the oyster, nestling in its shell, which in the hours that come when the theaters are closed and London is beginning to give itself up to nocturnal revelry stirs right-thinking men like a bugle. There swept over Sam a sudden gnawing desire for nourishment. Oysters with brown bread and a little stout were, he perceived, just what this delightful evening demanded by way of a fitting climax. He pulled out his note case. Even if it meant an inferior suit next morning, one of those treasury notes which lay there must be broken into here and now.

It seemed to Sam, looking back later at this moment, that at the very first touch the note case had struck him as being remarkably thin. It appeared to have lost its old jolly plumpness, as if some wasting fever had struck it. Indeed, it gave the impression, when he opened it, of being absolutely empty.

It was not absolutely empty. It is true that none of the treasury notes remained, but there was something inside—a dirty piece of paper on which were words written in pencil. He read them by the light that poured from the restaurant window:

"*Dear Sam:* You will doubtless be surprised, Sam, to learn that I have borowed your money. Dear Sam, I will send it back tomorow A.M. prompt. Nothing can beat that wipet, Sam, so I have borowed your money.

"Trusting this finds you in the pink,

"Yrs. Obedtly,

"C. TODHUNTER."

Sam stood staring at this polished communication with sagging jaw. For an instant it had a certain obscurity, the word "wipet" puzzling him particularly.

Then, unlike the missing money, it all came back to him.

The rush of traffic was diminishing now, and the roar of a few minutes back had become a mere rumble. It was almost as if London, sympathizing with his sorrow, had delicately hushed its giant voice. To such an extent, in fact, was its voice hushed that that of the Wellington Street vocalist was once more plainly audible, and there was in what he was singing a poignant truth which had not impressed itself upon Sam when he had first heard it.

"Sailors don't care," chanted the vocalist. "Sailors don't care. It's something to do with the salt in the blood. Sailors don't care."

IV

THE mental condition of a man who at half-past eleven at night suddenly finds himself penniless and without shelter in the heart of the great city must necessarily be for a while somewhat confused. Sam's first coherent thought was to go back and try to recover that half crown from the wandering minstrel. After a very brief reflection, however, he dismissed this scheme as too visionary for practical consideration. His acquaintance with the other had been slight, but he had seen enough of him to gather that he was not one of those rare spiritual fellows who give half crowns back. The minstrel was infirm and old, but many years would have to elapse before he became senile enough for that. No, some solution on quite different lines was required; and, thinking deeply, Sam began to move slowly in the direction of Charing Cross.

He was as yet far from being hopeless. Indeed, his mood at this point might have been called optimistic; for he realized that if this disaster had been decreed by Fate from the beginning of time—and he supposed it had been, though that palmist had made no mention of it—it could hardly have happened at a more convenient spot. The Old Wrykynian dinner had only just broken up, which meant that this portion of London must be full of men who had been at school with him and would doubtless be delighted to help him out with a temporary loan. At any moment now he might run into some kindly old schoolfellow.

And almost immediately he did. Or, rather, the old schoolfellow ran into him. He had reached the Vaudeville Theater and had paused, debating within himself the advisability of crossing the street and seeing how the hunting was on the other side, when a solid body rammed him in the back.

"Oh, sorry! Frightfully sorry! I say, awfully sorry!"

It was a voice which had been absent from Sam's life for some years, but he recognized it almost before he had recovered his balance. He wheeled joyfully round on the stout and red-faced young man who was with some difficulty retrieving his hat from the gutter.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you are extraordinarily like a man I used to know named J. W. Braddock."

"I am J. W. Braddock."

"Ah," said Sam, "that accounts for the resemblance."

He contemplated his erstwhile study companion with affection. He would have been glad at any time to meet the old Bradder, but he was particularly glad to meet him now. As Mr. Braddock himself might have put it, he was glad, delighted, pleased, happy and overjoyed. Willoughby Braddock, bearing out the words of the two exquisites, was obviously in a somewhat vinous condition, but Sam was no Puritan and was not offended by this. The thing about Mr. Braddock that impressed itself upon him to the exclusion of all else was the fact that he looked remarkably rich. He had that air, than which there is none more delightful, of being the sort of man who would lend a fellow a fiver without a moment's hesitation.

Willoughby Braddock had secured his hat, and he now replaced it in a sketchy fashion on his head. His face was flushed, and his eyes, always slightly prominent, seemed to protrude like those of a snail—and an extremely inebriated snail at that.

"Imarraspeesh," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Sam.

"I made a speesh."

"Yes, so I heard."

"You heard my speesh?"

"I heard that you had made one."

"How did you hear my speesh?" said Mr. Braddock, plainly mystified. "You weren't at the dinner."

"No, but ——"

"You couldn't have been at the dinner," proceeded Mr. Braddock, reasoning closely, "because evening dress was obliggery and you aren't obliggery. I'll tell you what—between you and me, I don't know who the deuce you are."

"You don't know me?"

"No, I don't know you."

"Pull yourself together, Bradder. I'm Sam Shotter."

"Sham Sotter?"

"If you prefer it that way, certainly. I've always pronounced it Sam Shotter myself."

"Sam Shotter?"

"That's right."

Mr. Braddock eyed him narrowly.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you something—something that'll interest you—something that'll interest you very much. You're Sam Shotter."

"That's it."

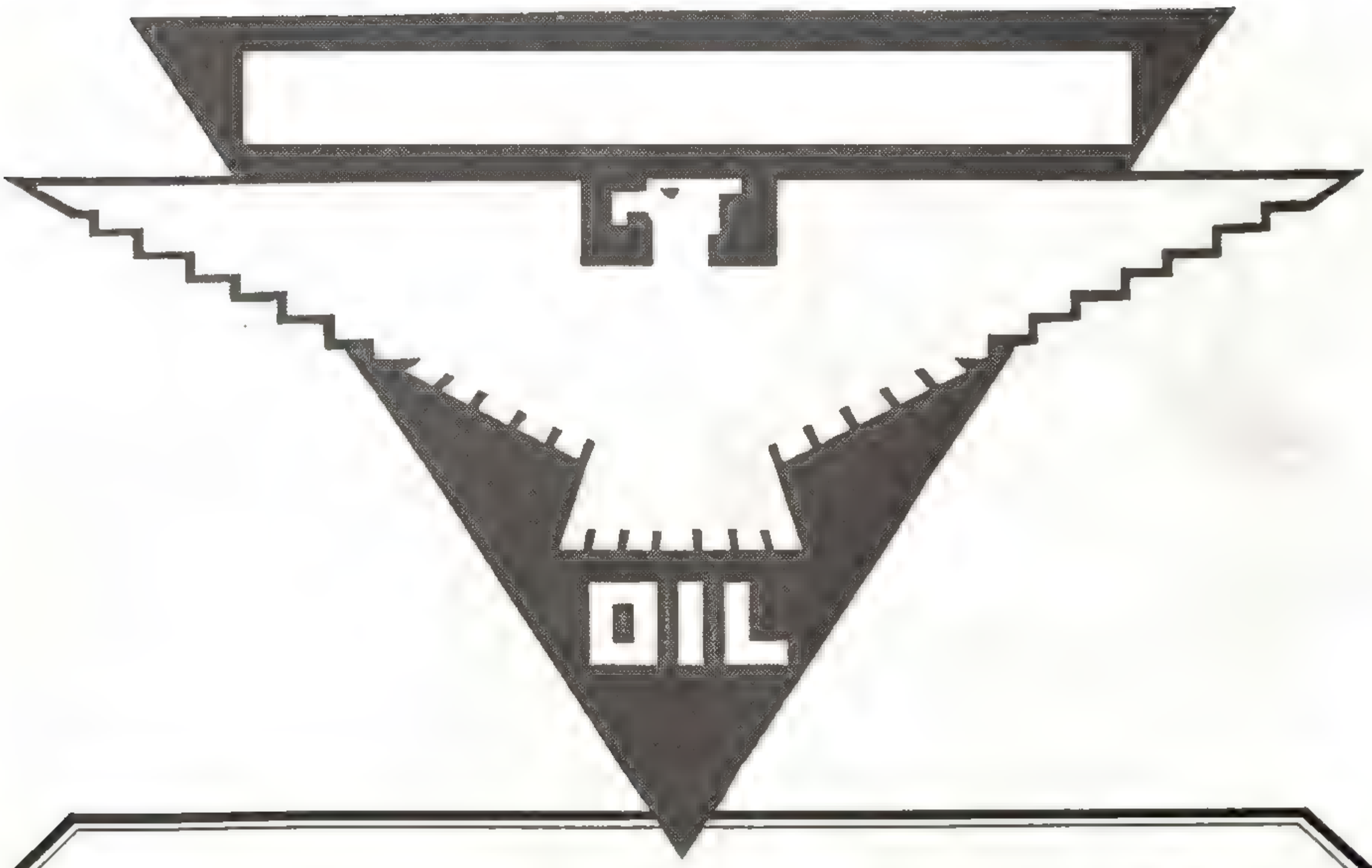
"We were at school together."

"We were."

"The dear old school."

"Exactly."

(Continued on Page 82)



By this sign you will know the oil men of America who are truly independent

That competition may be kept strenuously alive in the second largest industry of this great nation, the outstanding oil men who deal in uncontrolled products, have adopted this emblem as the mark of their sure independence.

And that means a great deal to you.

A nation-wide movement, backed by men who have been forward-movers in the oil industry, whose resources run into the unnumbered millions.

And this "winged-triangle", significant of a spirit that is truly American, is the great national trademark of an independent group of oil men, actively engaged in the sale of petroleum products throughout the United States.

The independent oil men have achieved great and successful advancements in this important industry. And today they are a strong national entity. Their position is consolidated—impregnable, because it is economically sound and morally right.

The mark of the Independents is an established national emblem. Doubtless you have seen it in your own community. If not you will see it soon. Truly independent oil men, as yet unaffiliated, will be welcomed under this banner, if they keep the faith.

Look for this sign at home—and on the road. It is your guarantee of independent origin in what you buy, and a pledge of fair dealing for the long haul.

Guarantors of this program include:

Aero Oil Company, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Apex Motor Fuel Company, Chicago, Illinois, Armould's Oil Company, Hamilton, Illinois, The Bartles-Maguire Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, The Bartles-Minnesota Oil Company, Stillwater, Minnesota, The Bartles-Scott Oil Company, Willmar, Minnesota, The Bartles-Shepherd Oil Company, Waterloo, Iowa, The Black Hawk Oil Company, Waterloo, Iowa, Columbia Oil Company, St. Louis, Missouri, Consumers Supply Company, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Crosbie Bros. Oil Company, Gibson City, Illinois, R. G. Cunningham Oil Co., Miami, Oklahoma, Dacotah Oil Company, Madison, South Dakota, The Dependable Oil & Lubricating Co., Marion, Ohio, Diamond Kerosene Company, Carlinville, Illinois, Elmore Oil Company, Sycamore, Illinois, H. G. Goodell, Hancock, Michigan, Hansen & Jensen Oil Company, Escanaba, Michigan, Independent Motor Fuel Supply, Cumberland, Maryland, Independent Oil Company, Horicon, Wisconsin, Independent Oil Company, Paris, Illinois, R. W. James, Brazil, Indiana, Jefferson Oil Company, Albert Lea, Minnesota, Kenosha-Lockwood Oil Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Liberty Oil Company, Waukegan, Illinois, Lindsay-McMillan Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, The Long Oil Company, Manhattan, Kansas, Marine Oil Company, Ltd., New Orleans, Louisiana, A. J. & C. D. Matheson, Bennettsville, South Carolina, Mercantile Oil Association, Wright City, Missouri, Merchants Oil Company, Highland, Illinois, C. S. McCornack Oil Company, St. Charles, Illinois, Nourse Oil Company, Kansas City, Missouri, Oconomowoc Oil Company, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, O'Neil Oil & Paint Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, D. B. Pedley & Son, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania Oil Co. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania Petroleum Products Co., Providence, Rhode Island, Purity Oil Company, Springfield, Missouri, Quincy Oil, Inc., Quincy Adams, Massachusetts, Southeastern Oil Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Southern Minnesota Oil Company, Fairmont, Minnesota, Thompson Lubricating Company, Tacoma, Washington, Vandenberg Bros. Oil Company, Holland, Michigan, Wadhams Oil Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Waupun Oil Company, Waupun, Wisconsin, Westland Oil Company, Scobey, Montana, Whiting-Riggs Oil Company, Ripon, Wisconsin, Wood & Poll, Almond, Wisconsin, Corn Belt Oil Company, Bloomington, Illinois, Geo. W. Wilkins & Son, Kinderhook, New York.

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Liquid floor covering
applied with a brush—

Resists hardest wear
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for any floor: WOOD OR CEMENT INSIDE OR OUTSIDE

KOVERFLOR is entirely different from anything you have ever used.

It creates a fresh, wholesome surface—tile-like in appearance—which is easily cleaned.

It resists the most rugged wear and tear, and is impervious to water, weather, oil, and grease.

Koverflor is supplied in solid colors—for any floor—wood or cement—inside or outside.

It is ideal for porches, cellars, garages, factories, stores, industrial and commercial buildings, steamships, yachts, boats, etc.

Koverflor is economical. It is easily applied with a brush. It is sold by hardware and paint dealers.

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If your dealer hasn't it in stock, send $1.40 for a quart or 75c for a pint can. (Pacific Coast Points, Quart $1.60; Pint 90c.) Sent postpaid. State color desired: Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Gray, Russet.

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are recognized as the world-accepted standards, the result of more than 50 years of consistent quality maintenance. We want you to know more about them. If your dealer hasn't them, check below products you want. Enclose amount specified. State color where necessary.

☐ ELASTICA SPAR VARNISH
The waterproof varnish supreme, unaffected by hot or cold water; for inside or outside use. Half-pint can . . . 50c

☐ LACQUERETTE—Varnishes and stains in one operation. Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Moss Green. Quarter-pint can 30c

Color desired .....

☐ KWICKWORK AUTO ENAMEL
Equally good for porch and garden furniture, tools, implements, etc. For half-pint can: Std. Green, Brewster Green, Std. Yellow, Cream, Gray, Tan, 65c; Black, 55c; Red and Dark Blue, 70c.
(Pacific Coast Points Add 5 Cents per Can)

Color desired .....

(Continued from Page 80)

Intense delight manifested itself in Mr. Braddock's face. He seized Sam's hand and wrung it warmly.

"How are you, my dear old chap, how are you?" he cried. "Old Sham Spotter, by gad! By Jove! By George! My goodness! Fancy that! Well, good-by."

And with a beaming smile he suddenly swooped across the road and was lost to sight.

The stoutest heart may have its black moments. Depression claimed Sam for its own. There is no agony like that of the man who has intended to borrow money and finds that he has postponed the request till too late. With bowed shoulders he made his way eastward. He turned up Charing Cross Road, and thence by way of Green Street into Leicester Square. He moved listlessly along the lower end of the square, and presently, glancing up, perceived graven upon the wall the words, "Panton Street."

He halted. The name seemed somehow familiar. Then he remembered. The Angry Cheese, that haunt of wealth and fashion to which those fellows, Bates and Tresidder, had been going, was in Panton Street.

Hope revived in Sam. An instant before, the iron had seemed to have entered his soul, but now he squared his shoulder and quickened his steps. Good old Bates! Splendid old Tresidder! They were the men to help him out of this mess.

He saw clearly now how mistaken can be the callow judgments which we form when young. As an immature lad at school he had looked upon Bates and Tresidder with a jaundiced eye. He had summed them up in his mind, after the hasty fashion of youth, as ticks and blisters. Aye, and even when he had encountered them half an hour ago after the lapse of years, their true nobility had not been made plain to him. It was only now, as he padded along Panton Street like a leopard on the trail, that he realized what excellent fellows they were and how fond he was of them. They were great chaps—corkers, both of them.

And when he remembered that with a boy's blindness to his sterling qualities he had once given Bates six of the juiciest with a walking stick, he burned with remorse and shame.

It was not difficult to find the Angry Cheese. About this newest of London's night clubs there was nothing coy or reticent. Its doorway stood open to the street, and cabs were drawing up in a constant stream and discharging fair women and well-tailored men. Furthermore, to render identification easy for the very dullest, there stood on the pavement outside a vast commissionaire, brilliantly attired in the full-dress uniform of a Czecho-Slovakian field marshal and wearing on his head a peaked cap circled by a red band, which bore in large letters of gold the words "Angry Cheese."

"Good evening," said Sam, curveting buoyantly up to this spectacular person. "I want to speak to Mr. Bates."

The field marshal eyed him distantly. The man, one would have said, was not in sympathy with him. Sam could not imagine why. With the prospect of a loan in sight, he himself was liking everybody.

"Misteroo?"

"Mr. Bates."

"Mr. Yates?"

"Mr. Bates. Mr. Bates. You know Mr. Bates?" said Sam. And such was the stimulating rhythm of the melody into which the unseen orchestra had just burst that he very nearly added, "He's a bear, he's a bear, he's a bear."

"Bates?"

"Or Tresidder."

"Make up your mind," said the field marshal petulantly.

At this moment, on the opposite side of the street, there appeared the figure of Mr. Willoughby Braddock, walking with extraordinary swiftness. His eyes were staring straight in front of him. He had lost his hat.

"Bradder!" cried Sam.

Mr. Braddock looked over his shoulder, waved his hand, smiled a smile of piercing sweetness and passed rapidly into the night.

Sam was in a state of indecision similar to that of the dog in the celebrated substance-and-shadow fable. Should he pursue this will-o'-the-wisp, or should he stick to the sound conservative policy of touching the man on the spot? What would Napoleon have done?

He decided to remain.

"Fellow who was at school with me," he remarked explanatorily.

"Ho!" said the field marshal, looking like a stuffed sergeant major.

"And now," said Sam, "can I see Mr. Bates?"

"You can not."

"But he's in there."

"And you're out 'ere," said the field marshal.

He moved away to assist a young lady of gay exterior to alight from a taxicab. And as he did so someone spoke from the steps:

"Ah, there you are!"

Sam looked up, relieved. Dear old Bates was standing in the lighted doorway.

Of the four persons who made up the little group collected about the threshold of the Angry Cheese, three now spoke simultaneously.

Dear old Bates said, "This is topping! Thought you weren't coming."

The lady said, "Awfully sorry I'm late, old cork."

Sam said, "Oh, Bates!"

He was standing some little space removed from the main body when he spoke, and the words did not register. The lady passed on into the building. Bates was preparing to follow her when Sam spoke again. And this time nobody within any reasonable radius could have failed to hear him.

"Hi! Bates!"

"Hey!" said the field marshal, massaging his ear with a look of reproach and dislike.

Bates turned, and as he saw Sam, there spread itself over his face the startled look of one who, wandering gayly along some primrose path, sees gaping before him a frightful chasm or a fearful serpent or some menacing lion in the undergrowth. In this crisis, Claude Bates did not hesitate. With a single backward spring—which, if he could have remembered it and reproduced it later on the dancing floor, would have made him the admired of all—he disappeared, leaving Sam staring blankly after him.

A large fat hand, placed in no cordial spirit on his shoulder, awoke Sam from his reverie. The field marshal was gazing at him with a loathing which he now made no attempt to conceal.

"You 'op it," said the field marshal. "We don't want none of your sort 'ere."

"But I was at school with him," stammered Sam. The thing had been so sudden that even now he could not completely realize that what practically amounted to his own flesh and blood had thrown him down cold.

"At school with 'im too, was you?" said the field marshal. "The only school you was ever at was Borstal. You 'op it, and quick. That's what you do before I call a policeman."

Inside the night club, Claude Bates, restoring his nervous system with a whisky and soda, was relating to his friend Tresidder the tale of his narrow escape.

"Absolutely lurking on the steps!" said Bates.

"Ghastly!" said Tresidder.

V

LONDON was very quiet. A stillness had fallen upon it, broken only by the rattle of an occasional cab and the footsteps of some home-seeking wayfarer. The lamplight shone on glistening streets, on pensive policemen, on smoothly prowling cats, and on a young man in a shocking suit of clothes whose faith in human nature was at zero.

Sam had now no definite objective. He was merely walking aimlessly with the idea

(Continued on Page 85)

A RELIEF FROM THE COMMONPLACE

Realizing that many people would prefer the distinction and exhilaration of an open car if they could find the right kind, Franklin presents the new de Causse design. This Touring Car has a made-to-order air that sets it apart from ordinary open models. It satisfies fully the desire for fineness and style among those who delight in action and the open.

In service, it becomes more than ever the sort of car in which you take especial pride and pleasure. For beneath its design appeal are not only high power and exceptional comfort, but also the Franklin reputation for long life and owner satisfaction. Over 75% of all Franklins ever built are still in active service, while 62% of last year's entire output went to those who already owned Franklins.

* * * * *

Like the six other Series 11 types, this Touring comes ready for the road—fully equipped with appropriate accessories, spare tire and cover—at the catalog price. Only freight and tax are extra.

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Many real estate operators have adopted Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators as standard equipment in their community building plans.

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Boston — Springfield, Mass. — Portland, Me — Providence R I — Troy, N Y — *New York — Brooklyn — Harrison, N J — Philadelphia — Baltimore — *Buffalo *Pittsburgh — Cleveland — Columbus — Cincinnati — Detroit — North Chicago — South Chicago — Milwaukee — Indianapolis — Louisville — St Paul — St Louis Kansas City — Des Moines — Omaha — Denver — Seattle — Portland, Ore *Warehouse stocks carried at all points except those indicated by star

(Continued from Page 82)

of killing time. He wandered on, and presently found that he had passed out of the haunts of fashion into a meaner neighborhood. The buildings had become dingier, the aspect of the perambulating cats more sinister and blackguardly. He had in fact reached the district which, in spite of the efforts of its inhabitants to get it called Lower Belgravia, is still known as Pimlico. And it was near the beginning of Lupus Street that he was roused from his meditations by the sight of a coffee stall.

It brought him up standing. Once more he had suddenly become aware of that gnawing hunger which had afflicted him outside the oyster restaurant. Why he should be hungry, seeing that not so many hours ago he had consumed an ample dinner, he could not have said. A psychologist, had one been present, would have told him that the pangs of starvation from which he supposed himself to suffer were purely a figment of the mind, and that it was merely his subconscious self reacting to the suggestion of food. Sam, however, had positive inside information to the contrary; and he halted before the coffee stall, staring wolfishly.

There was not a large attendance of patrons. Three only were present. One was a man in a sort of uniform who seemed to have been cleaning streets, the two others had the appearance of being gentlemen of leisure. They were leaning restfully on the counter, eating hard-boiled eggs.

Sam eyed them resentfully. It was just this selfish sort of epicureanism, he felt, that was the canker which destroyed empires. And when the man in uniform, wearying of eggs, actually went on to supplement them with a slice of seedcake, it was as if he were watching the orgies that preceded the fall of Babylon. With gleaming eyes he drew a step closer, and was thus enabled to overhear the conversation of these sybarites.

Like all patrons of coffee stalls, they were talking about the royal family, and for a brief space it seemed that a perfect harmony was to prevail. Then the man in uniform committed himself to the statement that the Duke of York wore a mustache, and the gentlemen of leisure united to form a solid opposition.

"'E ain't got no mustache," said one.

"Cert'n'ly 'e ain't got no mustache," said the other.

"Wot," inquired the first gentleman of leisure, "made you get that silly idea into your 'ead that 'e's got a mustache?"

"'E's got a smorl clipped mustache," said the man in uniform stoutly.

"A smorl clipped mustache?"

"A smorl clipped mustache."

"You say he's got a smorl clipped mustache?"

"Ah! A smorl clipped mustache."

"Well, then," said the leader of the opposition, with the air of a cross-examining counsel who has dexterously trapped a reluctant witness into a damaging admission, "that's where you make your ruddy error. Because 'e ain't got no smorl clipped mustache."

It seemed to Sam that a little adroit diplomacy at this point would be in his best interests. He had not the pleasure of the duke's acquaintance and so was not really entitled to speak as an expert, but he decided to support the man in uniform. The good graces of a fellow of his careless opulence were worth seeking. In a soaring moment of optimism it seemed to him that a hard-boiled egg and a cup of coffee were the smallest reward a loyal supporter might expect. He advanced into the light of the naphtha flare and spoke with decision.

"This gentleman is right," he said. "The Duke of York has a small clipped mustache."

The interruption appeared to come on the three debaters like a bombshell. It had on them an effect much the same as an uninvited opinion from a young and newly joined member would have on a group of bishops and generals in the smoking room of the Athenæum Club. For an instant there was a shocked silence; then the man in uniform spoke.

"Wot do you want, stickin' your ugly fat 'ead in?" he demanded coldly.

Shakspere, who knew too much ever to be surprised at man's ingratitude, would probably have accepted this latest evidence of it with stoicism. It absolutely stunned Sam. A little peevishness from the two gentlemen of leisure he had expected, but that his sympathy and support should be received in this fashion by the man in uniform was simply disintegrating. It seemed to be his fate tonight to lack appeal for men in uniform.

"Yus," agreed the leader of the opposition, "'oo arsked you to shove in?"

"Comin' stickin' 'is 'ead in!" sniffed the man in uniform.

All three members of the supper party eyed him with manifest disfavor. The proprietor of the stall, a silent hairy man, said nothing: but he, too, cast a chilly glance of hauteur in Sam's direction. There was a sense of strain.

"I only said ——" Sam began.

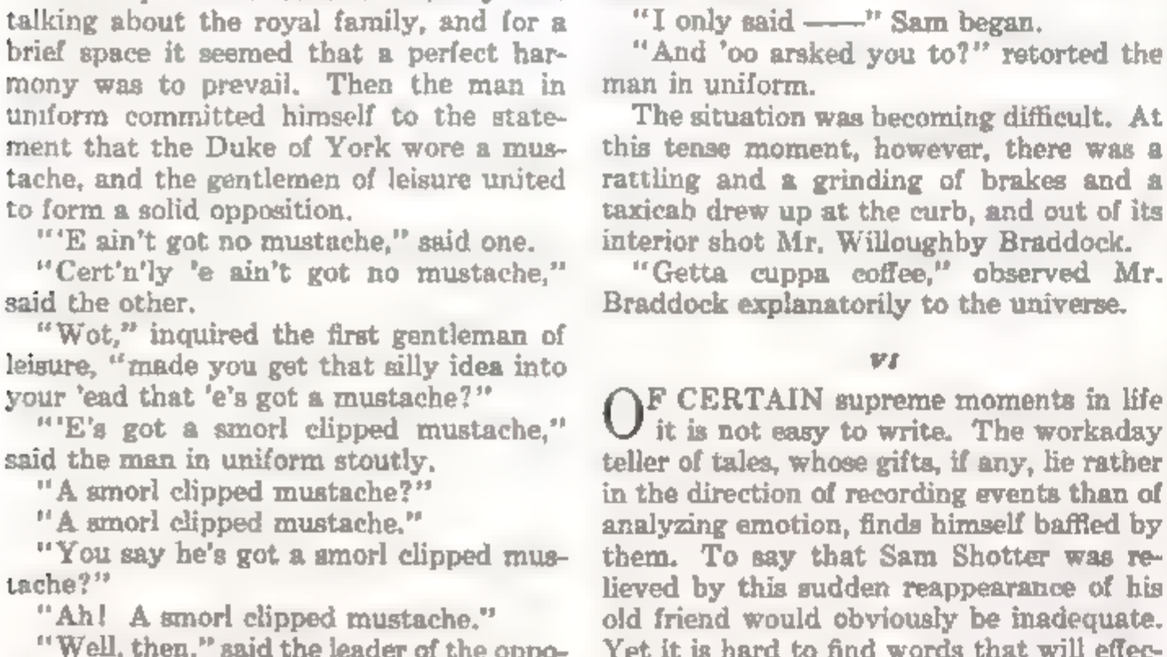
"And 'oo arsked you to?" retorted the man in uniform.

The situation was becoming difficult. At this tense moment, however, there was a rattling and a grinding of brakes and a taxicab drew up at the curb, and out of its interior shot Mr. Willoughby Braddock.

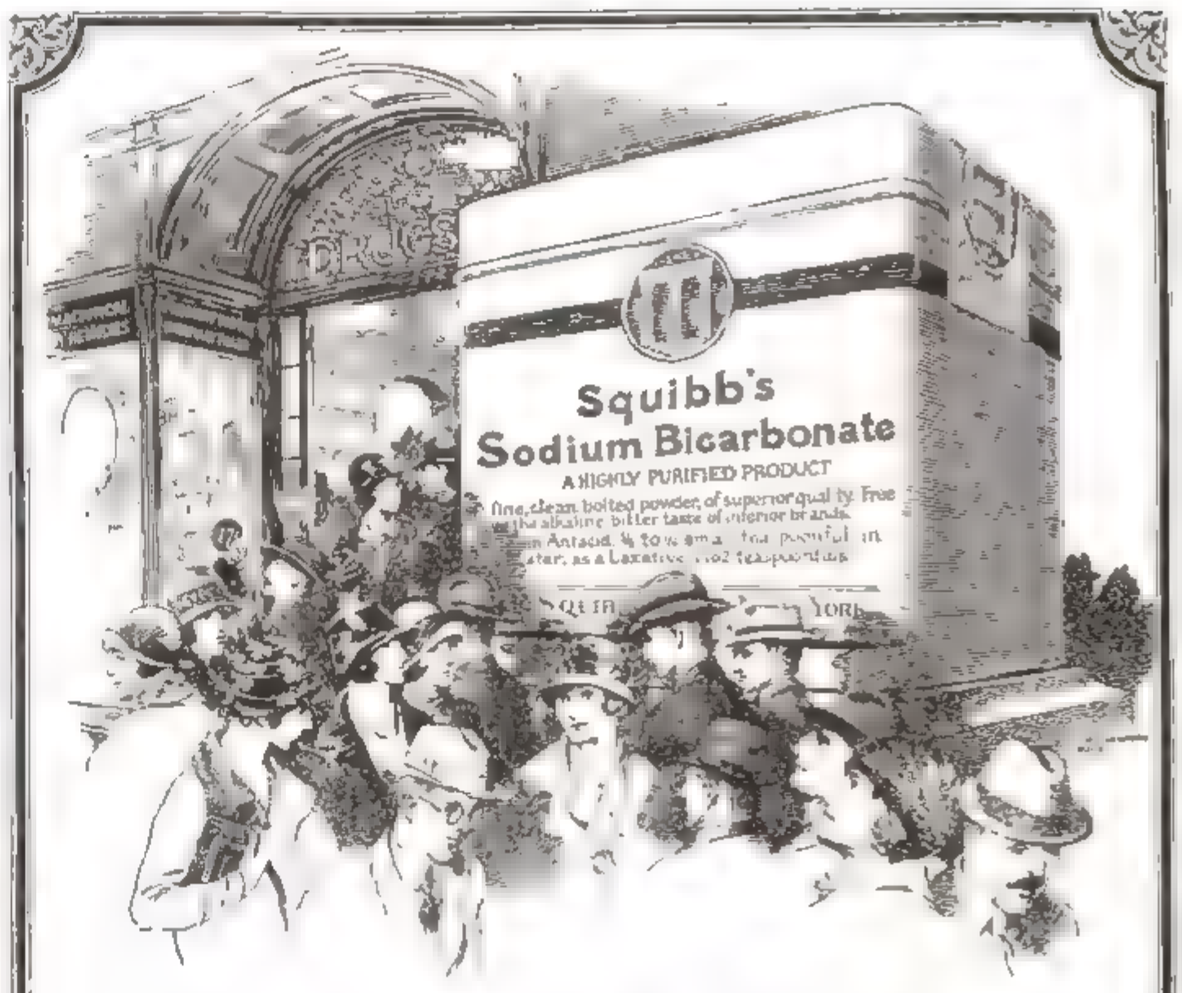
"Getta cuppa coffee," observed Mr. Braddock explanatorily to the universe.

VI

OF CERTAIN supreme moments in life it is not easy to write. The workaday teller of tales, whose gifts, if any, lie rather in the direction of recording events than of analyzing emotion, finds himself baffled by them. To say that Sam Shotter was relieved by this sudden reappearance of his old friend would obviously be inadequate. Yet it is hard to find words that will effectually meet the case. Perhaps it is simplest to say that his feelings at this juncture were to all intents and purposes those of the garrison besieged by savages in the final reel of a motion-picture super-super-film when the operator flashes on the screen the



Loch Vale and Andrews Glacier, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado



How often do you use *bicarbonate of soda?*

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subtitle, "Hurrah! Here come the United States Marines!"

And blended with this heart-shaking thankfulness, came instantaneously the thought that he must not let the poor fish get away again.

"Here, I say!" said Mr. Braddock, becoming aware of a clutching hand upon his coat sleeve.

"It's all right, Bradder, old man," said Sam. "It's only me."

"Who?"

"Me."

"Who are you?"

"Sam Shotter."

"Sam Shotter?"

"Sam Shotter."

"Sam Shotter who used to be at school with me?"

"The very same."

"Are you Sam Shotter?"

"I am."

"Why, so you are!" said Mr. Braddock, completely convinced. He displayed the utmost delight at this reunion. "Mose-straornary coincidence," he said as he kneaded Sam lovingly about the shoulder. "I was talking to a fellow in the Strand about you only an hour ago."

"Were you, Bradder, old man?"

"Yes; nasty ugly-looking fellow. I bumped into him, and he turned round and the very first thing he said was, 'Do you know Sam Shotter?' He told me all sorts of interesting things about you too—all sorts of interesting things. I've forgotten what they were, but you see what I mean."

"I follow you perfectly, Bradder. What's become of your hat?"

A look of relieved happiness came into Willoughby Braddock's face.

"Have you got my hat? Where is it?"

"I haven't got your hat."

"You said you had my hat."

"No, I didn't."

"Oh!" said Mr. Braddock, disappointed. "Well, then, come and have a cuppa coffee."

It was with the feelings of a voyager who after much buffeting comes safely at last to journey's end that Sam ranged himself alongside the counter which for so long had been but a promised land seen from some distant Mount Pisgah. The two gentlemen of leisure had melted away into the night, but the uniformed man remained, eating seedcake with a touch of bravado.

"This gentleman a friend of yours, Sam?" asked Mr. Braddock, having ordered coffee and eggs.

"I should say not," said Sam with aversion. "Why, he thinks the Duke of York has a small clipped mustache!"

"No!" said Mr. Braddock, shocked.

"He does."

"Man must be a thorough ass."

"Dropped on his head when a baby, probably."

"Better have nothing to do with him," said Mr. Braddock in a confidential bellow. "Can't be too careful who you're seen speaking to these days."

The meal proceeded on its delightful course. Sam had always been fond of Willoughby Braddock, and the spacious manner in which he now ordered further hard-boiled eggs showed him that his youthful affection had not been misplaced. A gentle glow began to steal over him. The coffee was the kind of which, after a preliminary mouthful, you drink a little more just to see if it is really as bad as it seemed at first, but it was warm and comforting. It was not long before the world appeared very good to Sam. He expanded genially. He listened with courteous attention to Mr. Braddock's lengthy description of his speech at the Old Wrykynian dinner, and even melted sufficiently to extend an olive branch to the man in uniform.

"Looks like rain," he said affably.

"Who does?" asked Mr. Braddock, puzzled.

"I was addressing the gentleman behind you," said Sam.

Mr. Braddock looked cautiously over his shoulder.

"But are we speaking to him?" he asked gravely. "I thought ——"

"Oh, yes," said Sam tolerantly. "I fancy he's quite a good fellow really. Wants knowing, that's all."

"What makes you think he looks like rain?" asked Mr. Braddock, interested.

The chauffeur of the taxicab now added himself to their little group. He said that he did not know about Mr. Braddock's plans, but that he himself was desirous of getting to bed. Mr. Braddock patted him on the shoulder with radiant bonhomie.

"This," he explained to Sam, "is a most delightful chap. I've forgotten his name."

The cabman said his name was Evans.

"Evans! Of course. I knew it was something beginning with a G. This is my friend Evans, Sam. I forget where we met, but he's taking me home."

"Where do you live, Bradder?"

"Where do I live, Evans?"

"Down at Valley Fields, you told me," said the cabman.

"Where are you living, Sam?"

"Nowhere."

"How do you mean—nowhere?"

"I have no home," said Sam with simple pathos.

"I'd like to dig you one," said the man in uniform.

"No home?" cried Mr. Braddock, deeply moved. "Nowhere to sleep tonight, do you mean? I say, look here, you must absolutely come back with me. Evans, old chap, do you think there would be room for one more in that cab of yours? Because I particularly want this gentleman to come back with me. My dear old Sam, I won't listen to any argument."

"You won't have to."

"You can sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room. You ready, Evans, old man? Splendid! Then let's go."

From Lupus Street, Pimlico, to Burberry Road, Valley Fields, is a distance of several miles, but to Sam the drive seemed a short one. This illusion was not due so much to the gripping nature of Mr. Braddock's conversation, though that rippled on continuously, as to the fact that, being a trifle weary after his experiences of the night, he dozed off shortly after they had crossed the river. He awoke to find that the cab had come to a standstill outside a wooden gate which led by a short gravel path to a stucco-covered house. A street lamp, shining feebly, was strong enough to light up the name San Rafael. Mr. Braddock paid the cabman and ushered Sam through the gate. He produced a key after a little searching, and having mounted the steps opened the door. Sam found himself in a small hall, dimly lighted by a turned-down jet of gas.

"Go right in," said Mr. Braddock. "I'll be back in a moment. Got to see a man."

"Got to what?" said Sam, surprised.

"Got to see a man for a minute. Fellow named Evans, who was at school with me. Most important."

And with that curious snipelike abruptness which characterized his movements tonight, Willoughby Braddock slammed the front door violently and disappeared.

Sam's feelings, as the result of his host's impulsive departure, were somewhat mixed. To the credit side of the ledger he could place the fact that he was safely under the shelter of a roof, which he had not expected to be an hour ago; but he wished that, before leaving, his friend had given him a clew as to where was situated this drawing-room with its sofa whereon he was to spend the remainder of the night.

However, a brief exploration would no doubt reveal the hidden chamber. It might even be that room whose door faced him across the hall.

He was turning the handle with the view of testing this theory, when a voice behind him, speaking softly but with a startling abruptness, said, "Hands up!"

At the foot of the stairs, her wide mouth set in a determined line, her tow-colored hair adorned with gleaming curling pins, there was standing a young woman in a pink dressing gown and slippers. In her right hand, pointed at his head, she held a revolver.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EXPATRIATED AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 22)

the world to whom women do not mean merely a lay figure on whom to hang a string of pearls after a big coup in Wall Street." She fingered her own magnificent pearls as she continued in that low reminiscent strain: "When there are men to whom women mean the most important thing, the thing most worth cultivating in the world."

But a few months later, after she had tried to close the negotiations for the purchase of the château, she rushed into the office of our consul at the nearest city, to demand the assistance and moral support of this businesslike unromantic American.

"These wretched foreigners think that they can take advantage of me because I am a woman!" the consul reports her as saying.

It was then disclosed that when she had first rented the place the titled owner had stated a certain definite purchase price for which she would be able to buy it outright, any time within three years. With this in mind she had spent a good deal of her own money in making necessary repairs, putting in bathrooms and central heating, and replanting the gardens.

The agreement, however, was not in writing. It had not occurred to her that such a thing was necessary, for the owner was the representative of a distinguished old family, and a man of unusual personal charm. Undoubtedly he was one of the causes for her unfavorable opinion of her own countrymen. Now, however, that it was known that she had sold her own house in America, and had bought a good deal of furniture for the château, the purchase price had been almost doubled.

The lawyer who represented the owner did not even bother to deny that another figure had been named to her.

"But that must have been for the unimproved property," he repeated many times. "The château, as it is now, is worth very much more."

And although she pointed out an equal number of times that it was she who had improved it, he remained firm.

Before the negotiations were over she admitted that it was one thing to be serenaded beneath your window in the moonlight and quite another to be taken advantage of in a business transaction. Nevertheless, as she had no written contract, and as she had become genuinely attached to the place, she bought it at the advanced price.

She fills the château now with other expatriated Americans and titled foreigners, and I understand that she has elaborated her business-and-golf theme into a long and amusing monologue which provokes her visitors to hilarious mirth.

There are many people of wealth who live abroad because of burning social ambitions unquenchable in their own country. They are usually victims of that which might be termed a title complex. They go out to dinners in Europe—not to eat caviar or to drink champagne—but to become intoxicated by a countess and replete with a duchess. Since the war these people are welcomed eagerly abroad, as they give large and splendid parties, expecting no return from their guests, except that their names and titles shall be correctly given to the newspapers.

Those Americans who call themselves not expatriates, but by that dignified term cosmopolitans, are by no means confined to women. There are men, and sometimes men who in ordinary business intercourse are shrewd and competent, who react to a title with leapings of the heart, and to whom a summons from royalty is as the fire alarm to a veteran fire horse.

The strange lack of appraisal shown by these expatriates makes them undignified and sometimes ludicrous spectacles in Europe. For of necessity their companions are drawn from the least desirable elements of society, from the people who will dine anywhere, accept motor trips or house-party invitations from anyone in order to have a good time for which someone else pays. They make no secret of it, and often sitting at the table of some beaming hostess, they laugh quite openly about her promiscuous entertaining.

A woman I know arrived not long ago in a foreign capital, determined to establish herself there socially. She had a great deal of money and little position in America and she was shrewd enough not to waste any time in meeting the people she desired to entertain. She knew only two or three women, but she told them she would make it worth their while if they would produce what she called smart titled people to attend her first party. She added that the estimate for the dinner, including the favors, for the sixty guests she aspired to have, had been ten thousand dollars.

Everybody she wanted came. To be sure, she was not certain of all their names until she saw the paper the next day, but when she triumphantly put away the clippings she felt she had received full value for her money.

The attitude of her guests was best expressed by a titled Russian who dined with her that night and many times afterward:

"Yes, I put on my evening clothes and go out to the restaurant very much as an actor assumes his costume of the theater and makes his appearance on the stage. We both live in an unreal world, and we both feel the necessity to live. If our audiences are satisfied, what will you?"

In another city of Europe several years ago an American widower of great wealth rented a beautiful palace at an exorbitant figure. It is assumed the world around that Americans can be made to pay larger prices for everything than any other people, but even on this basis the price seemed absurdly high. However, after the tenant had given two or three very successful dinner parties, attended by the inner group of aristocrats who rarely went into the houses of foreigners, the intangible value of the rental figure became apparent. At each of these splendid parties, ostensibly given by the American, his distinguished landlord and his wife received with him, and except for the detail of being paid instead of paying for the entertainments, they were the real hosts. Certainly, the guests seemed to feel more gratitude to them than to the American.

But it is said that when someone spoke of this he laughed. "Gratitude? I don't care a whoop for their gratitude. What does gratitude ever get anyone?" He took out of his wallet a pile of newspaper clippings. "These are worth a lot more to me than gratitude."

He was hoarding printed accounts of his social triumphs the way a musician might collect descriptions of playing before royalty.

Of course the notices he cared most about were those taken from the newspapers of his native city in the United States, where he had made his fortune but had never been able to penetrate into the desired social circles.

He had grown up in his city of several hundred thousand, with an attitude almost

(Continued on Page 90)

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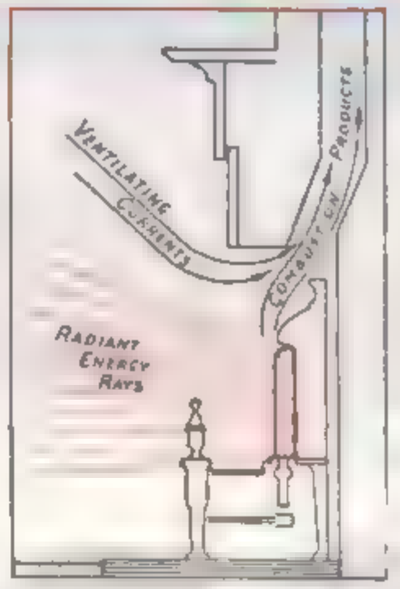

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Goodyear-equipped buses of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company arriving at Old Faithful Inn

GOODYEAR

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The eight-year record in the Yellowstone

JUNE swings wide the portals of the national parks, and from all parts of the country the city-pent millions swarm to the public playgrounds.

Park, reserve and monument, each holds out its own especial charm and wonder, this one with its forests and falls, that with its lakes and glaciers, Yellowstone with peaks, hot springs and geysers.

All that these wonderlands offer of inspiration is made more accessible today by the special service of motorized transportation. In Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, much of the sightseeing now is done from the comfortable seats of motor coaches, designed by their swift and easy movement to sweep scenes miles apart into the view of a single day's ride.

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WHEREVER these vehicles are thus employed, and contributing to their operation the dependable, trouble-free, secure and economical performance for which they are famous, you will find Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires.

Their record in the Yellowstone is typical of their value everywhere. Here, in the service of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, Goodyear Tires have been the sure reliance for eight years past, and the exclusive tire equipment for the last six years.

The 269 ten-passenger buses and 28 seven-passenger cars of the Company average 65 miles a day throughout the three months' season in the park. Their total mileage last year was in excess of 1,000,000 bus miles. They carry more than 40,000 passengers every season.

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NEW Goodyear Cord Bus Tires are going to the Yellowstone fleet this year, taking their places alongside the veterans of thousands of miles. What account they will give of themselves is known to their makers in advance. For they are the last word in tire construction that was pioneered with the beginnings of the motorbus and perfected with the requirements and progress of this new public service. They have every virtue of the Goodyears that set this eight-year record, and in addition they have the unequaled endurance and elasticity of SUPERTWIST, that wonderful new cord fabric developed for Goodyear Tires—and Goodyear Tires alone.

For every Goodyear Cord Bus Tire there is an equally fine Goodyear Tube, built especially to the needs of bus service

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 86)

of reverence toward three institutions. One was the most exclusive country club, another a conservative men's club, and the third a subscription dance association to which he yearned to have his two young daughters invited. He had supposed as he raised himself by hard work and ability from humble surroundings to those of considerable wealth, that money, and money alone, was the magic touchstone. But by one of those inexplicable flukes he was wrong. Other men, equally unprepared by background or education, were sometimes admitted into the desired circle, but he and his family, in spite of their wealth, remained outside.

After he had retired from business and his wife had died, he turned his full attention to the social game. He moved to New York. There again, other people with less equipment than he who had not succeeded at home, sometimes made a noticeable impression, but he failed. After two years he gave up this idea and decided, as he put it, to attack from the rear.

In Europe he succeeded. His name became well known even in his native city as the confrere of some of the most illustrious titles in the world. He achieved newspaper headlines as week-end host to a royal prince.

Shortly after this he returned home, as he carefully told the reporters, to attend to certain business interests. He was at first gratified, then amused and finally contemptuous of the attentions he received from people who had not acknowledged his existence a few years before. After he had been put up for the two desired clubs and had been urged to bring his daughters home to make their debut, he telegraphed for the suite de luxe on the next fast steamer sailing for Europe.

"My scheme worked," he said some time afterward. "I realized pretty quickly that I'd mapped out a good campaign. But the funny part of it was—and I guess lots of things you think you want are like that—when I finally got into those clubs and was entertained by those people who had seemed to me so wonderful when I was on the outside—well, they seemed awful flat! You see, I'd lived among these Europeans for a couple of years, and say what you will, they don't lack seasoning. But most of these country-club folks at home—people I once thought I'd give anything to call by their first name—why, they seemed like water-gravy with the salt left out!"

Men Without a Country

He has now deliberately become an expatriate. His daughters have both married into excellent old families in the country where he lives, and as he firmly keeps the money under his own control, his titled sons-in-law are very respectful. He says that he has forsworn America partly because his daughters are in Europe, and also because he leads a much more interesting life there.

"Men at home have a good time while they're making their money. But after they've got enough they don't know how to enjoy spending it," he maintains.

He knows, moreover, that he is genuinely liked by the group of aristocratic idlers with whom he associates, for they consider him a typical self-made uncultured American, and as such they enjoy him uncritically. They like his expansive pocketbook, but they also like his simplicity and his shrewd and often witty comments.

"You don't have to put on any airs over here," he once said. "In fact, they like you better if you don't. They've got enough airs of their own, and what they want is something different." He added with a twinkle in his eyes, "You see, I can sit around with these blue-blooded dukes and princes and spin them yarns about the mining camps and the rough pioneer days, and even throw in a few Indian fights for good measure, and they eat it up, because none of them have ever done a day's work in their lives and it sounds to them like a fairy tale. But suppose I tried to talk to those fellows in the clubs at home about the good old days. They wouldn't stand for it because it would be too close to most of their own lives, d'ye see?"

Not all expatriates turn their back so gayly upon their own country. Sometimes the decision to live abroad is the result of inevitable circumstances rather than choice, and is really painful, as in the cases of certain retired diplomats. Almost all American colonies in foreign countries contain some members from this class. Often they are men who have started upon their careers early in life and for twenty or thirty years have been ordered from one capital to another, so that when at last their active service is ended they find themselves literally citizens of the world. They may know their way about socially in London or Paris or Vienna, but when they return to their native cities of St. Louis or Boston or New York they feel quite lost. And although it may be distressing to be an alien in a foreign country, nothing could be so melancholy as to be an alien in one's own home.

One of our career diplomats said he felt like a ghost when he returned to his native city after an absence of many years.

Too Free for Freedom

"During all that time I had pictured myself going home at last to settle down and lead the kind of life I remembered my father leading," he said. "I had grown up in a group of half a dozen intimate friends and remembered outside of that a congenial circle of relatives and acquaintances. I thought that I would take it all up again where I had left off. But good heavens! Never was a picture less unlike reality. Of the six old cronies I had counted on, two had died, one had moved away, another had married a young wife and didn't want me around for fear of seeming old himself, and the remaining two, who had been partners in business, had quarreled and each one refused to come to my house unless I could promise that the other wouldn't be there.

"Nor did the pleasant group of less intimate friends exist in reality," he went on. "My younger relatives had married people I didn't know or people from out of town, and the families who had been prominent when I was a boy no longer had any influence; in their place new people had come in, and new houses had gone up and the old landmarks had disappeared. Worst of all, my point of view was not theirs. Why, I hadn't even heard of the Rotarians until I went home, and this shocked them as much as their belief that Genoa and Geneva were the same city horrified me. No doubt if I had stayed at home during all those years I should have felt as they did about local affairs and politics, and so on, but I hadn't stayed at home, and they didn't want to hear about my experiences, and I wasn't interested in theirs. There was no point of contact. At last I gave up the struggle—I was too old to change—and came back to Europe. It doesn't satisfy me, for I'm too good an American to want to spend my last years away from it. But what could I do?"

The dignified wife of another of our diplomats was in despair shortly after they had landed in New York for leave of absence. She declared that she simply couldn't bear life here, and that one day in the shops had distressed her unbearably. As she is a woman of wide experience who had learned to haggle in the bazaars of Stamboul and bargain equally skillfully with a rickshaw coolie in Peking or a *couturière* in the Rue de la Paix, I was curious to know what had upset her usual poise in our shops.

"It's their terrible familiarity!" she explained. "For instance, I tried to buy a hat—in a good shop too—and the saleswoman put an awful thing on my head and said, 'Take it, dearie; you look awfully cute in it. It's absolutely Ritzy, believe me.'"

She went on to say that she was conscious the moment she stepped off the steamer, of the total lack of discrimination between the people who liked a free-and-easy manner and those to whom it gave offense. Hotel clerks, hairdressers and saleswomen alike treated all their customers with the same familiarity.

"You've been spoiled in Europe," her husband declared. "This is the land of freedom."

"Then why can't I be free to be let alone?" she retorted. "I only ask to be treated as respectfully as I treated them. I don't call the saleswoman 'dearie' or make personal remarks to the coiffeur." She then shifted the argument quickly toward her husband with the adroitness of the marital debater. "You yourself said just last night that nobody even conversed here."

She laughed as she explained. "You see, we were invited out to dinner with a lot of people who our hostess said were eager to hear some talk about the latest developments in the Far East. Well, the only time the subject was mentioned during the entire evening was when one of the women told John all about everything. Then after dinner half of them played bridge and the rest did cross-word puzzles."

"I admit that I said there was no conversation over here," said the diplomat. "There are plenty of men who tell anecdotes—how I hate them!—and even worse, the women who quote the reviewers and tell you with a very intellectual air what the best critics have said about the new plays and books."

"Yes—but the most typical sentence—the one by which you could tell an American husband anywhere in the world—is, 'No, I haven't read it, but my wife has.'"

"American men are wife-ridden anyway," said her husband. "They've been told so often that they are intellectually behind their wives that they've come to believe it; and the women take their cues from what they call the best critics, so they have no original ideas to offer. Oh, well, we'll undoubtedly readjust ourselves, but these little things are the hardest at first."

The different standards of value—not only social but cultural and political—which have been acquired by long residence abroad, sometimes form the greatest stumblingblock to Americans who try afterward to live at home. The people who suffer most from this readjustment are the Americans who have been educated from childhood in Europe. A man prominent in New York told me the other day that he had gone to school in Switzerland and then to an English university.

An Americanized American

"And after I came home to America to live, it took me seven years to get used to it. Many times during that period I would gladly have given up the struggle and gone back to more congenial soil if I had not been forced to stay here to take care of the family business. To be sure, after the seven years were over I became the most loyal American possible. Now I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world, but I certainly wouldn't want a boy of mine to be put to such a test."

Few American boys are educated entirely abroad, for even the most irresponsible of parents usually realize the necessity of having their sons grow up among the people with whom they are to associate later. Some of our diplomats and business men who are compelled to live in Europe prefer to send their sons to boarding schools there rather than be separated by the Atlantic, but they usually send them back here when they are old enough for college. Even then it is difficult for boys who have spent their impressionable years in England, France or Switzerland to grow accustomed to the radically different customs and habits of American institutions. Moreover, they find themselves cut off from the friends they have made during their school years and plunged into a world of strangers

Occasionally the experiences which they undergo in an attempt to adjust themselves cause them to return to Europe as soon as they can, determined to live there. They form a small class of expatriates for whom one must indeed feel sympathy, for although they find European soil more congenial than American, rarely are they able to lose themselves in it or to become a true part of another civilization.

Even a man of genius, whom one would suppose outside the ordinary category, felt this. Sargent, the greatest of modern portrait painters, whose fame was world-wide, always remained an American.

I remember hearing him say less than a year ago at luncheon that although he had been born in Florence and spent his early years in Italy, Germany and France and worked and lived much in England, he could never get away from the fact that his father and mother were Americans, and he had never taken root in any other country.

Sargent was big enough to absorb the best that Europe offered and yet find pleasure in his own nationality. On the other hand, Henry James, the novelist, a man not of genius, but of talent, is an outstanding example of an American who after living abroad turned a disdainful back upon his native country.

Girls Educated Abroad

It is significant, however, that although in James' youth he declared that in Europe he could find all that made life beautiful and pleasant, after many years spent on the Continent and in England he realized that he had never been able satisfactorily to transplant himself. Finally he wrote to his brother in America in regard to his nephew's education, that the important thing "is their contracting local saturations and attachments in respect to their own great and glorious country, to . . . strike roots into its infinite beauty. . . . Its being their 'own' will double their use of it."

Although there are comparatively few American boys who are educated exclusively abroad, a good many of our girls are sent to school there and in fact spend all their impressionable years in Europe. Many of them are the daughters of well-to-do widows or divorcees who enjoy hotel life on the Continent and go with perfect regularity to Deauville, Biarritz, Cannes and The Lido, Venice. These girls are usually kept in boarding schools as long as possible, but after eighteen or nineteen they are supposed to have finished their education and to be ready for the world of society.

Sometimes their mothers take them back to America so that they may make their debut, but usually after long residence abroad this proves too much trouble, so unless some obliging relative at home is willing to undertake the task, the girls come out in some foreign city. London is the usual goal, if enough money and influence can be used to make it a success. In this case every possible pressure is brought to bear upon our embassy there to see that the girls are presented at the Court of St. James.

An exhausted young diplomat, who had spent weeks in trying to explain to great numbers of expatriated American women how impossible it was to include everyone in these small and restricted court lists, held up a stack of importuning notes on paper of various tints. "Not one of them has been in America for years," he declared. "In fact they openly express their contempt for it and are furious if anyone refers to them as Americans. They spend all their time and their good American dollars in Europe, and nothing could induce them to live in America. But they always cling to their passports, I notice, and whenever they want any of the privileges of citizenship they run to us for help. If I were the United States Government I'd make a rule—the way some clubs do—that after so many years of unexplained absence

(Continued on Page 94

The greatest organization of its kind in the world now offers *you* an opportunity to lay the corner-stone of a *real* career . . .

PICTURE yourself in a business dedicated to the welfare, contentment and progress of individuals, communities and nations! A calling where your efforts bring a double reward of happiness bestowed and material gain received.

Such a business is insurance! And such is the career of profitable service to which a way is open through the Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies —the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world!

Never before has the public been so conscious of its need for adequate insurance protection and dependable insurance advice. To promote this increased understanding, Ætna has for seventy-five years been carefully building an organization of representatives. Today that organization is large—nationally known and respected. But large as it is, there are many localities where real opportunities still exist.

The man we have in mind for each of these opportunities must be of sterling character. He must have, and deserve to have, the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens.

Before he can meet the responsibilities which always attend real opportunity, he will, of course, have to fit himself for the work. Our highly developed educational facilities, however, simplify this problem.

Once started, he will have the Ætna resources of experience and organization as a foundation for steady advancement in a real career.

By being able to offer his clients sound security against practically every insurable hazard, the Ætna-izer builds up both his income and prestige to an enviable position. The promptness and fairness of Ætna claim-adjustments cement the loyalty of the Ætna client, and all the unsurpassed service which the Ætna-izer is in a position to render is a stepping-stone to more business and greater returns for himself.

Well has the Ætna representative been called "the man worth knowing"! As a salesman of human happiness, he serves his community as no other material agency can. And in his efforts to help humanity he finds daily opportunity to establish and extend friendly social relations, while at the same time multiplying his usefulness and increasing his income.

The form below is for the convenience of the man with sufficient vision to investigate thoroughly an opportunity. Such a man will also recognize the desirability of supplementing the coupon with a letter reviewing his business and educational history so that we may more readily judge as to his qualifications. We have two books descriptive of *A*, Personal Insurance, including Life, Group Life, Accident and Health. *B*, Business Insurance, including Casualty, Surety, Fire and Marine. Please indicate your preference by checking a square in the coupon below.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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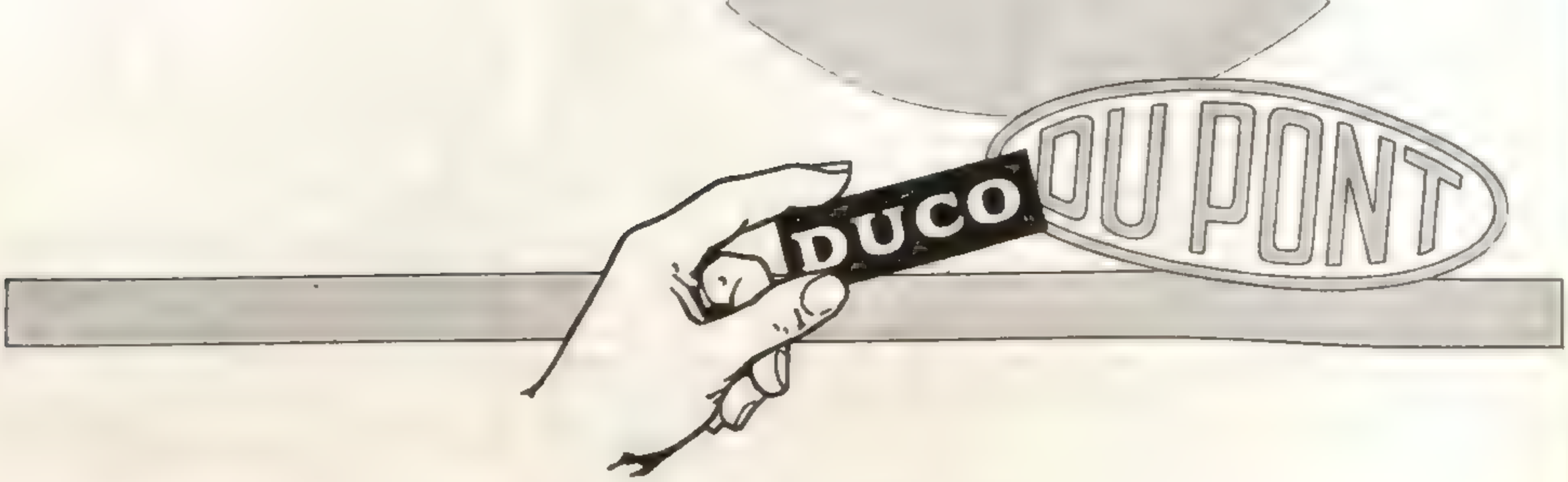
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

There is only ONE Duco —

DUCO is not a process nor a type of material. It is a specific *product* created and manufactured *only* by du Pont. It is not a paint nor a varnish. It is a finish of glass-like smoothness and astonishing durability.

Naturally, a product with such remarkable qualities and immediate acceptance by the public is widely imitated. DUCO is receiving its full measure of this flattery.

But the fundamental behind DUCO *never* can be imitated—for the accumulated experience of du Pont chemical engineers stands alone.



DU PONT Duco

FEW discoveries are spontaneous. Most of them are born in the obscure background of yesterday's long experience and research. So it was with Duco.

For 35 years du Pont Chemical Engineers have been developing the technique of cellulose nitrate manufacture. For more than 20 years the du Pont Chemical Products Division has specialized on industrial finishing materials made from cellulose nitrate.

In 1913 du Pont Chemical Engineers started active work on the adaptation of cellulose nitrate to an automobile finish. After ten years of painstaking research, the finished product was offered to the industrial world as Duco.

The chemistry of cellulose nitrate is a highly specialized field to which many du Pont Chemical Engineers have devoted their lives. Since 1890 they have produced more than two *billion* pounds of cellulose nitrate for many different purposes, all requiring the same raw materials, equipment, processes and experience.

Du Pont resources go back to its own nitrate fields in Chile and hardwood forests in Michigan. Du Pont scientific control governs every step in the manufacture of its acids, solvents and pigments, the purification and nitration of the raw cellulose, and the processing of these essential ingredients into the finished Duco.

These are the reasons why there is, and can be, only ONE Duco.

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CHICAGO PARLIN, N. J. SAN FRANCISCO

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Remember!
There is only ONE Duco—
DU PONT Duco

And the next day Mr. Sparks bought Electric Garden Hose

For satisfactory, leak-proof service get Electric Garden Hose.

Outwears two ordinary hose because *it cannot kink*. It's kinks that crack and ruin hose.

Electric Hose is made kink-proof by cord tire construction. Layers of pure rubber and tough seine cord. Covered by a heavy ribbed-rubber tread. Vulcanized together into mighty strength.

These exclusive processes—used by no other manufacturer—make Electric Hose the most durable hose you can buy.

Get *genuine* Electric. Trademark and handy measuring marks on every length. Your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store has Electric Hose or can get it for you.

Electric Hose & Rubber Co.
Wilmington, Del.

ELECTRIC
GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

(Continued from Page 90)

the members' names are automatically dropped. These expatriates who demand all the privileges and won't take any of the responsibilities of citizenship ought to be dropped from our lists."

He grinned. "Well, now I must write them all very polite notes, for no people are quicker to complain if their diplomats or consuls don't give them every attention."

Girls who are brought up in an atmosphere of the sort he described often know surprisingly little about their own country. Their mothers usually associate either with foreigners or with other expatriates who are scornful of everything American—except, as the young secretary said, of the privileges of its citizenship. And their daughters not only form an unattractive picture of their native country but by force of circumstances they meet few eligible American men. The result is that often while still very young they marry Europeans. They are usually much sought after because their way of living presupposes an adequate dot, and mothers who choose this sort of life for themselves and their daughters are overjoyed to have titled sons-in-law.

"I've just been staying with my daughter, the Countess of B——" the mother will say. "The castle of B—— is such a lovely place. It's been in the B—— family for centuries."

She does not add that it was hardly fit for habitation until it was restored by her daughter's marriage settlement.

I know of one tragic case of a girl living away from the United States from the time she was twelve until, at twenty-five, six years after her marriage to a European, she had to come over here, because of the settlement of an estate. She resisted the idea of coming, declaring that she knew she would find America intolerable. But the moment she saw the sky line of New York as the boat came into the harbor, she says she felt a deep convincing sense of belonging to it all.

"Europe may have greater picturesqueness and greater beauty in a way," she said. "For years I have heard mamma and her friends say so, and talk about the ugliness and the lack of charm in their own country. But I love it. Fifth Avenue to me is the most beautiful street in the world. The skyscrapers thrill me and I love the activity of everyone—men and women alike. I suppose it's because I am, after all, an American, and have pioneer blood in my veins. Always in Europe I was conscious of not using enough of my energy—of having lots more vitality than it was possible to use. Here I fit in. There I am always a stranger. Here I belong."

The Cult of Leisure

But she had to return to Europe after a short time, because her husband and her children were there. It had never occurred to the expatriated mother who had brought her up abroad that her daughter might, after all, like her own country best. But the girl had inherited, as she said, not only her father's money, but also his pioneer instincts of energy and love of creating new things.

Americans who are totally without these distinguishing characteristics, and who through lack of vigor—economic, physical, social or moral—find themselves out of tune with their own country, form the great majority of our voluntary exiles. They rarely know what they want in Europe, but they are usually eloquent about the things which they want to escape in their own country.

"They always say it's some lack in America," someone who has observed many of them once remarked. "But the truth is, of course, that it's always some lack in themselves. It takes a good deal of vitality to be happy in America—we are so young and vigorous and so confident of our ability to make a new world while you wait. If we have waste lands we project vast irrigation schemes and make them fertile; if there are stretches of country without communications a network of railroads goes up overnight. Our great buildings tower toward the sky. We make colossal dams that will furnish electric power to millions of people."

He glanced at the map of a proposed aeroplane passenger route.

"In the realm of mechanical improvements we move swiftly and with giant strides. But it takes generations and generations to produce the truly cultivated and tolerant-minded human beings to whom these things are supposed to be only accessories.

"What I mean is," he explained, "that the people who leave America in disgust because they cannot find here the cult of leisure nor the respect for study and meditation which Europe offers forget how young their country is. But worse than that, they are the kind of people who, when face to face with a difficult problem, give up like mollycoddles and refuse to fight it out. We need them here—these people who say that they yearn for a more leisurely and philosophical life."

There are fewer Americans who go to Europe to follow a life of culture, however, than there are those to whom it affords endless opportunities for social diversion. All the fashionable seaside and mountain resorts on the Continent are crowded with Americans; many of our compatriots rent country houses in England or live in London during the season. In all capitals of Europe there are many Americans who appear annually and who have definite social niches of their own.

Commuting to Europe

To great numbers of people Europe seems a vast and colorful playground. Men who never go into a shop in America, for instance, will spend hours amusing themselves in hunting antiques in some foreign capital. By going abroad they get completely away from the constant demands which pursue them even to their summer places when they remain at home. They enjoy the restaurants and the motor rides and the difference in scenery, and their wives and daughters revel in the chance to buy clothes so cheaply and so well.

These people are not usually expatriates; they live in America, and although they may go often to Europe and even own houses there, they belong in their own country, and most important of all, they bring their children up here, with perhaps sufficient time spent in Europe to broaden and deepen their interests in the arts and history.

In contrast to these well-to-do people who cross the Atlantic as casually as a New Jersey commuter takes the ferryboat to New York are the many women in straitened circumstances who are unable for some reason or other to leave their modest corner in Europe to go home.

An American woman nearing middle age applied to me in Italy for a position so far below her obvious capacity that I asked her why she desired it.

"You see, I study singing," she answered. "And now that living has gone up since the war I cannot pay the maestro and live on my income, even in lire. So I must do something else. I cannot give up my music."

I found out later that the poor woman had no voice at all, but she had begun taking lessons some years before—had written glowing letters home about the maestro's predictions of her great artistic future. So she had gone on year after year, always hoping that by some miracle of endeavor she would eventually appear on the concert stage and make the great triumphant success of which she had dreamed. Finally even she must have realized that there was no possible chance of it, but she had fed herself on the drug of hope for so long that she could not now break the habit. Moreover, she hated to face the humiliation of going home to obscurity and ridicule, to acknowledge that she had spent her years and her money in futile endeavor.

Almost all European cities contain a number of shabbily dressed women of this kind, who live in semi-poverty, homesick and alone, in order to pursue the phantom of artistic careers.

Some of the other members of our foreign colonies who go abroad intending to enjoy a life of leisure are unable to resist getting into certain activities in the country to which they go. The most effective of these endeavors prove to be those which have to do with bringing the best of their adopted country to America and in turn interpreting the United States abroad. The hyphenated societies are usually in the hands of men like this and they often accomplish excellent results.

"When I came over here I tried conscientiously to cut myself off from everything American," said one of this group who lives in Rome. "I devoted myself to the study of Italian art and Italian history and I learned the language and associated chiefly with Italians. But gradually I found that whenever I dug out something that seemed really interesting, my first instinct was to send it back to America. I became eager to have the two countries understand each other. Now I feel as if I had one foot in the United States and one foot here. An uncomfortable position to keep for long—yet when I go home I am overcome by nostalgia. I think it is the physical beauty of the land itself which I miss."

To anyone who lived in Europe, who has actually for a time felt himself part of an older, riper and infinitely more picturesque and easier civilization, there must come moments of nostalgia. Moments when before the mind's eye flashes a picture of an Italian sky, divinely blue, of the sun beating down on the orange awning of a vine-hung terrace, or of a red-tiled farmhouse in France with long straight rows of slim and silvery poplar trees and fields of scarlet poppies. And moments when in imagination come the pleasing intonations of a foreign servant's "*Madame est servie*" and the memory of a brown-eyed faithful maid who liked nothing so much as to be allowed to brush one's hair by the hour.

Holiday Settings

Nostalgia? Yes. The odor of mimosa brings up a hundred memories of springtime in warm and pleasant lands where enchanted moons shine down upon carefree and happy peoples. Sidewalk cafés where one may sit and talk and sip *sciroppo rosso* as if it were nectar.

And yet ——

Wonderful settings though they are, they still remain for most Americans the settings for holidays, and not for life itself.

Search the faces of our expatriates. Listen to their conversation. They say they have gone abroad for intellectual and artistic stimulus or that they have gone abroad for greater personal liberty and development. Maybe. But their conversation rarely shows it. They talk of good restaurants, cheap little dressmakers, out-of-the-way places to buy furs for almost nothing, and they talk a good deal of each other.

When they get past middle age they forget sometimes even to make the pretense that America cramped and hindered them. They talk then of the maple trees at home, and the wide porches where people sat and rocked on summer evenings, and of the trolley cars that used to clang past their houses, and of the sound of snow that squinched beneath the feet of passers-by on cold winter nights. They wonder what has become of the girls and the boys whom they used to know back at school so many years ago.

And then as they grow really old they turn from their foreign acquaintances, of whom they were once so proud, toward the close and intimate association of their fellow Americans, all of them away from home, all of them strangers, but in the same native tongue trying to give each other comfort.

The Trail That Leads to Everywhere

The Ford car which has served the family so faithfully all winter now holds forth the promise of a delightful and inexpensive means of vacationing this summer.

Touring makes an appeal to everyone, and the Ford is the sensible and practical way to enjoy this healthful pastime. Confidence in the performance of the car leads the most confirmed stay-at-home to venture forth. And the comforting assurance of service always near, always available, always economical bears out this choice.

Runabout	$260	Tudor	$580
Touring	$290	Fordor	$660
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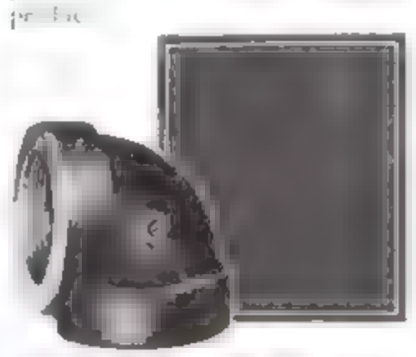

GRINNELL
PIPE FITTINGS

George Jurdine (F. O. B.) tells his secret

"GOING through to Chicago tonight, Mr. Jurdine?" asked the steward, addressing a man who was finishing a sumptuous dinner at the same table with Volker and Treadwell.

"Only to Columbus, this time," came the reply. "I expect to locate there."

Treadwell shot a glance at his companion. Both knew that this was to be George Jurdine's first appearance as proposed by their General Manager for the presidency of the company. They were to have met him for the first time in the morning at the Columbus factory.

Introductions over, Treadwell, Chairman of the Board of Directors, said: "Mr. Volker, our Treasurer, is worrying about the excessive cost of the reconstruction and modernization work at the Columbus Plant.

"He finds that actual quotations on materials, as turned in by our Consulting Engineer, do not square with the estimate worked out by our President six months before he died. That old estimate was taken as the basis for our financial program."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Jurdine. "Your President and I were trained in the same school of hard buying. As purchasing agents in the old days we learned our lesson. No consulting engineer has the instinct for getting rock bottom prices. He can't visualize materials in the maker's shipping room waiting for a buyer, nor can he read the lesson of the empty car standing alongside the shipping platform. I make F. O. B. stand for 'Ferret Out Bargains.' And, likewise, on all installation work I go after rock bottom prices and get them."

"But," exclaimed the Treasurer, "we propose to install all these materials ourselves."

"That makes no difference," said Mr. Jurdine, emphatically. "Let me tell you an old secret of mine. Where you get quotations on any materials used in power, heating and process piping, go out and shop the way a thrifty housewife does. List your requirements by items. Let 'em all see they must sharpen their pencils. Then reply to each one that it is high. And when they come tumbling tell them they need to shave prices. Take your time, sit back, and wear them out."

Treadwell: "That kind of buying ought to help balance our budget, Volker."

Volker: "Why can't we get a stateroom and go over these figures? With a few facts to lay before the Consulting Engineer tonight we can hold up the orders he insists on placing at once."

Mr. Jurdine shifted uneasily, gathered his change from the waiter and suavely said: "I would be very glad to, gentlemen, but I have a quarterly report to finish before we reach Columbus. Really, Mr. Treadwell, if you intend to honor me with the presidency I would suggest you postpone the meeting with your Consulting Engineer so I can handle the whole matter in my official capacity."

* * * * *

"WASN'T that George Jurdine I saw getting off the car ahead?" asked the Consulting Engineer, as he greeted Treadwell and Volker at the station platform.

Volker: "Yes, it was, and he's surely a live wire. I'm for him 100% for president."

"What! George Jurdine? Why, his high production costs were always the joke of the engineering world. Back East where his disgraceful plant equipment sunk the Empire Chemical Company, he was known as old F. O. B. Jurdine."

Treadwell: "What's that about F. O. B.?"

Consulting Engineer: "His mind starts and stops with the price on a car. 'Foolish Old Bunk,' we called it. He can't understand that everything in a plant should be bought 'R. W. U.' as somebody once said of him."

Treadwell: "I never heard of 'R. W. U.'"

Consulting Engineer: "'Right When Used.' As regards piping, that means materials which permit quick installation at low cost, and a finished system economical to run and easy to maintain. For such a system you need to buy every item 'R. W. U.'—bends, fittings, hangers, welded nozzles, all 'Right When Used'."

Treadwell: "I see it. That was the failing of our old President. We are paying for his 'hard buying' in the expensive modernizing of this comparatively new plant."

Volker: "I *don't* see it. As our Consulting Engineer you're responsible for final performance and when our own men do the work you will be able to spot and reject imperfect materials."

Consulting Engineer: "That's thoroughly impractical; virtually impossible, unless you want to cramp production for a year. No. 'Right When Used' is the only safe yardstick; and always means to me the Grinnell Company. As you know they have installed more finished piping equipments than any other firm in the world. Since they sell in the open market the very same fabricated material, fittings and hangers that they use in their own work, you can be sure that those materials are right when used."

* * * * *

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Furnishing Materials from Engineering Specifications a Specialty

JASMINE

(Continued from Page 21)

They were locked, and he spent a few moments examining the keyhole before he climbed over the stone wall and followed the gravel drive up over the granite outcrop which hid the sea from the road. The drive felt firm and smooth underfoot, and it bent at sharp angles between shoulders of rock. Gerber stopped to calculate the angle of vision, and went on, grinning contentedly; so far, very good indeed. Give a man ten minutes' lead, five even, and that lane would do the rest, with its entrance concealed by sharp curves in the turnpike on each side of it.

He descended the farther slope with the loud mutter of surf in his ears, and came presently to the low shadowy bulk of a stone house that hung on the lip of a bluff, with a ghostly froth of breakers swirling at its foot. The drive led behind it, past boarded windows, to a roomy garage, also locked and shuttered. Both buildings were lower than the ledge behind them, and the garage was hidden, too, from chance observation on the seaward side, by the intervening bulk of the house. Gerber chuckled softly as he fumbled at its locked door. Two locks to manage, locks that he could almost open with his bare hands, and the job was as good as done!

He made sure, through a gap in a shutter that admitted the beam of his tiny pocket torch, that there was room on the garage floor for his car, and turned back, whistling between his teeth. His car was where he had left it; he backed into the main road and drove on toward Tillmouth.

He would have been utterly content except for the recurrence of that queer daydream picture of a town called Jasmine, and the wholly absurd feeling that he'd like to go there. Obscurely he felt the existence of some association between that illusion and this harsh salt-impregnated air that drove in from the sea and the rocks.

He thrust it from him impatiently. Some movie, of course. Better stay away from them after this, if they could get under his skin this way!

II

IT WAS a little after midnight when Gerber drove into the cart road where he had hidden his car six days before; he left it there again and made his way along the edge of the turnpike to the big iron gates. The lock surrendered to the second of his keys and he swung the gates inward, stooping to make sure that neither touched the surface of the drive, so as to leave a telltale arc behind it. He went back for his car and drove it past the first bend in the lane, returned to shut the gates, and, without using his headlights, followed the drive up over the shoulder of the ledge and down to the door of the garage behind the big stone house.

The lock here gave him more trouble, but he opened it finally, and swung the doors wide, drove the car past them and closed them again. Leaving the headlights on, he went outside and walked around the building, looking for any leakage of light at the edges of the shuttered windows. He found three or four small chinks besides the broken shutter through which he had made his original inspection of the interior, and carefully stopped them all with calkings of cotton waste from the inner side, going back to make sure of the result before he set about unloading the stores he had carried under a tarpaulin cover in the tonneau.

He checked the items deliberately on a mental list. Water, first, the thing which a good many men would have taken for granted, instead of remembering that cottages like this were sure to be supplied by some pumping system of their own which would be out of commission in the winter. He had brought four big demijohns of it; if he needed more it would be necessary to risk a trip at night to that creek he had spotted, a quarter of a mile back, but here was enough to last for ten days anyway.

A small oil stove came next, with a five-gallon can of fuel; the nights could be bitterly cold in this country, even in early October; a small oil lamp; he filled and lighted it, and shut off the headlights. Tins and boxes of meat and biscuit and fruit were stowed neatly in a closet; an air mattress and a roll of blankets provided a bed, on which Gerber drifted contentedly to sleep.

It was still dark when he opened the doors again, and only a vague lightness showed itself in the east as he swung the iron gates of the driveway shut behind the little car, adjusting the lock so that it held them securely latched and would yet yield to a touch.

He drove through a sleeping Riverport, observing with satisfaction that the painted pole sign had been removed from the sidewalk before Professor Smalley's shop and that the windows of the upper room were blinded by lowered shades. Through the windows of the bank, illumined by a thrifty bulb above the vault door, he noted the clock and made sure that his watch agreed with it.

A neat bare lunch room near the railroad station in New Devon, twelve miles to the north, provided the local breakfast of fried fish, coffee and cold apple pie; at a hardware store across the street Gerber bought a five-gallon can, some tins of prepared varnish and the brushes with which to apply it; a yawning boy in greasy overalls at the corner garage filled the gas tank and the new five-gallon can, changed the oil in the crank case and sleepily tested the air pressure in the tires. Gerber turned in the little village square and headed back toward the south.

He stopped in a thicket of young pines, advertised as a camping ground by windblown litter that lay plentifully on the brown carpet of dead needles. Here, without impatience, he made himself comfortable on the two cushions of the seats, placed on the ground on the far side of the car. He had several hours to wait, but he had learned to enjoy such intervals of inactivity; they gave him time in which to school himself for a smooth and letter-perfect performance by plodding mental rehearsals. He shut his eyes and leaned back. If he could just keep that crazy notion from intruding on his mind for a little while ——

Instantly it was there, baffling and tormenting in its minuteness of detail, so that he seemed to see the patched overalls of the drowsing negroes propped against the cotton bales, the markings of the melancholy hounds asleep under the station platform. He moved his hands in a pushing gesture, as if to thrust it from him by force. Jasmine! The sentimentality of the name disgusted him, and yet, somewhere in the back of his brain, a rebellious thought insisted on longing for it!

Gerber drove the fancy away. He forced his mind back to its business; he made it show him the interior of the bank at Riverport, made it move about on this stage the three persons of the play. Over and over again he went through it, until it seemed as if, when the time came, he could play his part mechanically, by rote, thinking of something else.

At two o'clock he was on the road again; at fifteen minutes to three he reached the edge of Riverport and stopped his car at the roadside, going through the motions of inspecting its engine, in case anyone should pass during the time he meant to kill. It wanted only two minutes of the hour, when he drove up to the bank.

The flat little gun lay reassuringly under his left arm; strapped about his body under his coat he carried the flat leather bag he had devised and made for the purpose, so that both of his hands should always be free. He climbed down, his back toward the bank, and turned just as one of the clerks came past the end of the counter to the doors.

Your room at the Benjamin Franklin

UPON our Journeys we all have met with Inns possessing Public Rooms most Luxurious, yet having Guest-Chambers of but scant Comfort and such a Cheerless Air withal they did but cause us a great Loneliness.

Here the Utmost Attention has been accorded to the Rooms wherein those that visit us do Lodge; a Cosy and a Homelike Atmosphere does pervade them all—a Cheerfulness and Comfort inducing Ease of mind and body.

So our Guests live in their Private Rooms far more than is the Custom at an Inn, finding themselves so well Put Up and in surroundings so Agreeable.

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The term Fixed Focus (Registered Trade Mark) designates a distinctive type of Tung-Sol bulb

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS, Newark, New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

Gerber slipped inside with an apologetic grin.

"Just made it, didn't I? Too late to cash a traveler's check for me?"

The other shook his head. Glancing past him Gerber became aware of another last-moment customer, counting a fat sheaf of bills on the glass ledge before the teller's window. This was a possibility that Gerber had foreseen and discounted, but as his glance rested on the yellow pigskin hatbox that stood on the floor between generous feet incased in pearl spats and patent leather, as it rose again past diamond golf stockings and gay-checked flannel knickers to the magnificence of the long-tail coat with braid around its aidges, the exceeding blackness of the neck and ears above it, Gerber scowled at the evidence that in one detail his calculations had gone wrong.

It was apparent that pack-up time for Professor Smalley's friend had been a few hours later than Gerber had expected. The Professor had seen him before, twice, and at close range; Gerber had always avoided such witnesses, and for a moment, now, he was on the verge of abandoning his venture rather than break his rule.

The sight of that thick pile of bills on the glass shelf decided him. If he came back next week there would be just that much less to carry away. Gerber was thrifty about such details. It didn't matter how the Professor had managed to get all that money together—it was worth taking, too much to forfeit for a remote and negligible risk. After all, what could Smalley swear to except that Gerber had twice been shaved in his shop?

The clerk had drawn down the shades of the narrow glazed panels in the doors; the spring latch was set so that there could be no chance interruption from the street; the other clerk, near enough to the counter to reach the gun that he probably kept on the shelf below the wicket, was the only dangerous factor in the situation. Gerber slipped quickly past the end of the counter, the flat gun at his hip, his back against the front wall of the room.

"Put 'em up, quick!"

He had tested the value of that abrupt peremptory voice. Hardly anybody, hearing it without forewarning, but would obey almost subconsciously; there had been one teller whose lifted right hand had carried up the revolver it had snatched as it went past the shelf! Gerber nodded as the clerk's palms rose; still against the wall, at the end of the counter so that he covered both sides of it, he ordered the man to join his comrade and the Professor in the outer space. The three were lined up against the inner wall, their faces toward it. In the uplifted clutch of Professor Smalley the big sheaf of bills quivered, as if a light breeze blew through them. Gerber twitched them free and dropped them into the leather sack against his breast, by way of beginning.

There was a door in the rear wall; he threw it open and saw that it led into a shallow closet. Under the persuasion of voice and gun the three victims crowded into it and Gerber locked them in.

He took his time now, looting the cash trays first and then investigating the vault, where he found rather more cash than he had expected, so much more that the leather bag would not hold it all. He made a clumsy parcel of it and was on his way to the door when the yellow hatbox caught his eye. Gerber chuckled as he emptied it of Professor Smalley's professional equipment and crowded down its curved lid on his package of bills. The act seemed somehow to relieve a lingering sense of grievance against the Professor; his presence had materially increased the profits of the enterprise, and yet Gerber resented it, not only because of the slight danger of recognition which it involved but also because it represented a blemish on an otherwise admirable operation; Gerber took a kind of craftsman's pride in a workmanlike job of planning and performance.

He attracted no notice as he crossed the sidewalk to his car; he drove deliberately until he had passed the sign swung across the highway, inviting him, in behalf of the chamber of commerce, to call again. Here he increased his speed, although he was reasonably certain that there was no need of haste. The turnpike was deserted behind him when he turned the bend just north of the iron gates; he ran on past them to the next curve, where he could see for perhaps half a mile to the south. No car was in sight on this stretch, either. He backed to the gates, opened them, drove through and closed them again, after making sure that his tires had left no track in the graveled drive. Five minutes later the doors were closed behind his car and he was happily engaged in counting up his winnings by the light of his lamp.

He scowled at the contents of the leather bag, and then grinned sourly as he saw the significance of that litter of dollar bills, with a single yellow twenty among them. Professor Smalley had intended that roll of money to dazzle even the sophisticated promenaders of A'lan'uck City, a beautifully impressive lump of ones surrounded by that yellowback! Only four hundred in the lot, and it had looked like a couple of thousand as the Professor had brandished it! The contents of the hatbox were more comforting; he must have struck the bank on a particularly good day. Footing up the total, Gerber whistled softly between his teeth; it was his biggest single job, so far. For the first time he knew the feeling that he possessed something more than spending money; this was capital, to be invested instead of paid out for food and shelter and clothes and the frugal pleasures which Gerber permitted himself in times of plenty. With a roll like this a man could settle down somewhere, buy a little business perhaps, or, better still, start one of his own—note shaving, for instance.

Gerber scowled at an unbidden trespasser upon his pleasant meditations. Why on earth should he feel as if the best place in which to start that business would be a town named Jasmine? With a whole world from which to choose, why should he insist on being homesick for a place he'd never seen, a place he certainly didn't want to see?

He unwrapped the parcel of paintbrushes and opened a can of varnish. He might as well begin painting the car at once; the question of his future residence could be settled later. There'd be plenty of time. For a moment he was frightened by the prospect of the next two weeks, shut up in the dark; Jasmine—he damned the name between his teeth. Wasn't he ever going to get it out of his head? Was he going to spend a dozen days and nights trying to remember where he'd heard of it, with that exasperating tormenting impression that the answer was just around the corner? Jasmine ——

III

HERE and there in the shadows a sifting of ashen rime bore witness to last night's frost, but the sunlight that lay on the chocolate of the plowlands and the dun of the broad pastures was mellow and genial, and the air held the winy, bracing quality of autumn instead of the harsh bite of winter, which, according to Gerber's calendar, would have been in order now.

He sent the new car along at an easy loafing pace, his spirits reacting to the sun and the landscape and the thin upland airs. It seemed as if he had outwitted winter, just as he had outwitted the other enemies that lay behind him to the north, as if it were due to some extraordinary cleverness of his own that the sun was pleasantly warm and the countryside bare of snow. He was pleased with himself; it was a good idea, this journey southward; none of the towns through which he had driven had satisfied him; always there had been, whenever he stopped, that prodding restless belief that there was something better farther on, until, by easy casual stages, he had drifted down beyond the rim of winter to these friendly smiling hills.

Presently there would be another town, perhaps the very one for which he had been

(Continued on Page 100)

FEDERAL TIRES

If you would rather

buy unusually good tires and at the same time receive unusually fair treatment on price, quality and service, we refer you to the Federal Authorized Sales Agent in your neighborhood.

He is a man whose knowledge, whose local reputation and whose desire to satisfy you, warrant the confidence you place in him.

And back of every Federal Tire, whether it be the big balloon, the small size high pressure cord, or the husky truck tire, is Federal's twenty year reputation for extraordinary quality and performance.

Whatever your needs, there is a big value tire for you in the large Federal Line.

And you will soon discover there are many advantages in doing business with the Federal Authorized Sales Agency, the higher type tire merchant near you.

This Federal Authorized Sales Agency sign is displayed wherever Federal Tires are sold.

(Continued from Page 98)

seeking. If not it didn't matter; the road was open, and a car could follow it clear down to Florida, where, by all accounts, there would be plenty of chances for a man with a bit of capital to turn it over to advantage. Gerber's glance dropped affectionately to the neat suitcase at his feet; he had peculiarly sound reasons for distrusting banks and carrying his capital in wholly liquid form. It would be on hand when he saw a chance to use it. Any one of these towns might ——

He stopped at a fork in the road to consult the signboards, and something throbbed in his brain as the painted words shouted down at him:

JASMINE—12 MILES

Gerber sat still, his foot on the clutch while the muffled impatient drumming of the racing motor seemed to keep the tempo of the pulses in his throat. Jasmine! It was a real town, then, after all, and not just some fragmentary memory of a movie. For a space a sense of something uncanny frightened him; he fancied that he felt the short hairs stiffen and bristle at the back of his neck. Then, as his normal attitude of mind came back upon him, he shook off the thought impatiently.

There was nothing weird about this. He'd read or heard about the town somewhere, seen a picture of it in some illustrated paper or some news reel at the movies; it was just coincidence that this random journey southward had brought him past this sign. He chuckled. At any rate he'd find out what it was like in cold reality, so that the next time that absurd homesick daydream took hold of him he'd be able to answer it with facts! He let in the clutch and turned into the right-hand road.

He was conscious of a pleasurable mounting excitement as he passed the mileposts with their shrinking figures. There was, somehow, a proprietary quality in his feeling toward the upland valley and its stone farmsteads, the rolling fields of bright green winter wheat and the thrifty apple orchards on the slopes. A bird sailed across the road and fluttered down to cover, a glint of white showing above its tail feathers; a meadow lark, Gerber thought—down here they'd call it something else. A—a field lark, wasn't it? He had a friendly sense of ownership toward the cottontail that bounded away from a culvert as he passed. A nice country, anyway. A man might do a lot worse than settle down here if ——

He shook his head at the recurring image of the town. Not for Conrad Gerber! It was funny, though, that the country should look so prosperous and thrifty, if it contained a village so completely otherwise. He caught a glimpse of spires and roofs ahead, at the end of the valley, and quickened his speed as if it had beckoned to him. He stopped presently in a little sunny square, with a red-brick courthouse facing him from a shallow park; the street was newly paved with smooth cement; the stores that fronted on the walks were modern, prosperous; the hotel was cheerful with new paint and clean plate glass.

Gerber sat for a minute behind his wheel, trying to square the reality with the vivid dream. There was no doubt that this was Jasmine; a dozen signs assured him of the fact, but it would have been hard to find a village less like the Jasmine of his persistent vision. He thought it over and understood. He'd read or heard of the town by name, and some trick of association had linked it, in his thoughts, to a memory of an imaginary village he had seen in some movie. That was all. The rest was just coincidence.

Gerber carried his suitcase into the hotel and registered. On impulse he used his own name; it seemed to be settled in his mind that he was to stay here; the need for an alias was definitely ended. In his room he unlocked the black bag and took out of it one of the neat packets of bills with which it was chiefly filled. Those which he chose were all worn notes, all of fairly small denominations, tens and twenties mostly, with two or three fifties; in the bag he left several packages of smaller old bills and a few of new ones, large and small; he locked it and left it in the clothes press, locking the door of this. Downstairs the clerk directed him to a bank. He inspected the street with a pleasantly proprietary approval, chuckling under his breath at the utter lack of resemblance between the Jasmine of his dreams and this clean thrifty little town.

It was just coincidence, he told himself again. He'd heard the name somewhere, and its sentimentality had associated it in his mind with a random memory of some play or book or movie, that was all. It was just chance that had brought him to it; and for once, he admitted, he owed something to the blind gods. He gave them no credit for the success of his enterprise up to this point. He had only himself to thank for the smooth efficiency of the robbery, the beautifully simple ingenuity of the escape. By the time he had used up his provisions and repainted his car, in the safe seclusion of that closed garage, there hadn't been much risk in driving boldly southward; it hadn't been necessary, really, to trade in the car on the new one, nor to keep to the back roads as he journeyed south. But it was sheer luck, coincidence pure and simple, that had led him here; he was vaguely pleased by the admission, as if the fact that luck was on his side implied a sort of tribute to his cleverness.

The bank was reassuring, a modern affair of tiled lobby and bronze grilles. Gerber stopped beside the low stone rail beyond which, identified as cashier by a neat gilt sign on his desk, a brisk young man looked up from his blotter.

"Like to open a small account," said Gerber, giving his name. "I haven't any local references to offer, but you can write my home bank, the Quarry Trust, at Binchester. I shan't want to draw on you for a while, anyway—just carrying a bit more cash than I like to, that's all."

The cashier shook hands cordially. Gerber accepted his invitation to step inside the railing, to take one of the substantial mahogany chairs. The bank would be right glad to serve him. Was he staying long in Jasmine? The cashier hoped ——

"I don't know." Gerber grinned. "It sounds funny, but I've got a notion I might stay here for keeps. Just happened to be driving through on my way south and liked the looks of the place so much that I thought I'd look it over, anyway, before I go on. If there's an opening for a man with a bit of capital ——"

The cashier rose. "Just a minute, Mr. Gerber. I want you should meet our president. Step right in hyeah, suh."

A tall man, lean and straight, rose from his desk as the two entered the inner office He was clean-shaven and sun-browned, with a hint of humor in the line of his mouth.

"This is Mr. Gerber, Cunnel Hampden," said the cashier.

Something clicked in Conrad Gerber's brain as he submitted helplessly to the clasp of long brown fingers and allowed himself to be urged into a chair beside the broad bare desk. Colonel Hampden! Of course it was nothing but another coincidence, he told himself; the name wasn't uncommon, and it would be exactly what a scenario writer would choose for the stereotyped figure of a movie colonel, with a white goatee and a wide-brimmed black hat. There was absolutely no resemblance between this banker and the Colonel Hampden of the daydream Jasmine. Just blind, brute coincidence; and yet ——

He found himself answering questions almost mechanically. He hadn't been in active business for some years—traveling for his health, which was much improved now. He'd thought of going into something in Florida, but, as he'd explained to Mr. Fairly, the cashier, he liked the looks of Jasmine so much that if there was any good opening here

It was just as well that he'd always kept a little money in the Quarry Trust, back in Binchester. They'd remember his people and say a discreetly favorable word in behalf of an old depositor, even if they hadn't seen him for eight or nine years.

Colonel Hampden was briskly affable. There was plenty of room in Jasmine for newcomers; the town had a first-rate future; it would give the bank a lively pleasure to help Mr. Gerber choose among the likeliest opportunities for investment. Meanwhile, under the circumstances, it would be delighted to waive the matter of references and accept Mr. Gerber's deposit. The cashier departed to arrange for this. In his absence Colonel Hampden seemed to relax a little from the presidential dignity; he became more directly, informally cordial.

"Just occurs to me that the Jasmine Kiwanis meets this noon, Mr. Gerber. Admire to have you lunch with us over at the hotel; be a right good way to meet folks."

Gerber accepted gracefully. Here was one point of similarity between that curious fancy and reality; in all those daydreams the imaginary Colonel Hampden had been a sympathetic figure, hospitable and friendly; there had even been a specific phrase that applied itself to him—a grand gentleman. In some respects the real colonel justified these epithets. Gerber liked him, was somehow elevated in his own estimate by the colonel's manner. Yes, he conceded mentally, in spite of the briskness, the air of almost Northern efficiency, the phrase fitted very well; you didn't need to talk to this man very long to feel that he was a—a grand gentleman.

He signed an index card and accepted check and pass books, departing in an atmosphere of agreeable geniality that followed him on his deliberate walk back to the hotel. Against a mental background in which the future beckoned amiably, in which Conrad Gerber had become a solid, respected citizen of Jasmine, an intimate of such men as Colonel Hampden, he pondered on the queer freak of coincidence that had led up to this result.

It was just that, he knew. There were people who fooled themselves with the notion that there was such a thing as destiny and that these occasional phenomena of chance were evidences of its interest and intention. Gerber knew better; he knew that a man was his own destiny and that the rest was pure accident; no more significant than an encounter, for instance, between a chip adrift on a river and a keel fashioned from the same tree. Nevertheless his own case amused him, revived the old groping baffled attempt to identify the source of that random fancy. A movie, a chance conversation with some forgotten stranger, a date line in a newspaper, perhaps.

He might as well change before that luncheon; these clothes were all right for driving, but they weren't exactly the thing in which to be introduced to the Kiwanians of Jasmine as their future fellow. A bath and a shave and fresh linen, that neat new suit with the tiny pin check. He turned aside, as he entered the lobby of the hotel, to the arched doorway of its barber shop. He'd get that shave first.

A previous customer was just leaving one of the four chairs; Gerber took off his collar and surrendered to the lulling influence of the horizontal cushions, shutting his eyes. Lather was rubbed gently into his chin and cheeks; a razor slipped almost caressingly over his face. Distantly he was aware of a mellow negro voice in repartee with the occupant of another chair; the sound soothed him to contented drowsiness, in which he hardly identified the words that came to him, seemingly from far away:

"Yas suh—st'angle a mule, 'at money 'ould, if he go tryin' swalluh it! Reckon I ain' li'ble eveh git me 'at much money again, nah suh! Ole bank robbeh sho pick me clean down to uh bone, 'at time! No use goin' A'lan'uck City wiff nuffin' in my pockets only my han's—only place ole P'fessor Smalley welcome when he broke boun' to be 'is ole town uh Jasmine. Yas suh, dess like uh Good Book say, ain' no place like home, not even A'lan'uck City!"

Conrad Gerber lay very still. Of course! It seemed impossible that he could have forgotten where he'd heard of Jasmine and of that gran gelmun Cunnel Hampden, of cottontails and fie' la'ks and houn' dawgs! Coincidence! Why, he'd arranged all this as methodically as any job he'd ever pulled! With the wide world before him he'd come straight to the place where he was sure to meet the only man who could possibly recognize him!

The razor stopped in the midst of its gliding stroke. There was a gasping sound. The feathery edge of the blade descended like a snowflake on the stretched skin over Conrad Gerber's larynx. He looked up into an ominously protruding eye, intent and baleful.

"Cliffo'd, go fetch uh sheriff—nemmine why—dess tell him ole P'fessor Smalley got a elegan' piece uh business fo' him." The eye came a little nearer and became, if possible, more baleful; there was just the suggestion of pressure on the blade that touched Conrad Gerber's throat. "White man," said a voice wholly sinister and earnest, in Conrad Gerber's ear, "white man, whe'h 'at hat satchel?"

Why Spark Plugs Should Be Changed and When

THERE is no use making carburetor adjustments, ignition changes or other engine repairs without first being sure that the spark plugs are delivering the full spark to ignite the compressed gas mixture.

This is the easiest and should be the first step in the process of elimination.

After many months of driving, depending on the mileage covered, a motor does not perform as well as it once did. This condition is brought about by excessive oil and by certain fuel combinations, which when aggravated by the use of the choker make the combustion chamber comparable to a carbonizing furnace, so that regardless of the quality of the insulator and sparking points, a carbon coating will be formed. Even if the plugs do not short-circuit altogether, enough surface leakage will be induced to cause a weak spark at the gap.

This carbonizing condition also attacks the sparking points and so weakens the structure of the metal that they will not only burn away more rapidly but the electrical resistance between the points becomes greater, with the result that electrodes in this condition cannot deliver the full spark.

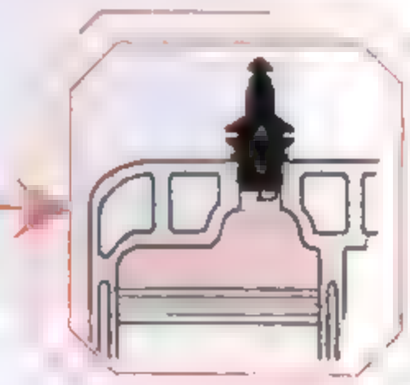
If the insulators are coated or badly discolored and the sparking points in bad condition, which naturally follows after many months of driving, the safest and best thing to do is to install new plugs.

Another Reason Why a Motor Does Not Perform at Its Best

A short plug will not give good motor performance where a long plug is needed, or vice versa, for instance—

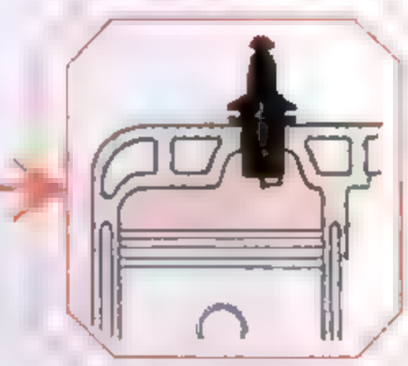
When Too Short a Plug Is Used:

The sparking points are in a pocket, from which the burned gases are not entirely scavenged during the exhaust stroke. This dead gas prevents the proper firing of the fresh incoming gas. When the spark occurs the fresh gas burns too slowly, this delayed burning causing overheating of the engine, the same as would result from a retarded spark. There is not only loss of power and of fuel, but the engine becomes sluggish, hard to start and accelerates slowly.



When Too Long a Plug Is Used:

Good engine performance demands that the sparking points of the plug do not become too hot. When a long plug is used, the lower end extends too far into the firing chamber, where it is exposed to the full heat of explosion. This excessive temperature causes the sparking points to become red hot, resulting in pre-ignition, with violent knocking, general loss of power, missing and backfiring.



When the proper size and type of plug is used the result is full power, maximum fuel economy, easy starting, quick acceleration and good performance under most exacting conditions.

Automobile manufacturers use AC's year after year because they have found them to be best. They have determined by careful tests the particular type of AC Spark Plug that gives the best service in the cars they build.

That's why more than 80% of all the cars produced in this country, Fords excluded, are AC-equipped.

There is a size and type of AC Spark Plug for every motor—your dealer has an AC size chart and can give you the correct plugs for your motor.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,737, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC-OLEO
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE

The E

Above—Washington Square—where Fifth Avenue starts. Here, where smart society comes to view "Art at Home," Palm Beach Suits add coolness to artistic temperaments and smartness to Avenue strollers.

Your clothier can show you cool Palm Beach Suits in light and dark colors and patterns just as in woolens and worsteds.

Above—Here's how a well tailored Palm Beach Suit looks when displayed by one of New York City's most exclusive clothiers.

Right—On the sands at Long Beach, surf, shade and Palm Beach Suits bring coolness to men—but of the three, only Palm Beach Suits add to well-groomed appearance.

Left—On Park Avenue—the new residence center of New York society—Palm Beach Suits add cool comfort to well-dressed men.

Wear Palm Beach Clothes all around the clock—morning, afternoon, evening—for business, sports wear, automobiling. You can be well dressed for any occasion and still be cool. And for golfing, Palm Beach Knickers are ideal.

yes Have It!

SOME men see clothes through their pocketbooks, but the wise depend on their eyes. Look at the suits in our snapshots. Good-looking, aren't they? Smart cut—fine fit—lines that say "good tailoring"—thoroughbred to the last stitch.

You can get genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns—in both light and dark shades—that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.

They're cool, too—the coolest high-grade suits obtainable.

You take a suit that looks well, feels well, fits well and wears well, and you've got about all your money can buy in clothing.

But with these suits, you get a bonus of *cool* comfort that you can't get anywhere else—for they are made from Palm Beach Cloth, the smartest and coolest of summer fabrics.

Please remember this:

Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is all of one quality. But suits made from Palm Beach are not. They vary in price. They vary in tailoring and pattern. Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices that usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50 and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more. You may select the cut, fit, finish and tailoring that pleases you.

Look at the snapshots again and don't shy at the apparent low price—you won't find a better value.

SNAPSHOTS

Just as real men look in Palm Beach Suits. Here's the financial district of New York City—cool, shadowed banks, where cool, well-tailored Palm Beach Suits are draped on the shoulders of men who deal in cool millions.

Go to a *good* clothier and he'll show you *good* suits of Palm Beach that will convince you.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED COMPANY, Sanford, Me.

Selling Agent: A. ROHAUT, 229 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

For men, young men and boys—COOL SUITS OF

PALM BEACH CLOTH

Ask for Palm Beach by name and insist on seeing this label in the suit. It identifies the genuine.

At the Left—Waiting for the tender to join a merry yachting party—and Palm Beach Suits are as cool and smart on deck or Boardwalk as they are behind a desk or in a motor car.

Above—Atlantic City, smart and fashionable, the playground of America, where Palm Beach Suits help cool sea breezes delight the well-dressed men who know what style in summer comfort is.

Ask your dealer for VAN CRAFT, the new shirt with the VAN HEUSEN collar attached.

SUMMER festiveness, thanks to the Van Heusen Collar, rises superior to the wilting heat of the most humid day. The modern note of smooth smartness is there, the confident nonchalance of comfort, typical of the age.

The Van Heusen is one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. It will not wilt. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, most economical collar.

12 SMART VAN HEUSEN STYLES ~ ~ ~ 50 CENTS EACH

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30

Olga's eyes were most appealing,
Full of tender shades of feeling—
Clever eyes that seemed revealing
Her distress.

Olga's bank account kept soaring,
Olga's fairy tales kept scoring,
While her eyes kept semaphoring
To each male
More than half the population,
Under Olga's fascination,

Yet pulmonic peasants pant on
While the Volga boatmen chant on
And the Bolsheviki rant on
For their ends;
While in filmy, sheer attire
Olga strums her mirthful lyre
And buys stocks to yield her higher
Dividends

Analyze each pert pretender,
Irrespective of the gender,

DRAWN BY F. M. FOLLETT

Suburbinanities. Costume of a Gentleman Who Didn't Know Quite What to Wear to a Suburban Concert

Gave a gift or small donation—
(Meaning "kale.")

Came a day when Olga stated,
"I am sick of being fêted,
I have tarried—I have waited
Half a year.
You've been very kind and gentle
To this begging Continental;
You are tender, sentimental—
Each a dear."

Yet the Russian dawns kept breaking
And the Russian knees kept quaking,
While the Russian hearts kept aching
More and more,
As the Russian winds kept howling
To the Russian banshees' yowling,
Hungry Russian wolves kept prowling
As before.

While near sunny Catalina
Olga strums her concertina,
Playing chords from Cavatina,
Soft and clear;
And the undraped, dashing cuties
Known as splashing Bathing Beauties,
In their calisthenic duties
Pause to hear.

Free from hunger's desperation,
In her sunny isolation
Olga has no real vocation;
And the kin,
Who so boastfully displayed her
And gratuitously paid her
All the funds that now have made her
Croesus' twin

At the opera and the races,
Swathed in silks and costly laces,
Or on early morning chases
Through the brush,
Now remark in manner pleasant,
"Think of all the good each present
Has brought to the Russian peasant ——"
(And such slush!)

The Dump

Who accosts the champion lender—
Uncle Sam;
Separate the true from shoddy,
Segregate the clear from cloddy,
And you'll find not everybody
Is a sham!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Verses for a Guest Room

FOR A SMALL HOUSE

THE kids are asleep on the sofa
While the wife has to sleep on a cot;
We pass it off brightly and act most politely,
But really we mind it a lot.

Of course we're delighted to see you,
May nothing your comfort here mar;
But you can't realize in a house of this size
What a gosh damned nuisance you are.

FOR A MEDIUM-SIZED HOUSE

I have given you the guest room
But it's really not the best room,
For the best room is the one I use myself.
May your sleep be calm and easy
Though your room's a trifle breezy
And your bed, you'll find, is harder than a shelf.

Though your room is damp and chilly
Still I think it would be silly
If I gave my warmest blankets to my guest.
For it's not unlikely, is it,
That you may cut short your visit?
And I like my warmth and comfort when I rest.

FOR A LARGE HOUSE

You serenely drop in
Though you weren't invited;
We all have to grin
And pretend we're delighted.
You smoke our cigars
And you drink our best liquor;
You take out our cars
Without even a flicker.
You raise quite a din
While the children are sleeping.
Do you think it's an inn
Or a road house we're keeping?
You arrived in these parts
Without giving us warning.
And it won't break our hearts
If you leave in the morning.

—Newman Levy.

Crosswordiana

A VAMPISH young auk at the zoo
Tried exerting her charms on a gnu.
"Gnow, betweegnu agn me,
Aign't I gneiss?" gnattered she.
"Gnot at all—you're a gnut," gnarled the gnu.

—Reid English.

The Heron

THE heron, ascetic of feature,
Was withal a most courteous creature:
For whenever his bill
Pierced a poor fish's gill,
He would murmur, "Delighted to eat yer!"

—Otto Freund.

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Two buttons on the shoulder; none down the front

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TAME CROW

Continued from Page 15

But they came back to Max as he was tinkering with the rotted sills in Sophie Marshall's cellar. He knew Sophie's celebrated dictum—complete separation of the sexes until the age of thirty; and then, after that, perhaps the deluge. Carmichael had told him privately that that was tommyrot. Doctor Marshall ought to marry. All young doctors ought to marry in order to get on.

Marry to get on! If she married, that would be the reason for it—to get on. It was whispered that Bullard would have married her, but they had quarreled over the question of whether she should continue to practice medicine. And then Bullard had made a spite marriage with Nellie Stover, and was already sick of it, the rumor persisted. You could hear anything; and having heard it, brood over it. Max Carden recognized that there were snags in the stream of consciousness not so easily steered clear of.

He felt bottled up, full of contradictory impulses. There was mischief in the air, he was morally certain; and at the same time he felt himself tied hand and foot by certain prudential considerations. Under that soft exterior, Nellie had assured him, Sophie was just as cool and calculating as her father ever was; either that or her susceptibilities had never been touched. She knew how to make the men walk a chalk line.

Yes, but was she vulnerable—vulnerable in that Achilles' heel of her professional ambition? The thing absorbed her so entirely. . . . It was getting late. He went up into the kitchen to get a match to let light into a dark place down there. The kitchen window was open. A gentle air was stirring. The northwest wind was at last drying up the meadows, and uplands and gullies were flushing deeper green. There was a running fire of dandelions everywhere. The frogs' voices were getting stronger and the sap was almost visibly circulating in the sapwood. The blue of the harbor water was marvelously light. But then, the whole face of the earth had never been so drenched in light and color, to his knowledge. It must be that his preoccupation with paints and mixings had drawn his attention to the thing.

He looked along the mantel for matches, but saw nothing but half a dozen newspaper spills and a gold-headed hatpin standing up out of a heavy fluted jelly tumbler. The hatpin Sophie used for toasting marshmallows.

She had come in behind him and was speaking to him.

"How light it's growing for the time of night," she said in her casual tones. "Spring is really here."

She had taken off her starched white office coat, revealing a brown dress with yellow wool threads in diamond shapes about the girdle. He noted that spirit-like blue of the vein in her forearm. Ethereal, but it had substance too.

She found matches for him and told him to step in on his way out and have a cup of tea. He promised to do so. He found her making up some little sandwiches, the teapot simmering on the back of the stove.

The sun had sunk, all but his bright upper rim, which glowed through the sparse growth on the seaward ridge of Dowson's Island.

"How do you feel? Does the day's work take hold of you?" Sophie asked. "I couldn't afford to let any patient of mine have a relapse," she added with a faint trace of bitterness, he thought.

"No danger," he said. He opened and shut all his fingers, stretched his arms. "I'm all right," he pronounced. "Sound of wind and limb."

"You do look better," the girl said.

A new sensation, sharp as fire, cut through those iron bindings which he had felt for so long across his chest, as if his ribs, iron likewise, would no longer let him take a full breath. He fixed his eyes on the calendar given away by the local grain-and-feed merchant, full of staring dates, with the weather prophesied under each date for the ensuing year. Then he looked at Sophie. Who could prophesy that young woman a day in advance, let alone a year? What did she intend?

She had pushed back her chair and was sitting on the edge of it. She got up abruptly.

"The tea."

"I'll get it."

"No; I'm up. Sit still, please."

They made a dash for it together. His hand fell on hers. Her fingers, those pale scientific fingers, had already closed round the handle of the earthenware teapot. His own closed over hers. For an instant something like *rigor mortis* held them perfectly still. It was actually like a lapse, a sinking, a kind of little death. As if from somewhere outside his own body, Max watched the smooth grafted branches of the newly budded apple tree outside dipping and rising in a current of air out of the straw-colored west. The crows had settled into their rookery behind the pines. The piping of the frogs had a kind of quickened pulse in it, a dreaming reedy note, that seemed to make a translation of his senses into a serener world.

"I had better close this window. Your hand is like ice," he said, to account for the continuing phenomenon of contact.

"No, don't. It usually is. It might be—perhaps—a sign of a warm heart," Sophie answered.

Her lashes screened the expression of her dropped eyes. The imminence of her delectable person was as much a physical phenomenon as the sun drinking up water. Unless his own eyes had played him false, those eyes of Sophie's, under the dark brows in such contrast with the lighter shade of her hair, had seemed to drink him up like an appointed draught.

But the senses are liars, as Doctor Wiggin had said truly. Was it a mortal wind that was stirring those five or six larkspur tops that appeared over the window sill? A humming bird hung motionless in the air off one of the petals. The beat of those tiny wings was so fast as to be quite imperceptible, so that the bird's suspension there in midair looked miraculous. Max felt the same desperate whirling in the atoms that composed his own body; like the humming bird he hung over a void to sip a sweet; but his opportunity was lost with the sudden clang, twice repeated, of the front doorbell.

Sophie said at once, "I must have a moment with my hair."

It was dropped too low over her forehead, incomprehensibly.

"I will answer the bell," he said.

He went through the house in one stride, it seemed, paused a second with his hand on the doorknob, then swung in the heavy door. Just as he had visioned it, Harry Bullard was standing there, smoking, on the granite step. He looked at Max insolently through a drift of smoke and brushed in past him.

"Tell the doctor I am in the office, will you?" he let fall over his shoulder.

Max felt as if that unknowable emotion which had lain in him, like a monster at the bottom of a deep well, had suddenly writhed its way to the surface. Without warning, this was almost a killing matter with him. He could have broken the lawyer's neck deftly, like a rabbit's, with one blow of his hand held edgewise. Instead, he held his hand.

"Mr. Bullard," he announced to Sophie, who was just coming out of her room. She slipped into the white coat with perfect coolness.

"Please don't run away," she said to Max.

He had no intention of running away. Instead, he acted in accordance with a plan which so far he had only half admitted to consciousness. As soon as the office door was fairly shut, he opened the door to the back stairs, which led to a room over the woodshed, and also to a long hall, unpapered and carpeted with straw matting, which communicated with the front of the house. Sophie had lent him, for comfort's sake, a pair of rope slippers with canvas tops, to be worn while working round the house. He made no noise in these. The door to the left of the banisters edging the stair well was ajar. That room was directly over Doctor Marshall's office.

Nothing now was in that room but a bed frame and a heap of old almanacs and musty books on horses and horse breeding; but it had once been a bedroom, and as such had been heated by a hole in the floor filled with an iron register which let up heat from the room below—Sophie's office—where the stove had been and still was.

So far he had been completely carried out of himself by his devouring need of hearing what passed between those two. He had meant to eavesdrop; had forelaid for it, indeed, coolly knocking added nails into a few creaking boards without giving himself any articulate reason for that singular behavior at the time. And he had felt his legs carrying him, willy-nilly, up those back stairs, his fingers gripping the rail which had been screwed into the dusky wall. But now, when within one of the sound of their voices, he felt as if all his body hinges had stuck fast. He began to see that this enormous, shadowy, compulsive thing in his veins was nothing more than jealousy; and jealousy had made an eavesdropper of him.

He stole away through the uncarpeted hall, down the steep little flight of stairs, out through the woodshed door, still in his rope slippers with the cotton strings dangling.

It had occurred to him that where she depended on Bullard's good offices with the legislature, his own friendship, even his presence in that house, might well be fatal to her—fatal to her professional ambition. He had better bolt clean away out of that fascinating neighborhood.

He saw Carmichael coming toward him through a grove of jack pines. The sheriff had a chipmunk hanging from one big fist and a shotgun in the hollow of his left arm. Sitting down on the granite ledge, he embraced his bushel tenderly in both broad dusty hands, the gun across his lap, the chipmunk flattened in the dirt. He muttered that it was no good killing chipmunks while Sophie Marshall gave the encouragement she did to crows.

"The pesky things pluck up sprouted corn and pick the eyes out of young pigs and lambs, not to say a word of their destroying the nests of likelier birds than they are themselves."

Max replied that where she stuffed them with whites of eggs, that ought to take away their appetite for other things.

"Only makes 'em impudent," the sheriff argued, "same as it would a man, for that matter, that she would deign to look at twice." He chuckled, unbuttoned his woolen shirt at the throat and rubbed his swarthy brow, with the aside that he always got a wet back out of a morning like this when he toiled. "Not that she ever has looked at anybody twice," he went on. "Some thought one time there Bullard had attracted her, but he never did get closter to her than a row of apple trees. He was more than a hair like that pup of his I gave him. A little too peaked in the nose, maybe. Peaked. I wouldn't call it a cur strain exactly, and still I wouldn't know what else to call it. Anyway, the nays had it."

The nays had it. Max felt as if a bright flame had seared him. Carmichael, he saw, was subtly inciting him to make the girl his own; and Carmichael was thought to be her friend. Carmichael then suspected the presence of some danger and trusted to

(Continued on Page 108)

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AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
	Enamel old		S-W Oil Stain	
	SWP House Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS				S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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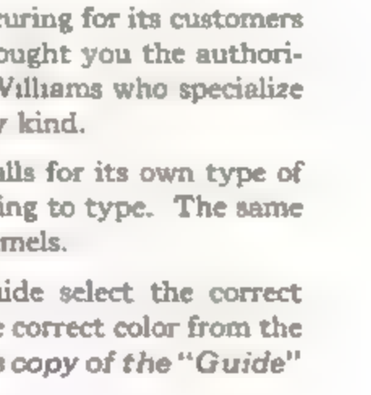

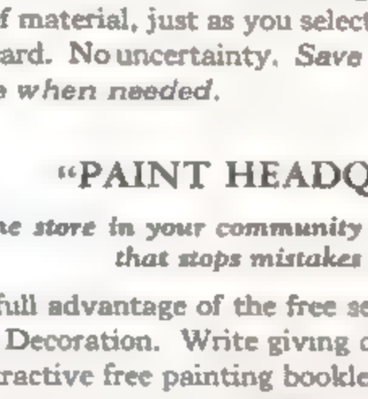

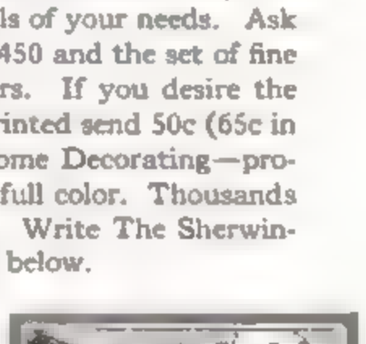

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(Continued from Page 106)

Max to parry it. But for his part he suddenly felt bound hand and foot.

He turned flat away from Carmichael and went, skirting bluejoint and alder trash, across a piece of cleared land into the young beech forest beyond. And there he saw Nellie Bullard sitting with her fingers clasped about her ankles. All about her was the faint yellow glow of the beeches, a regiment of sleek stems thrusting up through the gold spray of that new scattering of leaf. The vivid leaves grew almost down to the ground in tender clusters affixed to the trunks themselves. Nellie herself, a chameleon in yellow with the palest of blue sashes, like a sky space, was hardly visible against the background. He saw most plainly the arch of her neck, dull white against that dappled theater drop.

"Hello, stranger," she cried. "I believe I've turned my ankle in this treacherous forest mold. I actually feel a little faint. It's silly of me."

He caught sight of Sophie's crow, standing at a respectful distance, his head on one side, with that hint of scholarly sharpness, that knowledgeable twinkle, in his round eye—a blend of sight and insight admirably useful to a bird with clipped wings that depended for sustenance on the whites of eggs and cucumber pickle.

Max, feeling the nibbling touch of the quicksand that was Nellie, stood on the brink, mistrustful. She made no further reference to her ankle. Instead, putting up her hands to the hair over her temple with a skillful darting motion, she startled him by asking over her shoulder in a dreamy voice, "Do you believe in a life hereafter, Mr. Carden?"

"I sometimes doubt the reality of this one," he answered, tranced.

"Do you? I know Julius Revens says either God sanctions sin or He can't help Himself. If He sanctions it, He's not God; and if He can't help Himself, He's not God either. It's what he calls snug reasoning. Seriously, I sometimes catch myself thinking that all the hell there is is what we get on earth."

She bowed her head and frankly sobbed. Then she stopped short, caught her breath, flung up her head. Mr. Carden, having got pitch on his fingers from picking at a tree trunk, was reaching absently to wipe them on his coat.

"Ah—ah!" Nellie cried with a deterrent brow. All her housewifely instincts were awake. "How can you expect any woman to love you where you don't think anything at all of making yourself presentable?"

"How can I expect? What should I expect? What leads you to think ——"

He broke off, boiling with anger.

"Think!" Nellie retorted. "Man isn't exclusively a thinking animal, or woman either, for that matter. Sophie's mad about you, man. She'd give anything in this world to get you in the toils."

These last words were in a whisper perfectly attuned to the golden flutter of the beech leaves clustered low down on the gray trunk against which her back was set. The deep shadows so fell that he could see the quick pulse in Nellie's throat over the yellow piping of her dress. She was lying, of course. She meant, by hook or crook, to interpose him between Sophie Marshall and her husband; yet her words, like the little black flies, were all about him. She might so easily vanquish him with such a lie.

"You laugh!" she cried fiercely. "But you might sing another song if you knew what people say. Max, you're hurting me. Mr. Carden, please, I'm not a woman made of iron. You don't realize how strong you are."

"What do they say?"

"They say—you'll kill me for telling you, but I do think you ought to know of it—they say you're only another tame crow she's caught and tamed and taught to do her bidding. Tame crow!"

She spat the words at him vindictively. The deep shine of her eyes under the tumbled hair actually menaced him with the deadly trouble of her soul.

"Tame crow," he repeated. He darkened and let go her arms.

"Now I've gone too far!" she cried, striking her hand against her mouth. "Max, consider it unsaid, if it's going to have this effect on you."

"It won't have the effect you think," he muttered.

He went away like a man blinded, crashing through mold and underbrush with his head down.

In the middle of the night the thought came to him: "Suppose it were true. Suppose she were in love with me. She would think it a weakness, all the same. Then if it put an end to all these projects of Bullard's on her behalf, if it touched her on the professional side, what would her technical soul say to that?" He began to feel himself as if his soul was no longer in the middle of his body. Even standing erect, he felt queer, as if he were going on stilts. He had better get away altogether. And then how little likely that a woman with Sophie's beautiful balance of qualities should be in love with anyone. His own love, since he must admit it, was the penalty for his presumption. She was like the state, which cures a man in order to hang him. Her psychology had left him in the shape of nothing; that was certain.

All next day he stayed away from the shipyard; but toward night, when the River Belle blew her three blasts, he found himself at a distance, watching Sophie opening the draw. The little steamer boiled through and disappeared.

Max sprang up, got into a dory and rowed round into the harbor. A fishing schooner, putting in to ice up, was lying at the grain wharf. He pulled toward her. The skipper was sitting aft in his underclothes and a new derby hat. Beyond him, against a ghost of light in the west, a spindle topped with a tarred barrel stood up strangely.

Max applied to join the crew, was accepted and started for the ship chandler's to get himself an outfit.

When he set foot inside that place all talk came to a dead halt. The high sheriff was sitting back of the stove in a red wooden chair with a perilous lack of whole rungs.

"You heard the news?" Carmichael rasped.

"No."

"Thought not. I say I thought not. That yellow cur Bullard has had Sophie Marshall indicted by the grand jury for taking you in when you were at death's door and bringing you back from the dead. Seems she didn't consult a regular physician."

"She did," Max said hoarsely. "She called in Wiggin. He wouldn't come—not unless he was to have full charge."

"It's Wiggin that would have to sign the death certificate anyhow," said Carmichael. "As a matter of fact, that's about the best thing he does." Suddenly he roared, "If it was me in your shoes, that man Bullard would smart to the hide for it."

The horsewhip rack hung back of him, all the whips hanging by their lashes from a notched circle of wood bridled to a hook in the ceiling. He gave a twitch to one of the whip handles that set them all dancing.

"I don't speak in an official capacity," he continued, "but Bullard would be about setting down to supper now at Mrs. Stover's. Yes, he'd be about drawing up to the table."

"That's all I need to know," Max said, very calm.

"You or any man," the sheriff answered, with a steady spur of light in his brow-shaded eye.

Max shut the door to the ship chandlery and set his back against it. Then he started walking toward the Stover house. Suddenly the street lights and all the lights in the houses, twinkling in a semicircle about the head of the cove, were doused in a second. Only the stars and the ship's riding lights were left.

A thunderstorm, whose rumblings he had heard upriver earlier, had done some damage to a system of light and power never too secure. People kept complaining that if a sparrow so much as lit on one of these wires the current was short-circuited.

But these households, being in a period of transition still, were prepared. Each kitchen shelf held, trimmed, a row of four or five kerosene hand lamps with brown paper bags over the chimneys still, just as in some places—like the Marshall kitchen—a tumbler of newspaper spills still held out against the extravagance of boughten matches.

The brilliant face of the village began to come back like a thief in the night, bleared, dull, set back a full generation. Moving lights and shadows appeared through the windows.

Max, groping his way blindly, his arm out, saw a point of light in the dusty road ahead of him. A woman had come out of a house there, holding two kerosene lamps with fat nickel bodies and green porcelain shades. It was Mrs. Stover, Nellie's mother.

"Back to barbarism, I call it," she cried in her high round voice, very cheery, and four or five times as loud as would be necessary to achieve the result of making herself heard. "Mercy, it's dark! You can't see your hand before your face. I guess you'll think it's a case of Diogenes looking for an honest man."

"Have you seen Bullard?" Max inquired hoarsely.

"No, I haven't. It would take a private detective to keep up on his whereabouts, I tell him," the lady said. "They tell me he came in on the night boat, though."

"Bullard?" said a thin voice behind them. "Seen him after the boat docked going toward the island with Sophie Marshall. Ain't that that pup of his howling?"

This was Simon Ash, the River Belle's engineer. His flimsy black cap with the advertisement of paints printed on it in yellow letters was pulled down hard over his white face. The three of them stood stock-still, the flames in Mrs. Stover's lamps reared and fell. The steady howling of that pup with the peaked nose did, in fact, afflict their ears.

Mrs. Stover suddenly remembered that she was lending these two lights to a neighbor who was holding a meeting of the Dorcas Guild across the road. . . . Max started up again. The howling of Bullard's dog continued. Max cupped his hand about his ear and turned his head slowly in a half circle, like a man at sea feeling his way up to a lightship in a fog. The dog would not desert the master. He blundered on down Burial Hill and across the meadow road. Next he was flailing his way through the beech forest. It was dark, scented, full of stings, rasps, perfumes, coquettish titterings and flutterings, as if Nellie Bullard's phantom self were still there to mock and trip and tangle him with those sweet lies.

He floundered on into Fisher's pasture, very green and moist, where the rounded forms of bowlders heaved up by frost showed through the green draping of turf. Soon he was in a leafy lane, or wood road, fat with mud underfoot, and so out upon the highway again, with that high rock wall on his right which notified him that the Marshall house was close at hand.

The dog's howling had stopped. Max walked toward the house, staring at the loom of black shapes against a wet-looking sky. The quiet was interrupted by nothing but the liquid mooning of tree toads, the voice of a distant whippoorwill. There the house was, tangible enough. He could even descry traces of his carpentry. A thousand shingles or so were still needed over the north attic, he remembered incongruously. The roof, in fact, looked patchy.

His ear had been caught by a suggestion of music, of what kind he did not know. He listened. Nothing now came to his ear but the flutter of a wing, a faint dropping in the wood pile. The carefully piled logs, birch and oak, showed a wall of butts in the same vertical plane, like a cluster of yellow moons and half moons.

Max felt the flame of a half-kindled poetry, sad, unshaped, infinitely tender, expressed queerly in the outline of the house—yes, and in the mere character of its approaches. Those upspringing yellow flowers there solicited him. The old rocking-chair with slatted back and deer-thonged seat shaped itself beside them, its warped rockers sunk in the clean turf.

He came close against the warm wall of the house, sliding the palm of his hand against a gray clapboard whose lower edge was blunted, half dissolved really by the force of so many rains and suns. The yellow flowers stirred and touched his neck. His heart beating hot and full, he listened, baffled, to that whispering suggestion of music, as if that house were nothing but the shell of an instrument which had accompanied some tragic song and then been thrown aside.

And then, without warning, he had a vivid impression of Sophie's presence, at his very elbow. He moved two or three steps and took hold of the handle of the front door. What was he doing? What madness had got into his finger ends? If they were there, inside this house, then it must be that they had patched it up. The man had begged forgiveness for his cowardly act.

In spite of himself, however, he swung the door in. Halfway along the hall he swung his foot into the little tin umbrella drip affixed to one side of the hat tree. He stopped, affrighted. He made a motion of his arms to part the shadows and slipped through the door into the dining room.

Then he saw her head and shoulders faintly blotted against the window frame.

"You can't leave me alone then!" she cried with cold contempt.

Her voice had a faint concentration of tone, as if she had a stitch in her side or a dagger planted in her breast down deep against her heart. What was he to say to that? He was evidently intruding. But suddenly he boiled with anger, with something like hatred of her. She had loved him. He was certain of it now; and still, because of her devilish ambition, she had recoiled actually into Bullard's arms. For that second, he hadn't the least doubt that Bullard was within arm's length of him, although he couldn't make him out. He had a wild impulse to fling himself at her, take her head in his hands, make violent love to her at last, now that she had slipped through his fingers for good and all. And he actually did take two or three tigerish steps in her direction.

Sophie sprang up, knocked into a chair, rebounded toward him, lifted her arm high. He flung his own up, and took the point of a knife through his sleeve and partly in the muscle of his forearm.

In that second, when she was lying flat against him, trembling, all the village over came on, lingered for a second or two and departed. The trouble man was at work, but had only partly succeeded in reconciling the conflicting forces under his hand.

Everything had been as vivid as if glimpsed in a lightning flash. There was a sudden gush of rain outside, a cold breath through the window, and he could still see, in the dark, Sophie's appalled gray eyes opened wide on him. She was pulled all to pieces, her hair hanging past her cheek, her dress torn at throat and shoulder, her shoe tips covered with mud.

"Max, Max!" she cried. The knife fell out of her hand and he stood holding her limp body up with a perfect lack of comprehension. "I thought—you were Bullard," she whispered.

He heard a dog whimper, outside, in the neighborhood of the wood pile. There was a pause in the rain, and he heard footfalls all round the house—in the witch grass just under the opened window, on the front step. Somebody stumbled over that ruin of a dory near the hen yard. There was a sound, close at hand, of metal clicking on bone button.

A voice—Carmichael's—cried, "They're somewhere on the premises, I tell you! I saw 'em clutched together there when

(Continued on Page 113)

Quality created the demand—
demand made possible the price

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

NOW
12¢

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

More extracts from the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

Being *the second installment of the authorized biography of* AMERICA'S *best known product*

YOU remember—

Mysterious shadows in the room. Firelight that flickered upon faces white with apprehension as the voice of the speaker approached the dramatic climax.

". . . . and on the third night, as he lay alone and sleepless in the silence of the otherwise deserted house, that same phosphorescent glow appeared in the doorway. It took on strange shapes, and was gently propelled towards him by a slight breeze. As it reached the foot of the bed he heard again that hollow, mysterious voice. . . .

"'It floats! It floats! It *floats!*'

"Remembering his decision, he gathered together the shreds of his courage. With a tremendous effort of will he raised himself to a sitting posture and cried out in a loud voice, '*What* floats?'

"There was a moment of complete silence. The luminous shape became greatly agitated and drew back from the bed. As it started to pass through the doorway it suddenly shrank to the size of a man's fist and exploded in orange, red, and green flames. Then a new and more horrendous voice answered the inquiry of the trembling figure:

"'IVORY SOAP!'"

Perhaps this is not quite the way *you* heard this famous old ghost story fifteen or twenty years ago, because there were so many versions all over the country, but it is vouched for as authentic.

The ACCIDENT *that changed history*

IF it hadn't been for an accident neither the old Ivory ghost story nor the phrase "It floats" might ever have come into being.

When Procter & Gamble started, in 1879, to make a pure, white, neutral soap to supply a demand for a soap as good as genuine Castile, yet far less expensive, they had not dreamed of a floating soap. But upon testing the first batch of what was eventually to be called Ivory Soap, they found that *it floated.*

No one will ever be able to estimate the time and temper saved for humanity as the result. Think of the "deep-sea-diving" in the bathtub that has been prevented. Think of the hundreds of thousands of laundry tubs in which Ivory has blithely floated to the top instead of sinking disconso-

lately to the bottom, there to waste away, out of sight and out of mind, as sinking soaps do.

Not long ago a boat race was held in Central Park, New York, contested by more than twenty young skippers. The hulls of the boats were Ivory cakes, shaped to cut the water and equipped with mainsail and rigging. With a fair wind and a chorus of shouts, the unsinkable Ivory craft went bobbing across the lake, as smart a fleet as ever clove the wave.

And bath-tub boat racing, with Ivory soap boats, has long been a famous indoor sport.

Why the FISH *gave up hope*

THE Ivory biographer cannot leave the subject of Ivory's floatability without retailing this delectable yarn from Mr. Francis Lynde, author of "The City of Numbered Days," "The Honorable Senator Sagebrush," and other stories.

Mr. Lynde had been camping with his family. He had packed the fishing tackle and all other equipment in the car and was ready to start for the long drive home. He needed to wash his hands, and found a towel but no soap, though he was sure he had left a cake of Ivory on the running board a short time before. As he approached the lake, he found his redheaded son industriously angling for a final "fryer," with an impromptu fishing rig consisting of a willow limb, a piece of string, a hook, and—

"What kind of float have you got there, son?" he asked, seeing a queer white object that was bobbing up and down doing duty as a cork.

"Aw, dad," grinned the redhead, "don't you ever read the advertisements?"

"Certainly, but what has that got to do with your fishing rig?"

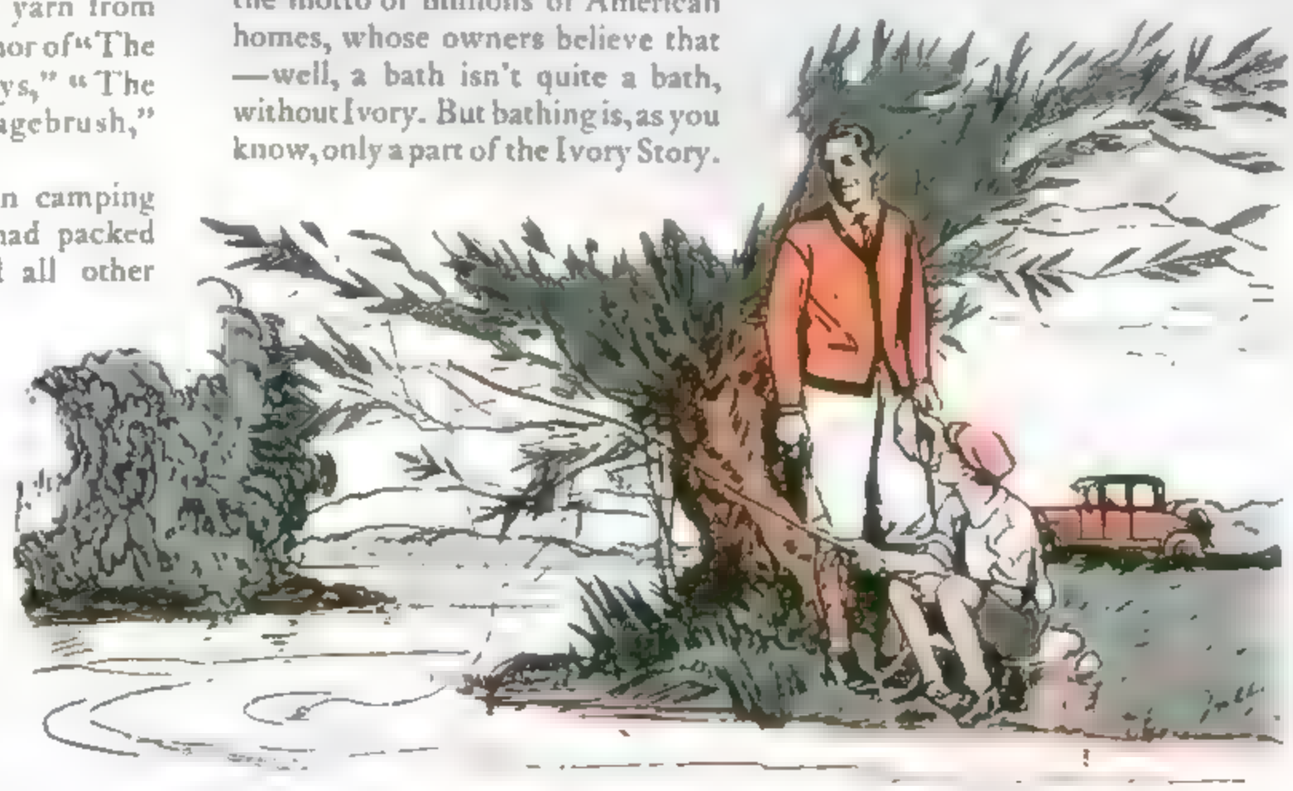
"Well," he drawled, "It Floats!" Then Mr. Lynde knew why he had been unable to find that cake of Ivory which had been left on the running board. We ask you! What chance has a fish with a boy like that?

"No SUBSTITUTE *allowed"*

IVORY has probably been imitated as often and as persistently as any commercial product ever made. But somehow no one else has ever been able to duplicate Ivory's purity, mildness, and gentleness.

Perhaps there is no better proof of this than an incident such as this which happened not long ago in a Western state. A list of 95 items required for the use of state institutions was opened to bidders. Many items specified certain brands but allowed substitution provided the substitute was of equal quality. One item called for 125 boxes of Ivory Soap. But opposite this item appeared the words, "No substitute."

"No substitute" seems to be the motto of millions of American homes, whose owners believe that—well, a bath isn't quite a bath, without Ivory. But bathing is, as you know, only a part of the Ivory Story.



"Ivory is one of the established necessities and conveniences in our home," writes a Detroit woman, "performing its many duties admirably, from bathing the soft skin of dear little baby all the way down to cleaning the furniture and rugs. And I must say that it never fails. Ivory is one of the world's greatest conveniences."

Clean MONEY

THE makers of Ivory have heard of so many startling and original uses for it that they are almost immune to surprises. But they had to confess, not long ago, that the genial manager of the Grove Park Inn, at Asheville, N. C., had found a new one.

Of course the guests of the Grove Park are provided with Ivory for toilet and bath use—and how they do appreciate it after a day of golf or horseback riding. But Ivory's soothing properties do not end there. They accompany the guest even through the ceremony of money-changing and bill-paying. For a sign at the cashier's desk says,

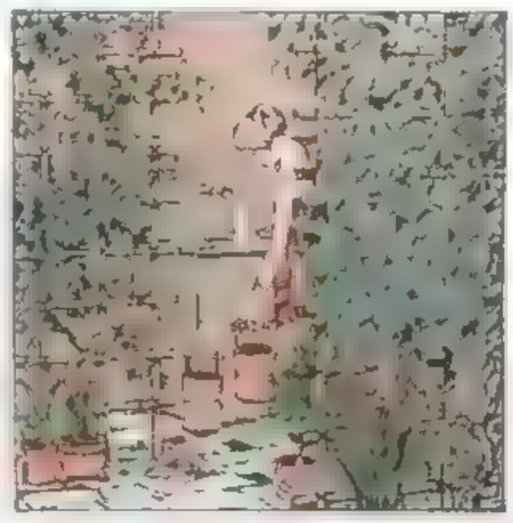
> *"All the money we give you in change has been boiled in Ivory Soap and thoroughly cleaned."*

And while we are on the subject of hotels, haven't you been gratified to find Ivory nearly everywhere you have gone?

The management of the beautiful Hotel Cleveland in Cleveland, Ohio, writes that: "We believe almost everyone knows about 'the soap that floats,' and they all seem to appreciate finding it in the hotel." Mr. J. H. Paris, president of the exclusive Chatham in New York and the Lafayette in Washington, says, "Ivory has proven superior and more satisfactory to our guests than any other soaps used heretofore." Hotel managers say that Ivory gives their guests a "homey feeling."

The HOMESICK LADY *of the "Mandie Kamer"*

IN Japan Ivory is known as "uki shabon." This, translated, means "float soap." And in Java—well, we shall have to do something about Java, as you will see from this letter:



"At the end of a long passage, covered with bamboo and rose trellis, lined with potted flowers and paved with 'granite so gray,' is a little room called the 'mandie kamer.' The floor is tiled, and in one corner is a huge stone basin fed by a bamboo pipe direct from the Tji Liwoeng River, which brings me fresh mountain water, as well as frogs, leeches, small fishes, and hard shell crabs.

"This, my dear, is an oriental bathroom. It was my custom to climb into the basin as though it were a porcelain tub at home, until 'my lord of Telaga' explained about the leeches. Now I do as the Dutch do—stand on the tiles and shower myself with a small pail.

"But betwixt thee and me, I pine for an honest-to-goodness bathtub with a spigot marked 'hot,' a rubber plug, a nickel plated soap dish, and a bar of the soap that floats."

This charming word picture, with its appealing touch of home longing, came to a California woman from her dearest friend, who had married a wealthy Dutch resident of Java.

* * *

Perhaps a good friend of Ivory in Tucson, Arizona, puts the whole Ivory idea as well as it can be put. She writes, "I've reached the conclusion that from kitchen to guest room, from hand to foot, and from skin out to daintiest garments, Ivory is the finest of all soaps."

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Copyright P. & G. Co., Cincinnati, 1925 *(to be continued)*

Guest IVORY

THE dainty new cake of Guest Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.

Bath IVORY

FOR the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt for your soap at the bottom of the tub.

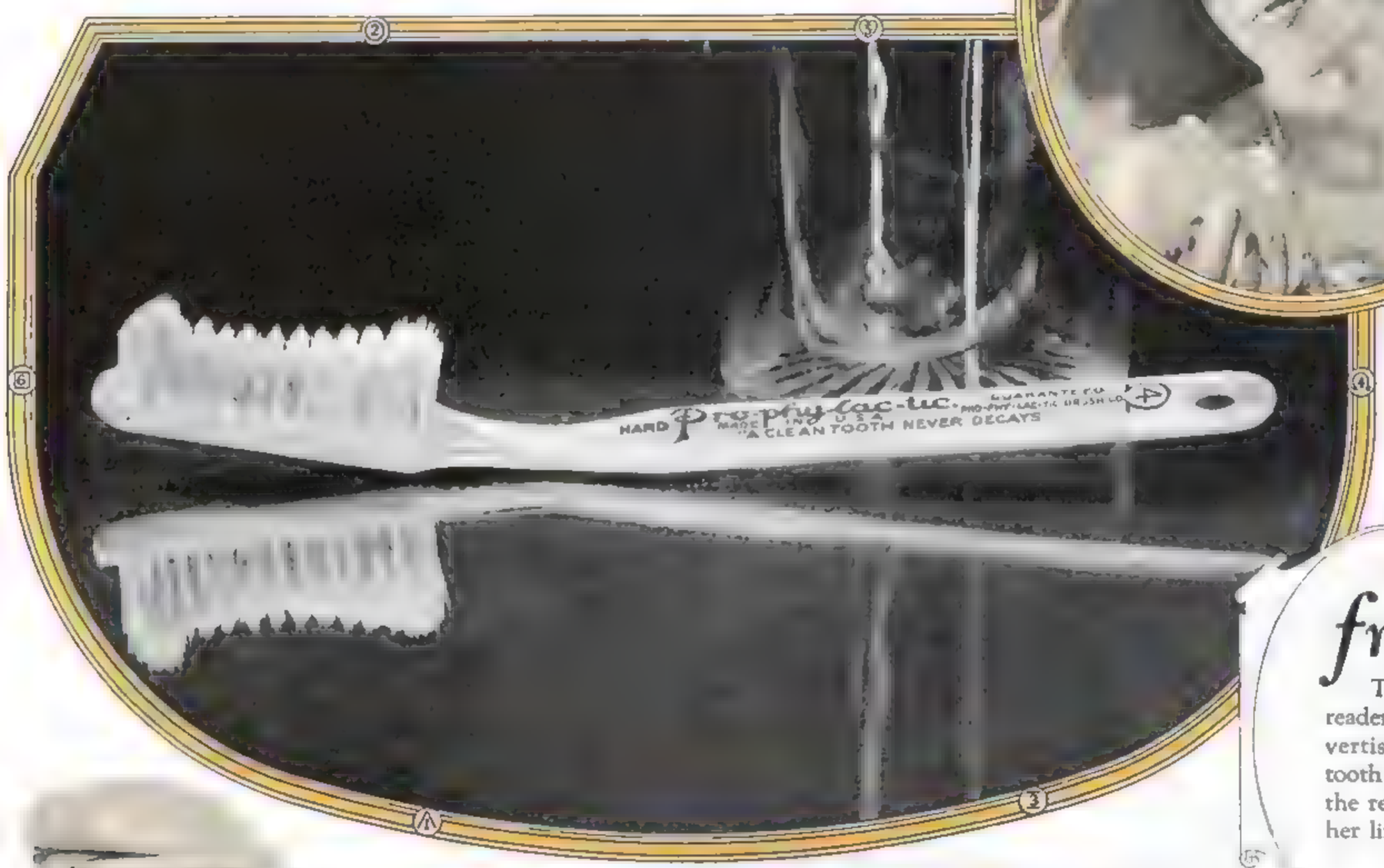
Laundry IVORY

THE big economical Laundry Ivory cake for general laundry and household use—it costs little more than laundry soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

THIRTY-THIN flakes of Ivory for the safe, quick cleansing of all delicate fabrics; for dish-washing (to protect hands), and for shampooing.

Decay is caused by germs

Here is a brush that dislodges them from all your teeth — it reaches every tooth every time you brush



You can see that the mouth of this woman is not as wide as her jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach her back teeth. Notice the diagram below. Notice the curved handle and curved bristle-surface.

free—

To one lucky reader of this advertisement free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

You brush your teeth, but do you clean them *all?* This tooth brush reaches *every* tooth every time you brush.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth.

There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Do you know it is easy to get teeth clean and beautiful? If you think it isn't, brush once or twice with a Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush makes the task a simple one. The curved handle, the saw-tooth bristle-tufts, the large end tuft, and the tapered and beveled head combine to make brushing amazingly easy. Your teeth are clean in no time. You keep your temper and you save your energy.

Men and women are better-looking today. Smiles are brighter; teeth glisten. These whiter, prettier teeth you see everywhere.

Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between teeth. The diagram shows you.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth as shown in the diagram.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures — hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free

Tooth Treasures for [illegible] who helps us with a new headline or thought for Advertising. The person sending in a "Decay germ" gets a [illegible]. After reading the text you will [illegible] We refer to the writer of the best [illegible] George Batten [illegible]

Prophylactic Brush Co., Florence, Mass. Dept. I.C.

[illegible]

Name ..... (First name in full)

Address .....

Made in America by Americans

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(Continued from Page 108)

those lights blinked on. Watch the water side, some of you. Damn that dog! Clout him over the head with something, someone."

The pup with the peaked nose whined again. Then, immediately, the village over, and so there in Sophie's house, the light sprang on.

The sheriff, hard-breathing, his shotgun in the hollow of his arm, appeared in the window. Max half looked to see the dead chipmunk still dangling from his fist. Doctor Wiggin, at his back, squeaked against the roof of his mouth, "I guess we've tracked the villain to his lair."

"Mr. Carden," said the sheriff, "anything you say is liable to be used against you." He laid the gun barrel on the window sill dramatically; opened the window higher and shoved himself, bushel and all, across the low sill.

"What's the charge?" Max muttered, only now relinquishing Sophie from his arms.

"Murder. Harry Bullard's been found dead at the bottom of Jewett's Gully, with a broken neck and minor injuries."

Max stared, numbed, at that chart on the wall of the nervous system of man applied to a skeleton-like form flayed of its outer coverings. He felt like that man, exposed, sensitized to an extraordinary degree. His chief emotion was remorse. Bullard had made it necessary for her to kill him; and this had been on his, Max's, account. If only he had saved her the trouble.

Carmichael took up his hand. Blood was running from the finger ends, he saw.

"So. He put up a fight, did he?" he said shortly. And groaned out, "Man, I said a horsewhipping, not a killing!"

Men were crowding in behind him, headed by Julius Revens, the quack doctor and barber, and Captain Crookes in a sou'wester with a blob of flannel sticking out over his ear. They were glittering in oils.

"I say I feel like an accessory before the fact," the sheriff said gloomily. "I'm not alone in it either. There's Mrs. Bullard, ripped up and torn crosswise, screaming out that she has brought it on herself by using improper language toward you the other morning in the woods."

Max looked again at Sophie. Her head was in her arms, dashed down against the table top. There was the brilliant mark of his blood on her white shoulder. That alone spoke volumes. It cried out to him to take the blame of this business on himself. So far, he had blundered a thousand ways, and chiefly in thinking that Sophie could have brought herself to temporize with Bullard for the sake of her ambitions.

"What's the evidence?" he asked Carmichael.

"Circumstantial, all of it. It was the pup's howling that led me to the place. I went over there to the younger Spillet's to serve a paper in connection with some of that shore property, and I heard the pup shouting, and went that way. I stumbled on Bullard at the lower end of the gully, right by one of those frost-split bowlders, with his head half under water in the brook and his neck broken. It didn't take Wiggin here to show me the man would argue no more law."

"I give my testimony for what it's worth," said Wiggin grimly. "Somebody came on him from behind and threw him into the gully headfirst and broke his neck."

"No!" Revens shouted. The barber-surgeon was a queer shallow man with hair like oakum dipped in blue-black ink. "I'll never say it was the broken neck that killed him, sheriff."

All eyes were fixed on that man. He was an old-line bonesetter, and had herbs and remedies of his own, not included in Wiggin's materia medica. No more than Sophie could he sign a death certificate; yet he had a mysterious power of telling people what ailed them without physical examination, simply by looking at them through their clothes. It was a gift decidedly. But he was known to be a friend of Carden's.

"What do you say killed him?" shouted Wiggin.

"Not his gall," Revens answered acidly. "His gall was triple-plated like yours. It was hemorrhage of the brain, I say, that toppled him into the brook, and he snapped his neck falling."

Max understood that Revens was trying to help him, and he threw off that suggestion roughly. It was weak. It would excite rather than allay suspicion. Unless he took the guilt upon himself, they were certain, among them, to pitch on the truth at any moment. Already Wiggin's eye was fixed on Sophie.

"Have I denied anything?" Max thrust in. And after a second's pause, during which Carmichael gasped "Anything you say is liable to be used against you, remember," he went on: "Here, I give myself up. I killed him sure enough. You wouldn't have to look too far for motive, any of you. Come, get me out of this, man."

"No!"

The little syllable wrung from Sophie's lips was like a blow over his heart. She was on her feet, her hand covering the torn shoulder.

"Now hold your horses, everybody!" said Carmichael.

"It couldn't be!" Sophie breathed. It was in his power to help her out of that fix and she wouldn't let him. Her pride barred him out. She could help others, but others must not think of helping her. "I think," she cried, "it might be just as Mr. Revens says. It so happens that I was with Mr. Bullard at that very place you speak of. I had been over town, and he knew I came home usually along the wood road, and forelaid for me."

"She's got the cart before the horse," cried Wiggin relentlessly. "She forelaid for him."

"Then," Sophie said without seeming to have heard that, "he tried to make his peace with me for what he had done. It had been forced on him, he said, by those higher up; but he would find a way to quash it. It might imperil him, but he would do it. He would—on certain conditions. But his conditions were such—I wouldn't have them. He was perfectly insane. He grappled with me, literally, but by good luck the crow came between."

"The tame crow," Wiggin rasped, and tilted his head toward Max.

"The crow was playful," Sophie whispered. "He dropped to my head through an opening in the trees, and I think his wing tip got in Harry's eye. At all events, he let go of me suddenly and I ran with all my might without ever looking back. Then when I had got here, the lights went out. Mr. Carden came, and in the dark I mistook him for—I struck at him with a knife, a penknife, and hurt him in the arm."

"You ran away from that man and left a crow to murder him?" Wiggin yelled. "It won't wash." He touched Carmichael with his long forefinger. "There isn't a scruple in her whole long body. As I see it, the man was in the simple performance of his duty. Bullard, I mean. He had tried to reason with her, that I know, and she wouldn't hear to reason. He told her what would be the consequences if she persisted in treating serious cases, like this Carden's. Why, she's nothing but a bone doctor, as I see it! And what was the answer? She showed him the door. And now she's put him out of his misery and figured to give it an accidental look, with the indictment hanging over her and all. I don't doubt Carden helped her. They're tarred with the same brush, I tell you."

Her cursed pride, Max thought, furiously angry. She wouldn't accept anything at his hands, not though he had it in his power to do her this great service. Yet he had, positively, a right to intervene. Wasn't he at the bottom of the whole desperate affair? His tinkering around the house, clinging helpless to her shadow, waiting on her by inches, even to opening the door to Bullard personally, had aroused in that man the fiercest and most helpless of jealousies—that of a married man who would keep a single woman single.

Sophie had got herself in up to the neck without making the first approach toward getting him out.

"Isn't it plain," Wiggin cried, breaking the appalled silence, "that this would be the kind of man a woman would naturally lay hold of for an accomplice? She caught him young and clipped his wings and mesmerized his faculties. A tame crow, gentlemen."

Sophie, her hands at her throat, cried out, "Who would believe such a thing of Max Carden?"

But the silence was ominous. It was too evident that they did believe it, even those of them who were her friends. How could there be any doubting it? Hadn't he left his law office right after the campaign, when Bullard had shoveled him under the sod? Wasn't he ripe for mischief then? And hadn't Carmichael, earlier in the evening, actually egged him on to this unwittingly?

"Wait now! Wait now!" said the sheriff. "There's one thing more—about this crow."

There was a stir by the window. The crow himself had got into the room. Frightened by the crowd of faces, he veered and circled, sweeping a vase off the mantelpiece with his glossy wing. Suddenly a cry went up. The crow, lighting on Sophie's head, had dipped his beak affectionately; and immediately a bright scarlet stream was running on the girl's cheek.

Carmichael lumbered forward; but Max was beforehand with him. He took the crow by the legs, lifted it carefully and held it out to them. A six-inch steel pin stuck out of its beak. This pin was red with blood all its length. Carmichael's fingers wrenched it loose. He held it out. It was the gold-headed hatpin for toasting marshmallows which had stood in the tumbler on the kitchen shelf among the yellowed newspaper spills.

"The little devil!" said the sheriff.

"Here's your murderer!" Max cried. "The bird stabbed him through the eye with this pin and he toppled into the brook and broke his neck."

"You don't want to claim the merit of it any more then," said the sheriff.

"One crow would do as much for her as another," he said softly, and dropped his hand hard on Sophie's.

Julius Revens sat turning the pegs of his violin with mother-of-pearl greyhounds inlaid. Captain Crookes came into his shop and extended himself piecemeal in the plush ruin of a chair, ending by straightening the knee joints, one after the other, with a great "Ha!" outbreathed, a sound reserved, with the captain, for sinking into beds and into barber chairs.

"I wonder at you barbering, with your gift for doctoring," said Captain Crookes. Revens brought a towel close under the jutting chin.

"Yes," he chirped. "My stock has gone up a lot since I prophesied to 'em that Harry Bullard died of hemorrhage of the brain. Artificially induced, it turned out. Those experts showed clear enough where the hatpin went in at the corner of the eye, as I told 'em, sight unseen. The water in the gully washed off what blood there was."

"But how come ye to divine it?" Crookes inquired. "Studied on it more'n a little since. Maybe it's a gift."

The barber-surgeon brought lather to his sitter's chin.

"It's a gift, sure enough, I say, like music in a woman's fingers. I look and I know. More I can't tell you. Well, what about the prognosticators that can add up a column of figures four abreast in an eyewink, Uncle Zach, practically from the cradle too? Can they tell how they did it? Not a bit of it. There's Mark Ash, he can tell the time of day on the street any time without a watch, sun or no sun. Why, how do you navigate, yourself, in a thick o' fog? By guess and by God, don't you? Let it be a dungeon of fog so thick you couldn't cut it with a knife, a mile of leeway to the hour, no courses nor times given you, and still I'd risk you to nose your way up to the dock. But could you tell anybody how you did it?"

"Yes, I could. I can tell by the eddies and by the look of the water at her foot, and then a good deal in little ways, like by the flutter of the leaves along the bank, where conditions are right for me to come in close," said Captain Crookes. "There ain't any two kinds of trees that give out the same rustle hardly. Oak will sing one tune and pine another."

"What about a flat calm where the fog continues?" Revens put a case to plague him. He began to apply the razor and the captain was forced to still his jaw. "Oh, I know. What's the name of that tree that quakes *all* the time, wind or no wind. Aspen, isn't it? Listen for aspens in a calm. That's pretty good advice. There's more than one man that would hear something to his advantage if he hauled up short and listened to these spiritual aspens quaking in his neighborhood. They talk in a fog and that's the condition of a man in love, ain't it? Go back to origins. You think love starts with trusting and looking each other in the eye and coloring up. No, often as not it starts with a kind of irritation, captain, specially with intellectuals, as I get it."

"Come off."

"Yes, sir. A man finds a woman that takes him down a peg, he don't see all her little box of tricks, takes alarm, and then pretty soon he tries to draw her out, what? The thing gets to be a disease, and then he trims it up; he makes a virtue of necessity. Ain't that the way nice things like pearl and amber get their start? Only a lovely disease to begin with, and then hardens up into something with a market value that will take a polish."

"Funny too," said Captain Crookes. "I know she advocated complete separation of the sexes till the age of thirty."

"That's what misled my friend Carden," said the barber. "She was on record and that simply walled him up. You take it where both parties have brains, there has to be a sign from heaven. They have to be jumped over the gap somehow. They don't come out flat-footed. Ever notice it?"

"I've studied on it more'n a little," said the captain.

"It'll bear study," Mr. Revens muttered. "Now in this case it took nothing short of a charge of murder to bring 'em up to scratch, where they both had poker faces."

He threw a towel accurately into the imitation tree stump in the corner.

"Why, if it hadn't been for that tame crow, I mistrust you wouldn't be hearing talk about this possible marriage at the bridge end as soon as Carden can be sworn in as county attorney, and find a house that both parties can practice in. No, sir. But if he had had an ear out for aspens, a lot that was left to chance needn't have been."

"For instance?" suggested Captain Crookes.

"Well, for instance, that keel. Sophie weighed that keel, she testifies, and it came to well over six tons. That was how he come to drop where he did and bring all the charges up against her. He could just as well as not have got across the bridge that night and keeled over at the Horrocks'. Now, as a matter of fact, I was going past there the morning after she slew him in his tracks, juggling those weights, and just for fun I dusted the snow off the platform and looked in at the scales. I was interested to know what that big lump weighed. Well, sir, it was a good quarter of a ton short of the even six. So if they don't make a go of it, you just remember that she brought it on herself."

"You think they will make a go of it though?" chortled Captain Crookes.

"Just the same as saying that two things equal to a third are equal to each other," answered Mr. Revens. "It's mathematical."

GENERAL

The car and the country editor

The light burns late in his office, for all day long he is out and about. His car travels east to inspect the new bridge, and west to see the new building. It hurries south to report a fire and back to the depot to meet the train.

There is no home, no school, no church, no lodge, in which he is not a valued friend. His paper is the cement that binds the folks together.

"We could never do our work without the automobile," says W. O. Saunders of the Independent, Elizabeth City, N. C.

"With my car I can be out among my people and know their problems. It has helped me to foster friendlier relations between those on the farm and those in town, and to make my paper indispensable to both.

"The car is an editorial pair of seven league boots. It lets me live with my people—people who were too often almost strangers before I had this modern means of meeting them face to face."

Two things are essential in a democracy. People must know and trust each other, and they must have common interests and ideals. The country paper contributes to both these essentials. It makes all its readers neighbors; it knits them closer together in their purposes and their sympathies and their thought.

Hence no work is more vital than that of America's 12,000 country editors. General Motors is proud to be the maker of cars which help them to widen the area of their service—and to profit as they serve.

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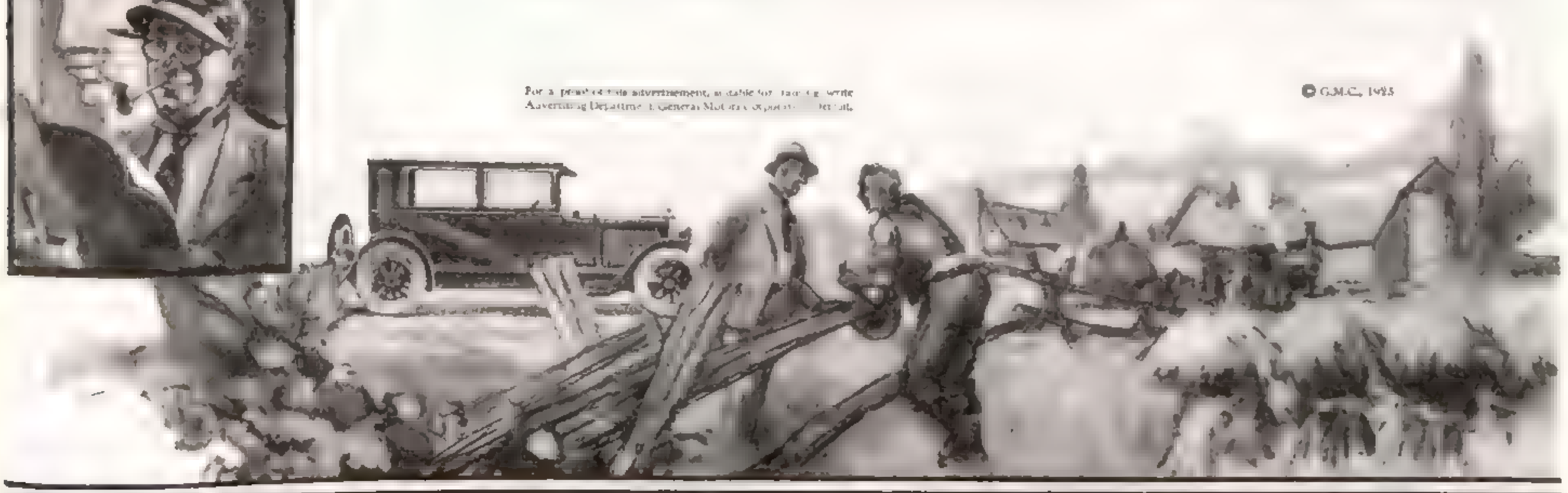

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All is Not Gold That Glitters

But the gold that does not glitter is often mistaken for a baser metal.

Many a concern engaged in peddling blue sky has concealed its lack of assets behind an imposing front of plate glass and mahogany. *But*—a shabby, out-of-date office is no guarantee of old fashioned honesty (whatever that may be) and is a pretty sure indication of old fashioned business methods—at least so far as the public is concerned.

Look around your own office. Does it wear the air of prosperity and efficiency that breeds respect in the visitor and self-respect in you and your staff? Your chairs, for instance—are they constructed on modern scientific principles to promote that comfort of body which is essential to mental alertness? They are if they are Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs.

And aside from all considerations of comfort, Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs add to the impressiveness of any office by their air of quiet but unmistakable elegance. They are massive without heaviness. Their lines and finish are a delight to the eye of the man who knows furniture. And a *lasting* delight. For, Sikes Chairs are known for their durability.

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SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

(Continued from Page 36

"I'm rather an admirer of Lady Dorothy," said Polkins. "She and I had a talk at Pulldan when first I went there. I liked her style. I'm a bit lonely at Pulldan now, and I thought I'd look up my friends."

"You can count me in if you care to," said Olivia.

"You're a good sport. Why, do you know, before I came abroad I was told that the only ice water I'd see over here would be in the welcome I got from the old families! That is the sort of thing they say over there about English people. Everybody's been very kind; his lordship was charming and Lady Dorothy was very friendly, and you -you might well be an American! I mean it."

"That's a real compliment," she smiled. "Perhaps you would care to stay for lunch. We could walk a little in the park. I am really quite free this morning. Then we could come back here for lunch."

"That's fine. I'd be only too happy. I'd like to see your park."

Olivia took the enthusiastic American to the zoo and he was duly impressed. They were crossing to the Mappin Terraces, when, without any warning, they came upon Lady Dorothy and Aleck Thane sitting on a bench in the shade of a pergola.

"Lady Dorothy, by all that's wonderful!" said Polkins before Olivia could stop him. "I'm delighted to see you. I was only just begging Miss Arthurton to give me your address. I would have got it from Lord Amlett himself, but it seems he is away."

"Now the cat's among the pigeons," thought Olivia.

"What's that you say, sir?" said Thane.

"Mr. Polkins, this is Mr. Thane; Mr. Thane—Mr. Polkins," said Olivia pointedly.

"Glad to meet you," said Thane. "Did you say Lord Amlett is away?"

"I did. There's nothing surprising in that, is there?" said Polkins. "Have I let the cat out of the bag?"

"Don't worry," said Olivia. "There's nothing to worry about. Yes, he's gone away. You'll see the announcement in the Times tomorrow morning."

Polkins had drifted aside with Lady Dorothy. She was telling him with some zest that the very latest idea in the zoo was to have a baboon park in the open. She told him about the aquarium and its new wonders.

"You should come to America. That's the place for new ideas," said Polkins. "Your mind is too new for London. There's no room over here. Mind you, I like English people; but there's nothing like America. Why don't you come?"

"I will," said Lady Dorothy. "I should like to."

"Then it must be as my guest. Most people who come to the States see the Statue of Liberty and the Woolworth Building, and perhaps Greenwich Village and the twenty-ninth floor of a skyscraper, and think they've seen America. But you'd want to see the real thing. I'd take you down Kentucky way, and show you things you'd never have thought were even connected with America."

She let him ramble on. He was happy and she didn't mind. He appealed to her. He was new—violently, extravagantly new—and, she thought, sincere.

Thane was trying to get information out of Olivia.

"Where's he gone to?"

"I don't know. It's not exactly my business."

"Am I my brother's keeper, eh? I should have thought you would know. Oh, dash it all, Olivia, don't let us quarrel again!"

"I'm not quarreling. I'm perfectly willing to be friends—not that I have forgotten your rather unpleasant behavior last time we met."

He flushed. "I apologize," he said. "I ask you to forget that."

"Willingly. We'll think no more about it."

"But seriously, Olivia, why don't you tell me where he has gone to?"

"Because I don't know."

"Honestly?"

"I mean what I say."

"Perhaps you don't realize how important it is—to me, I mean; perhaps to you too."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I can't go into that now. When did he go?"

"Last night."

"Left no message?"

"Only an announcement for the Times that he was leaving London for an indefinite period. It will be in tomorrow."

"Can't be helped. To think that I missed him by so little! Never mind, let's talk of something else. . . . Who is your American friend?"

"He's rented Pulldan Castle. He's a good sort."

"Don't like Americans," said Thane briefly.

"That's because you don't know any of them."

"No, it isn't. I've been to America, lived there. I know 'em, and don't like 'em—any of 'em."

"Why so violent about it?"

"I'm not violent."

"You may not be aware of the fact, but you are really rather rude."

"I apologize again, Olivia. Hang it all, I don't want to keep on offending you. I only want one thing—I want you to marry me. There, I've asked you again, though I swore I wouldn't."

"And I swore I wouldn't let you. I'm sorry. But please understand; it's quite hopeless. It was never more hopeless than it is at this minute. I would rather you did not think about it. I appreciate the honor, but I can't—really, I can't. So please be friends; and be sensible."

But he was not taking it well. He was angry, conscious that he had made a fool of himself in rushing in just at that moment. Moreover, he knew it was hopeless, and his own pride should have held him back.

"Good-by," he said, and held out his hand. "Make my apologies to Lady Dorothy and to Mr. Polkins for me. I'm going; I can't stand any more of this."

He hurried off, and she watched him, wondering. How much did he know? How much did he suspect? Still, it was no use worrying; she could do nothing to help or hinder.

A curious situation now arose. She had asked Polkins to lunch. He was keen on having Lady Dorothy's company. The least she could do was to gratify that wish and ask Lady Dorothy to lunch with them. To her surprise, the invitation was accepted. They all three walked back together.

"There's been a telephone call for you, milady," said Willett, "from Colonel Jackson. He asked me to tell you that he's found his lordship and that he expected he would be back here tonight."

"Oh!" said Olivia. "Splendid!" Immediately the question entered her head: Had Lady Dorothy heard Willett deliver the message? She had been very near. Better make no mystery of it.

"Willett tells me that my brother will be back tonight," she said. "If you care to stay in town, Mr. Polkins, you would meet him."

"I'd be very glad to."

"His indefinite absence turns out to be a very short one then," said Lady Dorothy.

"I hope so. I was anxious for him to come back. There is some rather urgent business for him to attend to."

The tracing of Jeremy to the pleasant peace of Cowfont had really been a very simple affair. Ballan was the prime mover in the business. Ballan knew Jeremy through and through. He had been in many a tight corner with him during the war, and he got to know him as only men do who have faced dirt and disease, death and discomfort together for long periods. He had been watching the flat when Jeremy left. He had caught sight of Jeremy's expression. He had seen that something was very seriously up. It was the expression of a man driven into a corner and tried beyond endurance. He had followed him on the Underground down to Charing Cross; had heard him ask for a single ticket to Cowfont. At first he had thought of following him there, but he decided it was no part of his business. He reported to Colonel Jackson soon after Olivia had left him in the morning, heard himself congratulated as a really sensible fellow, and found himself packed off by the first available train to Cowfont. He struck the Three Bellows before it was open for custom and went down to the private door.

"Excuse me, but have you a party by the name of Laytree staying here?"

"No," said Mrs. Hart. "There's no one staying here."

"Pity," said Ballan. "I've come all the way from London with an urgent message. Is there anywhere else he'd be staying?"

"There's nowhere else in this village he could stay."

"Um—that's torn it. Well, thank you very much, ma'am, for your courtesy. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me the nearest place he might stay, being a stranger and arriving fairly late."

"He could only stay here," said Mrs. Hart, softening to Ballan's manner. "What was your business with him?"

"Well, you see, I was his batman in the war, and I've a very important message for him from his old colonel. I'd like him to get it this morning too."

"You're a friend of his then?"

"Well, I can't say about that. You see he was my officer. It's not exactly like friends. But I'd boil myself in lime juice if I thought it'd do him any good."

"You've got an honest face," said Mrs. Hart. "If you were to go up to that big house—the Cedars, they call it—you'd most likely find him there. He was here last night. But old Mr. Weathers sent the trap for him early this morning and he's gone up there."

"I'm much obliged, ma'am," said Ballan, raising his hat.

"Perhaps you'd like a glass of ale," she suggested.

"Well, I never say no to that. Thank you very kindly."

Ballan pushed on up to the Cedars. It looked an enormous place; but golly, what a state the grounds were in! The place by daylight was a wilderness. Indeed, when Jeremy saw it for the first time that morning, he had realized that it really was work that he would like to do that old Weathers was offering him. All unconscious of Ballan's approach, he was sitting now in the study with the old man and Dibdin Weathers, his son.

"You can live here," Weathers was saying, "or if you please to build yourself a house later on, you can have the meadows across the brook."

"You're embarrassingly generous, sir."

"Don't talk rot," said old Weathers. "I've got a couple of thousand or more acres. I offer you seven hundred and fifty pounds a year to look after them. And I offer you ten of them for yourself if you care to settle down and build a house for yourself. That's not generosity: it's sound horse sense. You get a house and land, I know; but I get a man who'll look after my interests. This place is a disgrace. I know that. Somebody's got to do the work. You do it and I'll pay you well for it, and be only too happy to be doing something for old Bulger's son."

"I'd advise you to accept it, Laytree," said Dibdin Weathers. "It's not a chance

(Continued on Page 119)

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WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

Motor Cars

Continued from Page 116

that comes every day. There are thousands of poor devils who went through the war with us who can't find anything at all. Why, I found one of my old regiment playing a barrel organ in the Strand the other day. He's got a wife and one kiddie. They're on the farm over the bridge now, and he's so grateful for the first sign of a helping hand he's ever seen that I hardly like going down that way now."

"It's not that," said Jeremy. "It is that I don't feel able to accept so much."

"You're not accepting a favor," said old Weathers. "You're doing me a favor. If I wanted to put this place in the market as it is, what do you think I'd get for it? A few paltry thousands. Why, the place could be a gold mine! It'll be your job to make it into one."

"It's going to cost a lot of money," said Jeremy.

"How much should you think?"

"Not all at once, of course; but I should think you ought to spend at least five thousand pounds on it in the next five years."

"What should I get for my five thousand?"

"You'd get clean fields, properly drained. You'd get proper fences and gates. You'd have a really good orchard, which would in time pay very handsomely. You'd have some good beasts, properly housed. You'd have your timber thinned out and fresh timber planted for screening. The place could be made a gem. You're sheltered from the north wind. And—though this is a fad of my own—you could grow roses on a large scale."

"You've got the ideas. That's the way I like to hear a man talk. You can see the place as it's going to be. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal, sir," said Jeremy, "and I promise you that if I have anything to do with it you'll never regret it."

"That's settled then," said old Weathers. "D'you want a contract?"

"Good gracious, no!" said Jeremy.

"Then you shall have one whether you like it or not. Get it all down in black and white—best for both sides, see?"

"All right," said Jeremy, "I'm quite willing."

"Dibbie, take him and show him round a bit. I'll draw up some sort of a contract and you can sign it as witness when you come back. Lunch is at one."

The old man, conscious of having done a good stroke of business combined with a rather fine humane act, chuckled to himself with delight as he watched the two men out.

"He looks on you as a sort of younger son," said Dibdin. "He talked about you for hours last night. He was really anxious lest you should refuse. This place worries him. It's more like an agricultural dustbin than an estate."

"I'm not much younger than you, am I?" said Jeremy.

"I look younger than I am," said Dibdin. "Science keeps a man young. It's so impersonal. I could give you fifteen years easily."

"You surprise me. I wondered, though. Your father seems very old."

"He's nearly seventy. . . . I say, is that someone waving to us—over there?"

"There certainly is someone over there," said Jeremy. "And he's waving, worse luck."

"What's the matter?"

"That's a man I particularly did not want to see. I'm very fond of him, but I would rather he hadn't found me like this."

"Am I in the way?"

"Not a bit. But I say, Weathers, I don't know what this man may have to say to me. It may be bad news. But I ask you to believe me when I tell you that whatever happens I am just as straight as you think me. There is an explanation of why I arrived down here without any apparent reason. It's a very complete and final explanation. But it's not my story, and I'm not at liberty to tell it. Some day you shall know all about it. But not just now, because I'm not free to say anything yet."

"That's all right. I don't make up my mind about people on scraps and odd bits of information," said Weathers. "You see, my research work makes me jolly careful about any sort of evidence. Besides, I've watched you pretty carefully with the old dad. You'll do."

"Thanks," said Jeremy. "That means a lot to me—more than you know. Hello, Ballan. What do you want me for?"

"Got a letter for you, sir, from the colonel."

"Anything happening? How the devil did you know I was here?"

"Will you please read the letter, sir? Colonel Jackson said it was very urgent."

There were two letters. One was the letter from the real Lord Amlett, the other was a curt note from Colonel Jackson:

"*Dear Laytree:* Take my advice and come back. Your only chance of avoiding unpleasantness is to get hold of Lord Amlett. The sooner the better.

"Yours,
"L. F. JACKSON."

So the long arm fetched him back to his task. He was not to be allowed to settle down in peace and quietness to work out his own salvation. He had to leave Cowfont, to go back and take up his horrible task where he left it off, until he had accomplished it. There was no escaping it.

"I'm sorry," he said to Weathers; "I've got to go back to London at once."

"There's a train in half an hour. You could catch that."

"But your father—I shouldn't like to seem rude to him."

"I'll explain all that. Let us know when to expect you down again. We'll have everything ready by then. We can sign the contract and make a start."

"Cheerio," said Jeremy, "and thank you for all you have done."

He took the road to the station with a heavy heart.

He was leaving the peace and promise of Cowfont to go back to the smoky restlessness of London, to the unquiet hazards of an unsolved problem.

"What a life!" he said.

XIV

JEREMY and Ballan missed the train. As they watched it disappear Jeremy turned to his old batman.

"Superstitious, Ballan?"

"No, sir."

"Now if I were superstitious I might believe that I was intended to miss that train. I might stop down here, and I'd very much like to stop. I don't believe anyone could find me. It'd be like finding a black man in a coal cellar."

"I found you, sir!"

"Ah, but you're different."

"Don't you make any mistake, sir. If the people at the Yard wanted to find you they'd do it."

Ballan had been impressed by the Yard. He was impressed by the importance of his own intimate contact with one of the big chiefs. He, like Jeremy, had found a place in the world, and he was already adapting himself to the new necessities. It was up to him to uphold the efficiency of the department to which he was attached. At the present moment his loyalty to Jeremy was able to run parallel with his loyalty to what was to be his new job. He did not like to think what the position might be if his loyalty to his job should run counter to his loyalty to Jeremy.

"You'd make a rotten Sherlock Holmes, Ballan," said Jeremy.

"Yes, sir. But all the same, I think you'd better catch the next train up. If the Yard were to want you, your photograph and description would be in every police station throughout the country inside a week. It would be in every newspaper. Your face would give you away."

"My face was to have been my fortune, Ballan, but it's got me into the devil of a mess." *(Continued on Page 121)*

Beauty spots or blemishes
—which shall it be?

It often happens in a well-planned room.

The proportions are ideal. The woodwork carefully selected. The finish exquisite. The walls decorated artistically. And the furnishings of the best. *The room is ready to be admired.*

But admiration falters a bit. The eye catches a discordant note. Then two—three . . . six . . . nine . . . twelve. A dozen blemishes on that room—*for life.*

The importance of hinges was overlooked!

Hinges are not large. But, in place, they are prominent and numerous. The one error of failing to select good hinges develops into a dozen errors in each room.

The time to think of hinges is when the house is in its early stages of construction. The time to think of McKinney Hinges is when you are selecting your hardware.

A home is made hardware-poor by accident. Don't let this accident happen to you.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.

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VICTOR at $100 made it possible for the first time for nearly everyone to own a full-sized, standard adding machine. Now, at $10 down, Victor has made such ownership possible to all, for, on such terms, Victor buys itself! You can have a Victor delivered to your office today for a free trial. Before you make the first payment Victor will have saved enough to pay it for you. And then it will save in time, labor and avoided errors, enough to pay each monthly installment of $10.

Can you deny yourself the aid and protection of Victor when this new offer makes it so easy to have one? Victor is a full-sized, million-dollar capacity standard keyboard adding machine that adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides and makes a complete printed record. It has non-add, sub-total, repeat and calculating keys, and triple visibility. Totals with one stroke of the handle, which is 25 to 50 strokes a minute faster than the ordinary machine. The Victor is sturdy, long-lived and portable. Unreservedly guaranteed.

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International Harvester Co.
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Rockefeller Foundation
The City of New York
Eastman Kodak Company
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad

VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

FREE TRIAL

(Continued from Page 119)

"Yes, sir; but it's not hopeless. Leave it to Colonel Jackson."

"Um—but you and Colonel Jackson serve that one-eyed goddess with a sword and a pair of scales. You call her Justice, and you really mean the law, which is a different thing. Supposing that one part of the infernal machine which you and he represent starts to work, could either you or he stop it? You know you couldn't."

"That's why he wants you to come back, sir."

"I was going to be very happy here," said Jeremy. "I could have done good work. If I go back I risk bringing about the very scandal I have tried to avoid. If it all comes out in the courts I won't be able to face old Weathers again."

"You know you've got to see it through, sir," said Ballan. "It's no use grousing."

"No, I suppose not. But I can't be expected to sing Glory, Glory, Hallelujah just because you take me back to place my nose in close contact with the same old grindstone."

But he caught the afternoon train for all that. Olivia, to whom he had wired, met him at the station.

"What happened to the checks in that letter?" he asked.

"I paid them into my bank, made out for the full amount, and I prevailed upon the manager to cash five of them. I've got the money here. It may come in useful."

"May? My dear, if we were not in the public eye of Charing Cross, I could kiss you for those words. If we are going to retrieve your errant brother we shall have to spend money like water. That's the best news I've heard."

"What are your plans?"

"Well, Jackson says find Lord Amlett. If he's in Scotland and in a yacht, the obvious thing to do is to go up there after him."

"But Scotland is a big place."

"Yes, but we can get to Knollburgh, make inquiries there, and surely some of the people on the coast will have heard of his beastly yacht."

"It seems the only thing to do. You can't get a train before midnight. We'd better go and book a sleeper for you now."

"We can do that by telephone from the flat. Let's go up there. I've come back now, and I may as well go the whole hog. By the way, Ballan ——"

"Yes, sir?" said Ballan, who was waiting for orders.

"You might go round to the Yard and tell Colonel Jackson we've gone up to the flat. Ask him whether he will come up there sometime today. He'd better dine with us and discuss difficulties."

"Yes, sir. I beg your pardon, sir. May I ask a question?"

"Yes, go on."

"Now you've come back, are you Mr. Laytree, sir, or Lord Amlett, my lord?"

"I'd better be Lord Amlett, I suppose. It may be my last appearance on any stage, but I've got to do it."

"Polkins was at the flat," said Olivia, when Ballan had gone and they were in the taxi on the way home.

"The deuce he was! What's he doing in town?"

"He came down to see Lord Amlett—you in fact. He had lost Lady Dorothy. He wanted her address. I took him out in the park and we ran into her. I had them both to the flat to lunch. It was rather comic."

"They've gone now, I hope?"

"Oh, yes; but Polkins will be back this evening. He likes you apparently. I think he's taken Lady Dorothy to a *thé dansant* this afternoon. I believe he dances rather well."

"Do you think—or is it too good to be true—will he make an impression?"

"On Lady Dorothy? I shouldn't think so. After all, her pride has been badly mauled, you know."

"Yes; I'm afraid tact is not my strong point."

There was silence between them for a while. She was thinking of Lady Dorothy's misfortunes, while Jeremy, though he also thought of the lady, was mainly concerned about putting the wind up as to what he should do if he met her again. Now that he was actually back in London, in the very heart of the confusing tangle he himself had spun, he regretted more deeply than ever the peace and promise of Cowfont. That episode shone like the daylight seen from a tunnel, and as he went steadily deeper into the tunnel its brightness faded; the details seemed to disappear; it grew smaller and smaller, until he felt that the slightest turn in his affairs would hide it forever.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Olivia as the car came to a stop in a traffic block.

"Hand it over," said Jeremy.

"Here you are." She gave him a penny.

"That's for luck," said Jeremy. "I wanted to tell you all about everything anyway. If we ever get out of the mess we're in—and it seems doubtful—I can see quite a new life opening for me. I'm not going back to Africa—not unless I'm forced."

She did not answer, but she was listening carefully—anxiously almost.

"When I came back to England I was an outsider, in the sense that no one knew me. My own identity mattered so little that I was able to take over that of another man, lock, stock and barrel. I made an unholy hash of it, I know, but that doesn't make any difference. When I ran away—and I may as well be honest; I ran away from you as much as from everything else—I had no hope of the future. I dropped into that little place Cowfont by sheer miracle. I met a man there who knew my dad. As a matter of fact, I think it must have been my granddad he knew, because he's very old. But he knew my family. He placed me. He knew something about me. Can you see what I'm getting at?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

"I suppose I attach too much importance to it, but his recognition of my place in the scheme of things was like nothing on earth. I felt bucked up, like you feel when you first see your name in the Gazette. It seemed to make Jeremy Laytree, Esq., into a real person."

"I begin to see."

"Well now, this new Jeremy Laytree has been offered a thundering good job on the Weathers estate. The place looks as though someone had beamed upon it for a fortnight with an evil eye. My little job is to make it blossom like the rose—and I can do it.

"Now Jeremy Laytree, Esq., if he ever finally emerges from the shell of Lord Amlett, is to run that estate; further, he is to take over a nice little park of his own; further, he is to build a house. With a house and land and real work to do, he should be fairly content, eh?"

"I should think so."

"D'you remember a long time ago when a certain young man met a certain young woman riding in the woods in the early morning?"

"I do."

"He kissed her, if I remember rightly."

"Jeremy, if you kiss me now in the middle of all this traffic, I'll scream!"

"That's all right. If you did they wouldn't hear you. Here goes. What I mean is this: That having achieved some sort of real identity, I have much pleasure in again offering you my hand and heart. In other words, Olivia, will you marry the new Jeremy?"

"Of course I will; you know that. But you're not Jeremy now. You're Lord Amlett again."

"I'd forgotten that. I'm going on forgetting until we reach the flat."

"Don't be absurd. What if anyone should see you?"

"I feel as though I don't care a hoot who sees me. But I'll be good. Soyez Sage. I'll live up to the family motto."

"Jeremy," she said softly, putting her hand over his, "there's something I want to say to you. I should never have thought of it but for Colonel Jackson. It's about the lady in green."

"Yes?"

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Inspect your new car carefully to make certain that the windshield and all the windows are glazed with Plate Glass. When replacements are necessary, insist that nothing but polished Plate Glass will do.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

"I think you ought to know that Willett told me she was in the flat with you when you told that awful whopper about being at the Savoy. Wait a moment. I know that you ran away after seeing her. I'm not asking any questions. I don't want to know anything about it. But I just wanted you to know that I knew."

"But what has Colonel Jackson to do with it?"

"He suggested at first, when I spoke about it, that I might be jealous. He knows better now; I'm not, and I thought you would like to know that I'm not."

"Olivia, you're a brick; you really are. But I can tell you this—there is nothing to be jealous of. I do know who the woman is, or who she says she is, and it was because of her that I decided to go away. But I can't tell you anything more. It's not my business. I've had nothing to do with her, and before I went to Pulldan I had never seen her. But she may yet wreck the apple cart. Thank you for telling me. I don't think we shall see her before Saturday night. By that time we shall be in Scotland."

"It is something about Arthur?"

"Don't ask me any questions, there's a dear. I can't say anything about it. You see, one of the many reasons I went away was just this—that I can't give you the full confidence I know you give me. Anything I find out while I'm supposed to be another man is not my property, even if he is your brother. I want to be quite open about it. To my mind, if we're ever to make anything of our lives together, if we ever get the chance, that is the first principle. I believe there must be nothing hidden. And when that time comes, I'm going to propose to you all over again."

"That will be three times," said Olivia with a glad smile. "The answer will be the same every time."

"You darling!"

They had not been in the flat more than an hour when Mrs. Mainterly called. She was the woman at whose house Jeremy had made his first appearance as Arthur Arthurton. When he heard the voice he fled.

"Take her away," he whispered to Olivia. "Tell her I'm out of town and not expected back. Go with her if you must. But I can't face her just now. She's not in this act and I'm not equal to it."

Olivia did not wish to offend the worthy Mrs. Mainterly. She suffered herself to be carried off to tea in the Mainterlys' car and Jeremy was left to his own devices. He began to pack some clothes for the Scotch adventure. Willett came in.

"Mr. Polkins is in the study, my lord."

"Tell him I'll be down in a minute, will you?"

"Lord Amlett, I'm glad to see you again," said Polkins when Jeremy went down to him. "I've taken a great liberty, I know; but your sister said I could come here this evening, and as Lady Dorothy was with me, I persuaded her to come along too."

"You seem to be the center of the stage," said Lady Dorothy. "We met Thane in town. He seemed to be very busy. But when he heard you were coming back tonight, he said he wanted to see you. He's calling round too. Quite a little party!"

"Sorry Olivia's out," murmured Jeremy.

"I'm sure you are," said Lady Dorothy with faint emphasis. "It is such a help, isn't it, to have a sister to do the honors?"

"She's pulling my leg," thought Jeremy. "Ugh, how I hate it too!"

"I'm surprised to find you a bachelor," said Polkins. "I was figuring it out with Lady Dorothy here. Here you've got everything a man could want—a title, a castle and all the dollars you need. Why, in America you'd be a big catch."

"I dare say," said Jeremy uncomfortably. "But, you know, a man can't always do just what he pleases."

"But what's to stop you? It seems wrong to find you in a bachelor outfit. I hope you'll pardon me if I'm too personal."

"I dare say if Lord Amlett chose he could marry soon enough," said Lady Dorothy, secretly delighted at the opportunity to roast Jeremy a little more.

"Well, I'd like to oblige you both," said Jeremy, "and perhaps some day I shall. You shall both have the opportunity of coming to the wedding—if any."

"Fine!" said Polkins. "And if you take my advice you'll spend the honeymoon in America."

"If Mr. Polkins had his way, everyone would go to America," said Lady Dorothy. "Already he has asked me to go over there as his guest."

"Ah, yes?"

"But she won't say yes—not yet. I hope to persuade her."

"If you'll excuse me a moment I'll go and give orders to Willett about dinner. You'll stay to dinner?"

"Delighted," said Polkins. Lady Dorothy assented with a faint smile. This dinner party promised to be amusing.

The incomparable Willett rose to the occasion and repaired to Olio's, where he ordered dinner for six to be sent in, complete, with waiters. It was nothing new to Willett. Arthurton's bachelor dinner parties had always been arranged in just that way, regardless of expense, but with the minimum of trouble.

Aleck Thane turned up just before dinner, and Colonel Jackson arrived with Olivia soon afterward.

"You are the limit," said Olivia. "I no sooner turn my back than you invite a whole dinner party. Don't forget we're going to Scotland tonight."

"Don't mention it, whatever you do."

"Not for worlds!"

Olivia took the head of the table, with Colonel Jackson on her right; Lady Dorothy came next, and then Jeremy. Thane was on his right, with Polkins between him and Olivia. The dinner was perfect.

"I must say," said Thane, "that for a bachelor you do things pretty well."

"This is by way of a miraculous draft of fishes," said Jeremy. "Willett arranges everything."

"What's he got all these people here for?" whispered Colonel Jackson to Olivia under cover of the general conversation.

"He couldn't help it."

"He ought to have done."

"Do you often give dinner parties on the spur of the moment like this?" asked Polkins.

"No, not exactly often."

"Only when he's feeling particularly reckless," said Lady Dorothy.

"I don't get you," said Polkins.

"There's not much to get," said Lady Dorothy. "I only meant that perhaps Lord Amlett wanted a little diversion. Besides, he has seen next to nothing of his friends lately."

"By the way, have you any idea how long you're going to stay at Pulldan, sir?" This was Thane fishing for information from Polkins.

"I don't know. But if his lordship wants to come back at any moment he's welcome. I'd give up my lease, for I feel that I had no right to go there at all."

"I'm very glad to see you there," said Jeremy. "Please keep the flag flying. Pulldan's too big for me."

"Well, to tell you the truth, it's a bit big for me, too," said the American. "I came up to London because I was lonely. Now I've a proposition to make to the crowd. What's the matter with a little house party at Pulldan? I'd be very happy if you'd all come back to Pulldan with me as my guests. There'll be shooting soon, and nobody knows better than Lord Amlett whether it's first-class or not. What do you say, Lady Dorothy? Will you come to Pulldan next week?"

"I shall be delighted," said Lady Dorothy, watching Jeremy's face.

The dinner party itself was a nightmare to him. It was sheer high farce, with all the laughter hidden away. The only person there whose impulses were open, genuine and aboveboard was Polkins. All the others knew bits of the story. One knew one piece, another knew another; he himself believed he knew it all. The conversation was like the laughter of fools, the crackling of thorns under a pot. The thought of continuing the horror indefinitely at Pulldan was so perfectly ghastly that for one wild moment he thought of blowing the whole filmy structure to pieces there and then.

Thane had accepted. Colonel Jackson had said that he would do his best to get down there for the week-end.

"And you, Miss Arthurton?"

"I'm afraid not," said Olivia. "I can't manage it just now."

There was a chorus of protest.

"But think!"

"Pulldan just now is at its best."

"We could have a jolly time."

"I reckon Lady Dorothy would fix me up with a couple more ladies," said Polkins. "And if his lordship was there perhaps we could get some of the county people. We could have a real ball."

"I'm afraid it's impossible," said Jeremy. "I have to leave town tonight, and I'm not at all sure when I shall be back. I think Pulldan could do with a decent house party. It's about as cheerful as the Albert Hall on a Monday morning just now. But you'd better count me out. Don't let that stop you from having your party though."

"It would be rather fun," urged Lady Dorothy. "I'm sorry you are going away again. We haven't seen very much of you lately."

"As a matter of fact, Olivia and I are both leaving town tonight. I may say that if we should return soon, and your invitation is still open, we shall be only too happy to accept—eh, Olivia?"

"It would be jolly to dance at Pulldan again," she said.

"That's capital," said Polkins. "I'll go back there tomorrow and begin to get things going."

The faces round the table were a study. Colonel Jackson, who had been very silent all the evening, was puzzled and uncertain. He had come to see Jeremy, and so far had not had any opportunity of speaking to him.

Lady Dorothy was smiling, but it was not a happy smile. There were scorn and bitterness in it; scorn for herself and bitterness arising from the certainty that she was seeing Jeremy Laytree, the imitation Lord Amlett, for the last time. She was convinced in her own mind that he and Olivia were running away together. She had failed, and she hated herself.

Both Olivia and Jeremy looked uneasy, uncomfortable, uncertain as to what new complication might ensue to trip them up. Only Thane looked perfectly satisfied. There was a smile hovering about his mouth most of the time—a smile that seemed to come from somewhere deep within him.

"What time do you go tonight?" said Lady Dorothy.

"We leave here at eleven," said Jeremy.

"Do you remember once we had a dance here?" she went on. "He's got the most heavenly gramophone and the floor in the study is perfect. Can we have a dance now, before you go? Be a sport and say yes."

Something in her manner puzzled Jeremy. She seemed more excited than usual; her voice was strangely insistent.

"Yes, let's dance then," he agreed.

Willett cleared the study with the aid of the waiters. Coffee and liqueurs were placed on a side table and the gramophone set going with Chili Bom Bom. Polkins claimed Lady Dorothy and Thane took Olivia. Jeremy stood by the gramophone with Colonel Jackson.

"You're a silly ass, you know," said Jackson in an undertone.

"Don't blame me; blame my rotten luck," said Jeremy. "I wish to heaven I'd stopped down at Cowfont!"

"I was afraid at dinner that you were going to give yourself away. Take my advice and clear this lot out before it's too late."

"I can't show them the door, exactly."

"Well, if you can't, don't neglect to leave London, as you said, tonight. You're going to Scotland, I suppose?"

"We are, and we're not coming back until he's found. If we can't find him, I'm going to quit altogether."

"You're wise."

They had no more time for conversation. Jeremy had to dance with Lady Dorothy. It was worse than he had expected.

"So you're going," she said, as they drifted round.

"Yes."

"I shall not see you again?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me where you are going."

"You know I can't."

"I think you were marvelous tonight. You know what I think of you. I haven't changed, really—I can't change. I've tried to. But it won't happen."

"Please, please," said Jeremy, "don't make it impossible for me. I want you to know that I'd have done anything rather than all this should have happened. But it's too late now."

"It's always too late," she sighed. "But I've not lost hope yet. I could have made you happy—if you hadn't been such a fool," she added bitterly. "Then it's good-by this time, really?" For a second he thought she was going to break down, but she recovered herself. "It's silly to care as much as that," she said cynically. "Nothing's worth it. Thank you for a very pleasant dance."

She left him and soon was waltzing with Thane. Jeremy had at last managed to get hold of Olivia. They were in the middle of the dance, when he became conscious of Willett at the door trying to catch his eye. He handed Olivia over to Colonel Jackson, excused himself and went out.

"What is it, Willett?"

"There's a man downstairs, my lord. Says he must see you."

"Tell him to go away. I can't see any man offhand like that."

"He's very insistent, my lord; says it's urgent."

"Tell him to come again in the morning."

"I did, my lord."

"Well?"

"He said it wasn't good enough, my lord."

"Wasn't good enough? What the devil does the fellow mean?"

"I don't think he'll go away, my lord, unless you see him."

"Ah, what's to stop you taking him by the slack of his breeches and throwing him into the street? If you don't do it, I shall!"

"Begging your pardon, my lord, but I don't think that would help. You see ——"

"Look here, what's the matter with you, Willett? What's all the mystery about? It's your job to get rid of people who make themselves a nuisance. Get on with it and don't bother me."

"But, my lord, he's a detective!"

"The devil he is!"

From the room he had just left Jeremy could hear the strains of What'll I Do? and the ironical aptness of that popular melody roused a smile, even though he knew that he was in a tight corner.

"I've known detectives pitched out by the scruff of the neck before now, Willett. Still, I suppose we must respect the majesty of the law. Where is this representative of the forces of law and order?"

"Downstairs, sir."

"Have him up into the dining room."

Jeremy looked at his visitor. He was obviously a detective, an official detective too.

"Sorry to disturb you, my lord," said the man.

"Carry on!"

"It's a little matter of a check, my lord."

"Ah, yes!"

"I've been trying to get in touch with you all day."

"I've been here most of the day."

"Yes, but the man we had watching the flat couldn't find me when you returned."

That did not make Jeremy feel any more confident.

"What check?"

"This one, my lord, made payable to Aleck Thane. It's signed in your name, my lord, but the bank says it's a forgery."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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FINGERMARKS, smudges, dust and dirt —the despair of all housewives who love white woodwork.

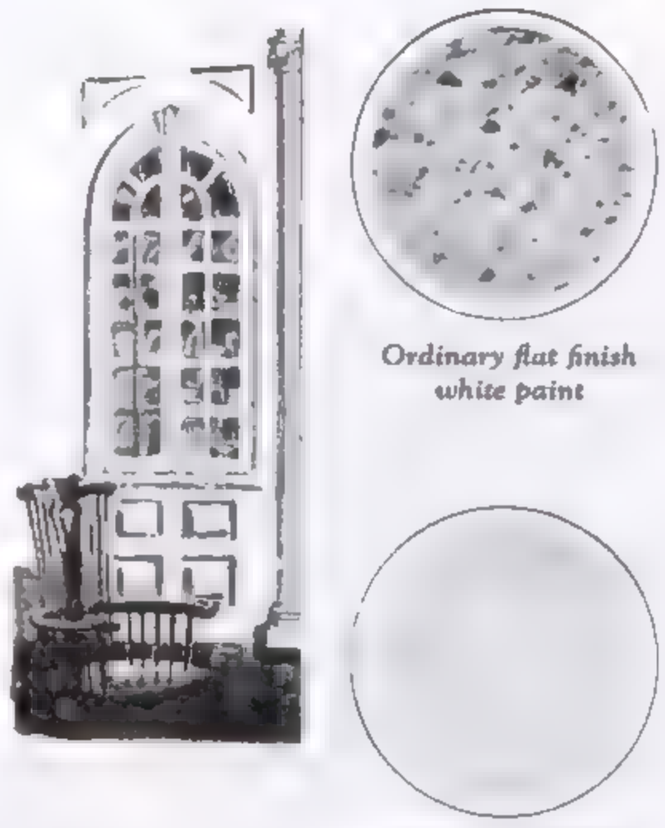
Yet they can't be helped. Grimy little hands will touch the walls! Dust *will* settle.

But now this drawback has been removed.

Walls and woodwork painted with Barreled Sunlight can always be washed clean in a jiffy! Its lustrous white surface is so smooth that the finest particles of dust and dirt cannot sink in! So smooth that the worst smudges can be washed from it as easily as from white tile. No hard scrubbing—no *wearing through* this durable, satin-like finish!

Furthermore, on account of the Rice Process, by which Barreled Sunlight is made, we can guarantee it to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

THESE are some of the reasons why Barreled Sunlight is being used today not only in homes throughout the country, but in the finest hotels, apartment houses, hospitals, schools and institutions, as well as public buildings of all types.



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Barreled Sunlight

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Barreled Sunlight is sold in cans from half-pint to five-gallon sizes, and in 55 gal. and 30 gal. churn-equipped steel drums. Send the coupon below for a sample can—containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, shelf, mirror-frame, etc.,—or any similar object.

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"No battery made will stand that"

Look out for your battery when the charge indicator does that. It's summer now—the time batteries get over-charged.

We're putting it gently when we tell you that o-v-e-r-c-h-a-r-g-i-n-g plays ducks and drakes with batteries. No battery made will stand a continuous over-charge. Some are knocked out in the first round.

Insulation usually lets go, first. You know what that means—a bill for new separators—delay, too.

We can save you this bill with a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery, for we'll sell you this very different battery with the understanding that its insulation will last for the entire life of the plates.

What's more, if you'll let us inspect your Willard Threaded Rubber Battery occasionally, we can protect you against continuous over-charging, and insure you full measure of uninterrupted battery service in your car.

That's not all. It will be a brand new battery in every sense of the word, when you buy it, for all Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are of the Charged bone dry type, and are not filled until sold.

Our policy of filling these batteries *after* they are sold is making a big hit with car owners. They see us do this. Then they know they are not paying for any shelf wear.

Keep this in mind for the time you'll be needing a new battery. In the meantime we'll be glad to help you get all the possible service out of your present battery.

One of us right in your neighborhood.

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Over-charging ruins hundreds of thousands of batteries every year. It is caused by putting more current into the battery than you take out, and is most common in summer when less current is used for starting and lights. Its result is broken down insulation and subsequent damage to plates.

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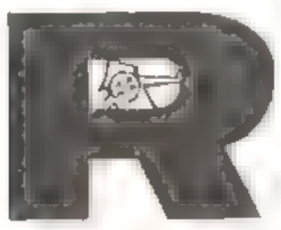
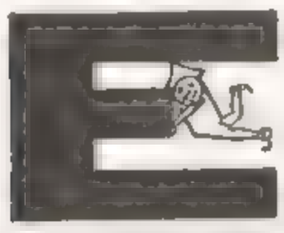


Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.



Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's. F 33

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE TRAIL OF THE BANK SWINDLER

(Continued from Page 43)

Calling at Number 2 bank, Wilson drew out his balance and had the genuine $1250 paper cashed without question. This gave him back his original capital less the trifling balances to his credit in the remaining banks. He next went to Number 3 bank, presented the first of his four forgeries and got $1250. That left him with $1250 profit and three bogus checks for $3750 total.

At Number 4 bank, where he now called—all these cashing operations were in one banking day—the paying teller was more cautious. He ascertained that Wilson's balance was little more than seventy-five dollars and never had been much larger. He called Number 1 bank on the phone, described in detail the $1250 certified check, and was assured that it had been regularly issued by that bank and was good. Number 4 thereupon cashed the false paper.

Wilson now had acquired $2500 of the banks' money and had two forged certified checks representing $2500. He decided not to present those forgeries at Banks 5 and 6. The phoning by Number 4 had set the danger signal against him. A second such inquiry would be his downfall. He quit; and, of course, he left town at once.

This crook caused the banks a lot of trouble and led a long trail before the net got him. He would have been easier to run down if he had been a greedier crook, operating continuously in an attempt to get rich quick like the mail-order bandits. He always let some time elapse between his raids—always but once. Yet in a period of years he took $90,000 from banks all over the country.

How One Teller Was Tricked

His betraying characteristic was not in his *modus operandi*, which was about as natural and foolproof as a smart crook of his character could wish; it was in his personal appearance and certain peculiarities of manner. As soon as a thorough and dependable description was obtained from the victimized banks, one on which a sufficient number of persons were agreed, his possible future fields of operation were plastered with warnings, with the almost inevitable result.

His arrest, however, came about in an odd way. His two last points of attack were Cleveland and Kansas City. A Cleveland bank to which had been bulletined Wilson's description and a warning that he was likely to turn up there before long, recognized him, but he smelled danger and fled without getting anything. He said afterward that he then decided he would make one more killing and quit for good, and one thing that lends color to that statement is that instead of lying low a while as usual, he showed almost at once in Kansas City, did make a killing and—but that comes later.

The Kansas City bank he victimized had been warned the same as Cleveland; but the paying teller could not have kept the description in the front of his mind, or the warning at all, for he did not recognize Wilson. This teller severed his connection with the bank. He went right away to California to look for a job; he was very sore at crooks.

He and Wilson must have arrived in Los Angeles within a few days of each other. Too late for himself, but in time for Wilson, he had mastered the crook's description; and the day after arriving he saw him on the street. He called a policeman and the three went together to headquarters.

The authorities at Los Angeles made it sure that Wilson had turned his last trick. It was found that he had bought a $25,000 home in a suburb of the Southern California city, where his wife was installed and provided with a touring car. She was ignorant of her husband's criminal mode of supporting her. She said she had been glad that he had given up traveling at last so they could settle down together and have a real home—one of the criminal tragedies the public so often doesn't read about in a trial.

The Best Season for Burglaries

Wilson was returned to Kansas City, convicted and sentenced, in view of his record, to twenty-five years in Jefferson City Penitentiary, where he now is. Wilson, of course, is not his name.

How many banks and how many cities he victimized is known only to himself, but among the cities are New Orleans, Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo and Kansas City. Their cosmopolitan quality suggests something of the foolproofness of this crook's method, but his end shows more conclusively how futile is crime.

A word now about bank crimes of violence—holdups.

The public has the general impression that bank and pay-roll holdups are crimes of impulse, undertaken more or less on the spur of the hour or at least with no more than a night-before planning in some pool room where vicious youths congregate. This is not so.

It is true that the large majority of this class of gun-using crooks are from eighteen to twenty-five years in age—a new crop; but at their head is very often—increasingly often—an executive, a business-man criminal, who may or may not appear on the scene of violence. The cleverer he is, the more efficient and potentially dangerous, the less likely is he to be personally present. He is the man the public reads about in the newspapers as the mysterious master mind.

This man, before sending or leading his band on a stick-up, sizes up the situation from all its various angles. He ascertains at what hour the bank is undermanned, just when it will be making up the currency for certain large customer pay rolls and hence will have an attractive amount of money in sight on the counters instead of in the recesses of the vaults; for inaccessibility means delay to the robbers when a moment lost may cause failure or excite the youthful raiders to shoot and murder. And that is a complication the brains of the outfit desires to avoid if possible; it attracts attention from the street, hampers the getaway, makes chase and prosecution more stern, and involves bigger attorneys' fees and heavier bail if there is capture—no bail if murder has been done.

If the bank is wired with alarm bells, this menace is lined up in advance so that the bandits will be able to protect themselves against summoning of help or against intrusion by guarding the bank's doors with their guns.

The routine of the bank and personality of its staff are studied, especially the women, and at what desks they work. The bank bandit fears a woman's scream, and he dislikes a woman's uncertain reaction to personal danger, her nerve, her frequent refusal to be cowed. He knows that nine times in ten a man will have sense enough to put up his hands when a gun is thrust in his face, but he can't figure on a woman.

Nearly all bank holdups are staged between the hours of 11:30 A.M. and 1 P.M. That's because at this period the bank is undermanned, about one-half the force being out to lunch. And bank burglaries are of most frequent occurrence in early fall and early spring. This is why:

Escape is then easier. In the early fall the nights are longer and the country roads are in good condition for fast motoring. In early spring the nights are still long and the roads have become passable. During the severities of winter the bank burglar, or yegg, the blower of safes, pretty generally transfers his activities to regions of the country that have mild or warm weather, or he limits himself to occasional operations.

Pay-Roll Holdups

A comparatively new type of violent crime is the office pay-roll holdup. There are two main reasons for its practicability and its enormous and rapid growth—the arrival of the automobile and its distribution in such numbers that its theft on the streets is very easy, and the fact that only in recent years has it become the custom to transport large sums of currency through city streets to pay employes of all classifications.

When a leader of pay-roll bandits ascertains that certain methods are being used in carrying large sums from bank to store or factory, he trails the bank's or the firm's messenger, dates him and times him to the hour and minute, finds out the amount of the pay roll and studies the efficiency of the guard, if any. These data gathered, the attack is planned and made, and in about 90 per cent of the cases it is successful.

A great many banks and large firms contribute to their own robbery by the mistake of using uniformed guards. The crooks call this "sending a band along," and they mean "band" in its musical sense. Banks have been advised by the police to use plain-clothes guards exclusively, and have one guard travel beside the messenger and the other trail them by ten or fifteen paces if walking, or a short distance behind if motoring.

This would provide opportunity for counter attack as the bandits were about to strike or as they struck, and would deprive them of their most vital asset, the element of surprise, which is always the center around which their careful plans revolve.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Burns.

Double-Thick Means Double-Crisp

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TRUST

(Continued from Page 25)

"I'll tell you this much: We came here yesterday on a regular old-fashioned treasure hunt. All this part of the coast used to be a sort of pirate retreat in early days. I think our coming here was known and that it's going to bring somebody else here pretty soon. Their chart may be better than ours."

"You had better let me stay, sir."

"No place to hide the boat. It would frighten 'em away. Don't worry, I'll be all right. Come back day after tomorrow night after dark if it's clear. If the weather turns thick, don't risk it. Too many rocks and ledges. Wait for it to clear. And don't let yourself or the car be recognized by anybody if you can help it. You understand?"

"Very good, sir."

On the sheer side of the square niche, which was the south side, there grew almost to the edge of the low cliffs a dense thicket of scrub spruces, and it was in this spiky jungle that John decided to make his camp. Having cut an alley into it on the shore side, he quickly cleared space enough to pitch his little tent and to move about without risk of leaving an eyeball on the lower dead spines.

The sun was low by the time he had a snug little camp to his taste. Amongst other advantages was that of its being a sort of sentry box or lodge house to the island, as the niche was by far the best landing place it possessed. There was a sheltered cove with a little beach of fine white sand at the northern end; but a boat would ground out there on a falling tide, while the water in the niche was deep.

His work finished, John started on a tour round the island. In full summer season it would have many visitors, he perceived. There was a fine clear spring just above high-water mark back of the little beach, and the blackened rocks near by told of many a clambake. But there was no unsightly débris. For one thing, the visitors to that region were not the sort of folk to leave so wild and picturesque a spot disfigured, and the elements helped to keep it clean.

John made the round of the island, looking sharply for any sign of recent visitors. A little before dark he went back to his snug camp, ate a light supper, then rolled up in his blankets and went to sleep. He did not expect action before the next day, though it might develop sooner if his theory was correct.

The light comes early in that latitude toward the end of June, at the summer solstice. When John awoke it was broad day. He made a swift and careful scout all round the compass, inspected the niche; then, reassured that he had not missed anything or anybody, took a plunge into water that did not seem to be very much below 32 degrees in temperature—about 29, perhaps.

John had noticed along the shores of the island and over sunken outlying ledges a large number of lobster-pot buoys, oblong blocks of wood painted in different colors to mark their ownership. Some of them were almost against the rocky rim, in the backwash from it. Since daylight, a couple of lobster men had been hauling and baiting these pots. But except for them, nobody had come near the island.

He rather enjoyed his solitude and began to understand a little better the lure it had for many people. It was good for body and soul thus to commune alone with a broad aspect of Nature. But too long continuation of it might not be so good—engender an aloofness from one's kind that must result in a dislike of it. The old saying was right, perhaps—that a hermit must be either saint or devil. Every isolated place appeared to have its hermit, so that the aggregate of them was large. But one scarcely ever heard of a feminine hermit. That might be from fear or because women were more gregarious. Wild men might inhabit the desert or forest or islands, but wild women were more to be found where the population was congested, in cabarets or overcrowded places of resort.

Finding a sheltered nook on the high open part of the island which commanded a view of the approach from either of the little ports, John disposed himself comfortably on the fragrant moss and began to sketch. Two or three pleasure launches, harbingers of the season about to open, passed by fairly close, but without showing any disposition to land. Then at about noon John discovered a motorboat coming out of the little inlet of the fishing village to the westward from which he had put out the day before with Paula and Alwyn. He had forgotten to buy marine glasses, but the day was clear and his eyes good, so that he was able presently to discover that the boat was heading directly for the island. A few minutes later he saw that it carried a man and a woman.

When presently it passed out of sight around the north end of the island, John got up and hurried back past his camp, which was only about a hundred yards from the niche where they had landed the day before, and where the fringe of stunted spruces offered a good blind for observation. The launch appeared suddenly from under the low sheer rocks and glided into this little natural dock. As it did so, John made an astonishing discovery.

It was not Paula, but Alwyn, in the boat. As it fetched up beside the shelving rock she handed a bill to the boatman, gave him some order and stepped ashore. The man shoved clear, reversed his motor, backed out, then started ahead to return as he had come.

Alwyn stood for a moment looking round her, then made her way to the top of the low cliffs where a sort of rough broken moor grew down to them. She started then in the direction where they had found the cache the day before. John, totally unprepared for this development, scouted from one piece of cover to the next, keeping her in sight. She crossed the island, passed the place where they had found the money, paused to glance at the spot, then began to make her way to the elevated point where John had just been sketching.

Stalking unobserved was an easy matter here on this broken ground with its frequent rocky outcrops, small scattered trees and tangle of raspberry bushes. Alwyn reached the top of the mound, a sort of low plateau, and seated herself almost at the spot John had just left.

By this time he thought he had guessed her errand. If so, there was no longer any use in his keeping under cover. Moreover her being there might possibly defeat his own object. John stepped out into the open from behind a little copse of trees. He was not quite within Alwyn's arc of vision as she had seated herself; but she seemed suddenly to feel his presence, turned slowly in his direction, then sprang to her feet.

She did not move as John walked up to her. He saw that she was very pale, with shadows under her gray eyes and a harassed expression on her face. She looked now as though caught in some disgraceful act and furious about it.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"The same thing that you are—waiting for Paula."

"Well, that's none of your business."

"I think it is. My job was to see that you got all that was coming to you."

"Then I hope you get what's coming to you for hounding my sister this way."

"You don't seem to have any too much confidence in her yourself."

He was sorry then for having spoken in just this way. Alwyn, he saw, was putting up a game fight to keep from breaking down.

She won this first round, pulled herself together and asked steadily enough, "What made you think that she would come back?"

"Let's sit down and I'll tell you all about it. Then, if you like, you can tell me what brought you."

Alwyn sank down on the soft warm turf. John perched opposite her on a flat stone commanding a view of the approach with a flanking background of gray stones against which he gave a good mimicry of Nature. Then, speaking quietly, he told the girl of how in groping for some solution of what had puzzled him he had started blindly to trace the chart.

"When it struck me that the thing was not a copy, but a tracing, I hit on the answer by accident." He reached in his pocket and took out both charts. "This—is Paula's tracing. But the hotel letter paper was a bit thick for taking it off. When I came to the lettering, I missed out on the one important item because it happened to be a little lighter. So when I compared them I saw that I had omitted to trace Dig Under This. Well, it struck me then that what I had omitted by accident Paula might have omitted purposely; that perhaps Ralph Jones, when he made the chart, decided not to put all his eggs in one basket. There might have been other directions for another cache or caches on the same paper, and Paula cleverly decided to suppress these. You see, she had to find out where this place was. She knew that if we found nothing at all, I would be sure to suspect her of some trick, and might also keep my eye on her or have the island watched. But she figured that if we found this money I would decide that I had been wrong about her and chuck the business. Besides, she was probably willing enough for you to get a share so long as she got hers."

Alwyn stared moodily at the turf.

"Well, since I'm here, I might as well admit that I reasoned it out in much the same way."

"But why? You certainly didn't feel that way about it yesterday."

"I did, though. I felt that way about it all the time, but I wouldn't admit it even to myself."

Here was a new idea for John—yet not entirely new. He had felt vaguely on one or two occasions that Alwyn's anger was out of all proportion to his offense, childish and unreasonable. What she said now explained it. Alwyn's anger had been as much for herself as for him, but directed against the person to augment suspicions that she had not wished to harbor and of which she had felt ashamed.

As John made no remark, she went on:

"I got to thinking pretty hard yesterday after we'd found the money. It wasn't like Paula, when she'd given you a true chart, to take what you said about her being up to some trick. She's got a temper. While she was talking to you so pleasantly and smoothly in the hotel I knew there must be something back of it, though of course I couldn't imagine what. And to tell the truth, I didn't think you were the sort to make such a charge unless you were absolutely certain."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I felt the same way about Paula. When she came downstairs and walked up to me with a smile and held out her hand I nearly went over backward. I expected her to start something."

"That would have been more like her," Alwyn agreed. "Then after you left us at the station yesterday I got another shock. Paula said suddenly that she thought she'd made a serious mistake in not getting some sort of receipt from you for that hundred thousand dollars. When I told her it was a little late to think of that after you'd gone and we had no idea where to find you, she said that she had heard you tell your chauffeur to go to the Fidelity Building and that your car would probably be there."

"That's right," John said. "I told Perry where to drive while the porter was picking up your things."

(Continued on Page 133)

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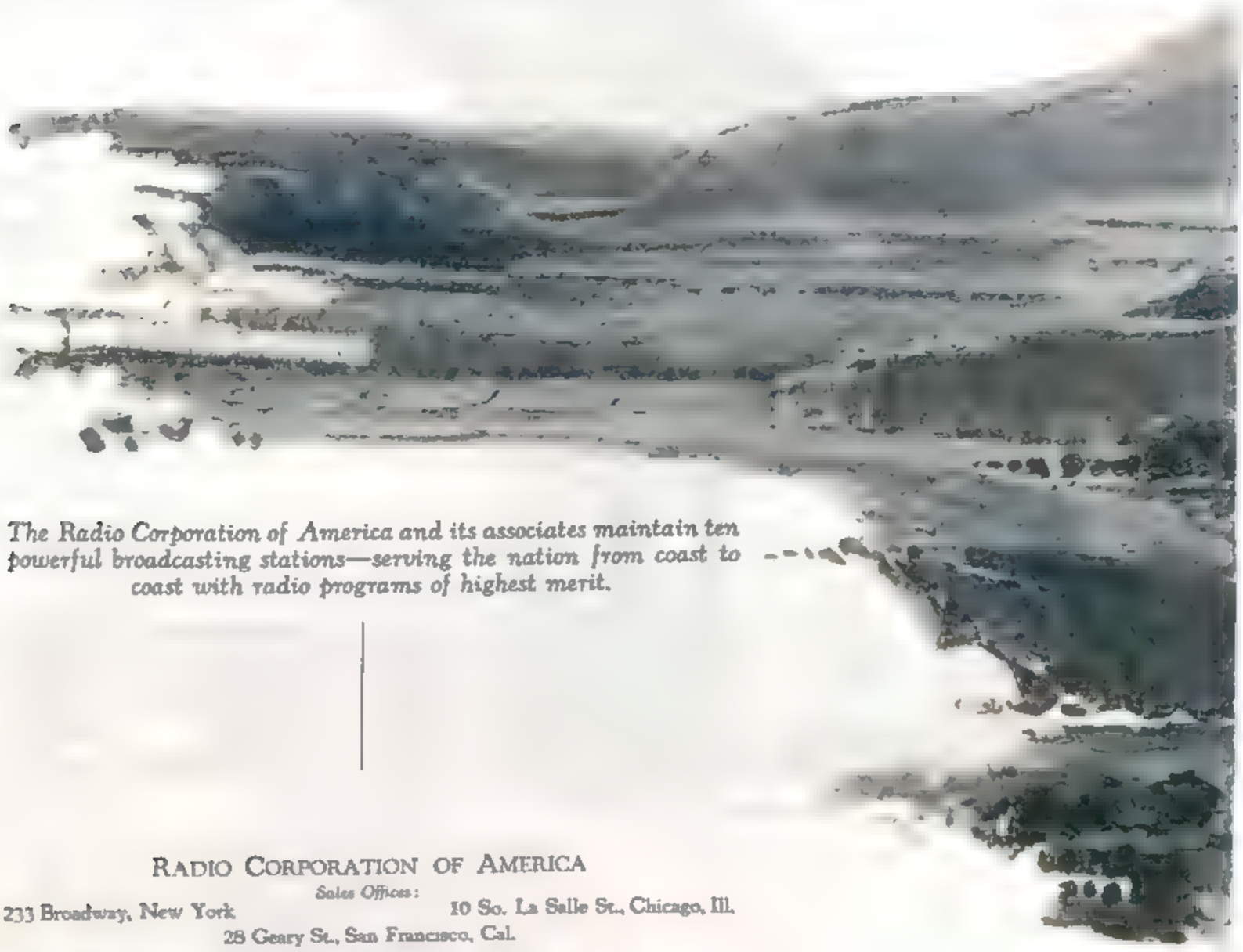

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(Continued from Page 128)

"Did Paula find you there?"

"No; I haven't seen her since. But the car was there for half an hour while I was talking to my friend."

"Well, I thought that Paula was trying to get rid of me; and when she said that I had better go on to New York, I was sure of it. I suggested that we keep together. Paula answered that if she missed you she intended to go on to Newport and get you there, and that she could manage better alone, and told me not to argue about it. So I kept still, because I wanted to think. By this time I was sure that Paula was up to something. She'd had plenty of time to ask you for a receipt if she had meant to. Besides, I couldn't see that she had any right to ask for a receipt or that there was any sense in asking for one. There had never been anything but your word to show that this money was mine at all; and since you had come and told us that Mr. Jones had asked you to get it for me, then why ask for a receipt?"

"That was logical," John said. "You've got courage, coming here alone."

"I simply had to know, Mr. Argent; I couldn't have gone on living with Paula with any such doubt in my mind. There have been a lot of things that I haven't wanted to think and wouldn't let myself think. But all this was too much; so I agreed to what she said and took the money she gave me, and then as soon as she'd gone I sat down to think. It was plain enough that she'd got rid of me for some purpose of her own that had nothing to do with any silly receipt."

"Paula," said John, "made the same mistake in both our cases—underrating our intelligence."

"She's always treated me like a child. But it didn't take much thinking to see that now, as she knew where the island was, she wanted to go back there for some reason. It occurred to me then, just as it did to you, that she had copied the chart but left something out of it. I didn't want it. I did want to know if that was what she was up to."

"You're keener than I was. So then you reasoned that she'd come back here to dig up what she'd left and that she'd come right away? So you came yourself to take her with the goods?"

Alwyn nodded.

"Yes, and I'm a bit surprised that she hasn't got here by this time. When did you get here?"

"Last evening."

"You spent the night here?"

"Yes; I've got a snug little camp over in the scrub. What are your own plans?"

"I thought I'd stay here today. I told my launch man that I was going to meet some friends for a picnic and I pretended to be surprised that they weren't here already. I told him to come back and get me just before dark. If Paula doesn't come this afternoon, I'll give it up."

"Well, I think I'll stick on another day. There's no question at all in my mind but that we've doped out the answer. I was pretty sure before; but now after what you've told me, I'm certain."

Alwyn seemed profoundly depressed.

"Oh, I just can't bear to think it of Paula. She knows that I'd go halves with her no matter what we found. I don't want the money, but I must know the truth. Paula's all I've got left in the world ——"

She leaned suddenly forward and dropped her face in her hands. John sat silent. He knew scarcely anything about Alwyn's past life, but was able to imagine it in some fashion. Bereft of her mother at an early age, French and English boarding schools, a father whose promoting schemes had taken him here and there over the world, a sort of catch-as-catch-can commercial life that appeared to have ended with nothing much to show for it, leaving this young and lovely daughter under the doubtful chaperonage of Paula. Alwyn looked up suddenly.

"I was pretty horrid to you day before yesterday. The whole business upset me so. I'd rather not have had the money than to believe that Paula was scheming all the time to let me down. But I don't see now what else to think. How did you get here?"

John told her.

"My part of it was easy enough, because I haven't any feeling about Paula. To tell the truth, I hadn't any about you for that matter. I was sore clear through. But for one thing, I had my responsibility as trustee; and for another, I hate like poison to be made a fool of."

"Well, if she doesn't come today, you might as well chuck it too. I described Paula to my boatman and asked him not to say anything about my being here if she happened to show up. I let him think that I wanted to surprise her. But if he finds out that you're here he's pretty apt to think something else. Not that it matters though. I never want to see this part of the coast again."

"That's all right," John said. "I came from the opposite shore."

He suggested then that they walk about a little. He wanted to distract the girl. Alwyn glanced at his sketching kit.

"Ralph was an artist too. He did a very good dry point of Paula and gave it to her, and he used to do exquisite little pen sketches of Arabs and camels and things."

John told her about their Knight Templar common ancestor—the Baron du Bois d'Argent.

"That's the source of our likeness and other mutual gifts, if you can call mine that. Such things are apt to happen, as Ralph said—a throwback to some ancestor whose traits were strongly marked. I've often noticed in looking up somebody in Who's Who in America that the same faculties or professions run right through individuals of the same name, even where they may be unaware of any relationship. You'll have, for instance, the Blank family, represented five times from all over the country, and find A. Blank, educator; B. Blank, author; C. Blank, editor; D. Blank, lawyer; E. Blank, clergyman. Or it might be the Argent family, of which the members run to money and the graphic arts, though widely scattered and unacquainted. Financiers of sorts, and trustees and things."

John took her to his camp. His effort was now focused on cheering Alwyn's spirits—these very much in need of some such process. The funny little lair for the stalking of Paula helped divert Alwyn, if only from the absurdity of the situation, humor being the antidote for tragics on rare occasions when the two can be combined.

But John struck the right note when presently he said, "After all, it's not fair to blame Paula until we know what she really intends. It's natural enough for her to resent a rank outsider's handling your affairs. I'd say that she was glad at your having this money, but that she wants to put one over on your trustee."

Alwyn's face brightened, then clouded again.

"But she needn't have tried to fool me."

"Perhaps she wants to surprise you; to be able to go back and say, 'I thought it better not to hand over this whole behe-t to the custody of this self-sufficient sap of an Argent. He may have his shifty streak like lots of rich young fools. After all, we scarcely know him; and besides, we could do with a bit of this right now.'"

Alwyn laughed.

"You're a pretty good sort, Mr. Argent, to stand up for Paula. First thing you know I'll be feeling ashamed again."

"No, you're not the baby she likes to think you, and treat you. To continue my noble defense, I might add that Paula's associations have perhaps been of a sort to make her swear off trusting anybody. There's such a lot of crooked stuff pulled these days, or else we hear more about it. Paula had to let me dig up one batch to find out where this place was. She guessed that I would take measures to keep from being followed. That was her first idea, I think, and it was because I thought so that I said what I did. I wanted her to know that she could take her choice between coming across or going without."

"But you didn't count for a moment on finding anything, and in that case you would have shown her where the place was."

"Yes, but she'd have known what I believed, and that I had made it perfectly plain to you that the chart was a fake, so far as concerned its being of Ralph Jones' drawing. I was thinking of myself, of course, as by that time my zeal to serve you had cooled quite a lot."

"I don't wonder. But it's pretty awful to feel that the one person you've got in the world is trying to trick you."

"Let's assume that she's not. One thing was pretty certain though. I knew that Paula would hate like poison to have you suspect her of any catty sideswipe. On our way here I expected her to come along with some convincing theory when we failed to find anything. That helped to floor me, when we did find it."

"Yes, you did seem to have got a knockout. Even then, I wasn't sure you'd been so far wrong. By that time I was positive that Paula had made the chart, and naturally I wondered why."

John nodded.

"I think I've got the right slant on her now. She was sore because her good friend Ralph Jones decided at the last moment to intrust the handling of this thing to me instead of to herself. Then, as he had divided the cache, she saw how she could hold out on half—or even two-thirds of it, perhaps—and spring something on me. But she may have felt that you weren't quite easy in your mind; and rather than risk having you think that I might possibly be right, she let me in on it."

The relief on Alwyn's face made John believe that this deception was justifiable. All that he had just said in defense of Paula had not the slightest background of belief in his own mind. Paula, he felt certain, was out for herself, so far as concerned what might yet be hidden. John had wanted merely to cheer Alwyn. In doing so, he realized that he ran a risk; that if she believed what he had said she might now ask him to leave the island with her, to let Paula come and carry out her harmless design undisturbed.

But Alwyn did nothing of the sort. Either she was not entirely convinced, though strongly desiring to regain her faith in Paula, or else she was still smarting at Paula's not very clever effort to get away from her.

Alwyn merely glanced up at the sun and said, "It's getting late. I don't believe that she will come today. I wonder what's keeping her."

John had thought of this.

"It's barely possible that she's been here and gone, though not very likely. She could have taken a morning train and come off to the island yesterday, dug up the stuff and got away before I arrived. But I've been pretty well over the ground and haven't seen any signs of disturbance."

"I think she'd have come today, and by this time, if she was coming at all," Alwyn said.

"Well, she may have beat me to it, but we shall have to take our chance on that."

"You seem to have come prepared to stick on several days."

"Well, you see, I'd counted on Paula's going back with you to New York, then making some pretext to leave you for a couple of days. I hadn't counted on her being in such a rush. All the same, I scarcely believe she could have got here ahead of me. My shopping didn't take long and I traveled fast."

"Then you intend to wait another day or two if necessary?"

"Yes, I might as well. To tell the truth, I rather like this. The weather looks as if it would stay fine."

"It will be horrid and lonely."

"I can kill time sketching. Even with Paula's intentions as I've said, it goes against the grain to have something put over on me, as if I was the sort of lollop she seems to take me for."

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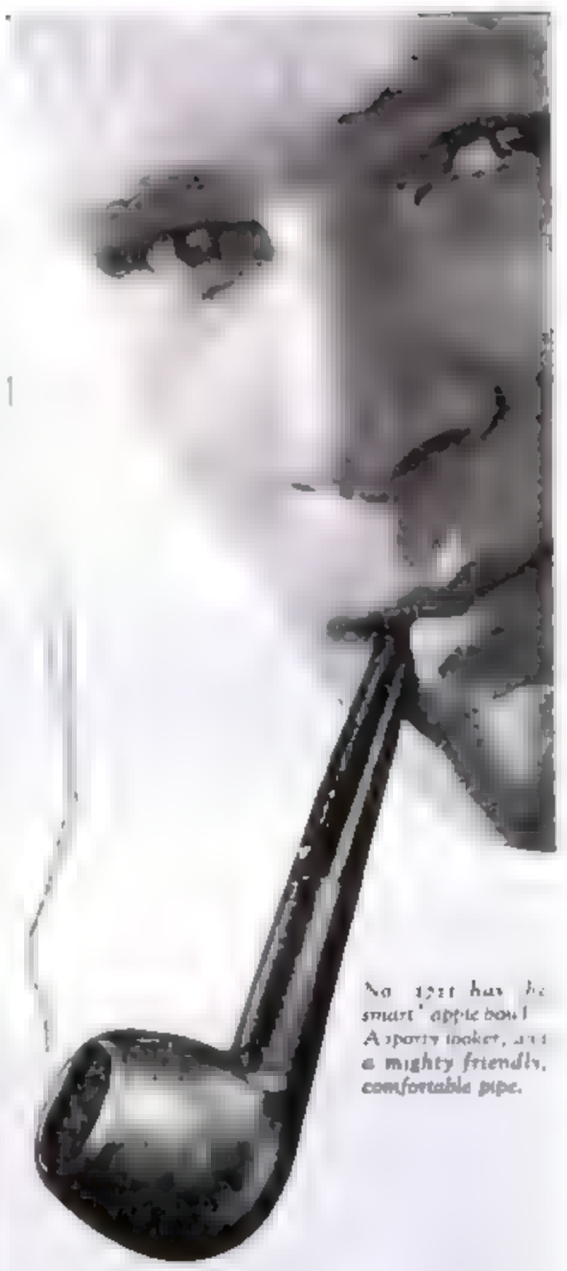

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(Continued from Page 133)

"That's the way I feel about it," Alwyn said. "It's time she found out that I'm not the helpless kid she takes me for."

"Well, since she's evidently not coming today, the best you can do is to go back with your boatman when he comes, and then later on you can have it out with her. I'll stop on here for another day at least and report to you later what happens or doesn't happen. Let's go up on the ridge and watch out for your launch."

"No," said Alwyn, "I've got another plan."

"What's that?"

"Give me your sketchbook and pencil."

"To do what?"

"To leave a note saying that I've gone back with my picnic party."

"But, good Lord, you can't stay here! My boat's not coming until tomorrow night."

"Well, then, you'll have to come with me now. I'm not going to leave you to start anything."

"But, my dear girl ——"

"Haven't you got food enough?"

"Yes, of course; it's not that. But ——"

"But—nothing! I can put this note on the rock with a stone on it where the boatman can't help but see it."

"But it wouldn't be the thing."

"It would look better than my going back with you, and that's the alternative."

"It's too rough. All right in the daytime, but the nights are cold."

"I've got my warm motor coat and we can make a fire after dark."

"But there's no use in it. If Paula comes, it would be better that she shouldn't know of your having come back here."

"She doesn't need to know. I can keep out of sight."

"Then what's the use of your being here at all?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm none so sure about Paula, even after what you've been so decent as to say. If she comes, and then tries to deny having done so, I want to be able to tell her that I was here and saw her."

"I get your idea. You think she might say that I'd lied about it."

"I want to be able to tell her what I've seen myself," Alwyn answered stubbornly.

John made no further protest. He handed her the sketchbook and pencil. Alwyn wrote in her square English hand:

"Have gone back with friends. If my sister comes, please do not tell her that you have seen me."

"I'll run down and put it with the five-dollar bill where he can't help but see it."

She pushed her way through the dense spruce thicket. John smiled to himself and reflected that there was more responsibility in this trusteeship of his than had appeared the day before. Alwyn came back a little breathless.

"The boat's coming."

"Your boat?"

"Yes; I barely had time. We'd better not talk until he goes. It's so still."

They heard the launch chug up and into the niche, stop, then a moment later churn off again. Alwyn looked at John and laughed.

"If this wasn't such a horrid business, it would be a jolly lark. I've always wanted to camp out."

"Well, let's hope that it will work out all right. If she does come, I'll have it out with her, and then she can go back and have it out with you. How are you going to explain not having gone to New York?"

"I'll tell her that I wasn't going to mope round that hotel alone and thought I might as well see Boston first. She can think what she likes. Let's go up on the ridge and watch the sunset."

"We'll have a fish supper, Alwyn."

"Do you think we can catch any?"

"Enough to feed a lumber camp. Fish is the greatest food they have in these waters. The tide is out and we can get snails and periwinkles for bait. The light will last for two hours yet."

They set themselves to fishing off a ledge in deep water. Alwyn, delighted as a child, kept John busy cracking round snails and baiting her hook. She hauled in some large cunners and two or three small rock cod of brownish hue. Then deftly cleaning these, John lighted a fire and put on a frying pan with a piece of bacon. He had counted on something of this sort, but alone. This was better. A friendly comradeship prevailed. Telling Alwyn to watch the fry, John went down and gathered handfuls of mussels that abounded in the pools left by the tide.

"We can steam them on a rock in seaweed. There's a spring at the head of the little beach just beyond where you landed. If you'll watch the fish, I'll get some water for tea."

So here was a curious altering of relationship. Such intimacy strikes deep and quickly, the oldest sort in the world, and the best when the pair concerned are both clean of soul, but not so good when one of them runs turbid.

After a supper whetted by a sudden cooling of the strong sea air when the sun had set, they went up onto the ridge and sat in their warm coats, watching the low melting lights in the water and a wonderful afterglow that lingered in the sky.

"Yes, this is not so bad," John mused. "I wish you'd tell me something about yourself."

"There isn't much to tell. After mother died, father and Paula and I went to London. Then Paula went to stay with some Russian relatives of her mother in Paris. I was at school in England part of the time and spent my vacations with father, in London and Paris and on the Riviera. He had lots of money then. I had a sort of governess-companion, Mrs. Featherstone, the typical poor English gentlewoman of a certain age that goes in for sports and mannish clothes, but has a lot of sense. She hated Paula the two or three times she saw her—called her a pussycat. Then Mrs. Featherstone and father had a fight about something and she went away in a rage. Father would never let me go to Paula in Paris. He said he didn't care for her peculiar friends."

"And Paula has been taking care of you since?"

"Yes; she finally persuaded father to let her come and look after us both. He was very ill then, but managed to get about—Bright's disease and a bad liver. He had never taken proper care of himself. And I think that his finances were pretty low. I remember overhearing him tell Paula that he had missed a big deal owing to his bad health."

"Kind to you, I suppose."

"Yes, kind and indulgent, but at times he would seem to forget all about me. Wouldn't seem to be aware of me, if you know what I mean. Looking back, I think he had lapses of memory, and knew it and tried to hide it. So you see, John, my life has been rather messy and haphazard."

"I'll say it has."

John looked at her with pity. He wondered how so pretty a girl could have got through unscathed. Still, there had been her school and the square-booted Englishwoman, and no doubt her father had been a good deal of a man until the end. But Paula—John would sooner have put a girl under the protection of a leopardess, which might eat her but would not be apt to let other beasts molest her.

"How about your mother's family?" he asked.

"Mother broke with them when she married father. He came of a good family, but he had a rough manner that offended people. He adored mother, though, I've been told."

"It seems to me," John said, "that you were never so fond of Paula as you tried to make yourself believe."

"I'm afraid so. That made me all the angrier with you."

"Natural enough. When you first begin to get unwillingly sore with your family or your country or college class or whatever you feel that you owe loyalty to, there's nothing that makes you angrier than to have some rank outsider start to knock."

"You've got an exact way of putting things, John. All the same, I hope that Paula means to play fair."

"Will you be hating me again, if she does?"

"No; I'm in the same boat. If she comes at all, it will be tomorrow. She wouldn't want to leave me alone longer than she can help. Oh, I do hope she doesn't come!" There was a passionate ring to Alwyn's voice. Then she added naïvely, "It would be such a pity to spoil this!"

John laughed outright.

"Yes, so far it's all good, though lots of people might criticize it. Look, here comes the moon!"

A golden rim was pushing up into the soft radiance over Pemaquid Point, a mile away. But of all the couples, men and maids, watching its ascension at that moment thus seated side by side, John doubted that there would be another pair who were so engaged in a situation so bizarre; one so proper, yet without the least vestige of propriety to be admitted by conventional society—on a desert island, with no other human inhabitant, whither they had come to defend a treasure hidden by a gentlemanly thief from another thief, who was the protectress of this helpless girl beside him.

Well, she wasn't so helpless, at that, John grimly decided. And it recurred to him that whether Paula came or not, he was getting his shoulders more and more squarely under what was now a pleasant burden of responsibility. Such situations he believed had a destiny about them.

Certain conventions were, however, to be observed with no reference to place or circumstance. John had no sympathy at all with the current slop and slush about one's behavior being a matter of geography and circumstance, determined by latitude and longitude and surrounding conditions. Self-respecting people carried their conduct packed in their heads and were governed by it in the same way no matter where they happened to drift up.

Therefore he said presently, "A desert island is the place of all places to run on daylight-saving time. The sun has gone to bed and is all tucked up, so you had better follow its example."

"Yes," Alwyn admitted. "It has been a hard and trying day, and tomorrow may be still harder and tryinger."

But when it came to John's insisting that she take the whole of the little fly tent with the two blankets, she flatly refused.

"What if we were adrift in an open boat?" Alwyn demanded. "You wouldn't insist on getting overboard to sleep, and you might as well do that as to sleep out in the cold drenching dew."

"I've got my big coat and these spruces are thick."

"Well, it isn't done in the Arctic regions and it feels like that now. We will both sleep in that tent with the flaps down. After all, you're my trustee, so don't be silly."

A determined young person, John perceived, and entirely right about its being cold. After all, there was such a thing as carrying punctiliousness to the point of accenting the sort of intimacy that really it was more decent to ignore. And any hyperchivalrous young man desiring to carry the protective gesture to the point of sleeping in the open on a Maine sea island in June could go ahead and try it for himself.

So he fastened down the tent flaps, quenched the fire, wished Alwyn pleasant dreams, and they slept.

VII

THE weather, when John looked out at sunrise, was not so good. It was clear overhead; but the wind had shifted into the southeast, and a solid bank of fog was moving in. He could hear the distant muffled whoop of the siren on Monhegan, and another from a southwesterly direction—Seguin, probably.

Alwyn was sleeping like a princess surrounded by a cordon of faithful guards.

(Continued on Page 137)

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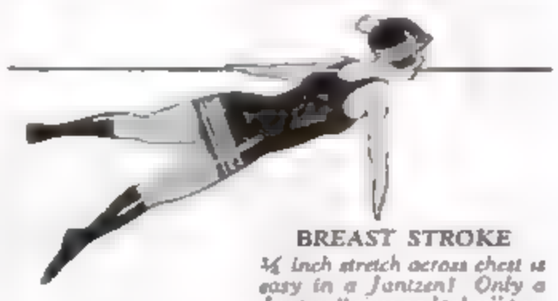

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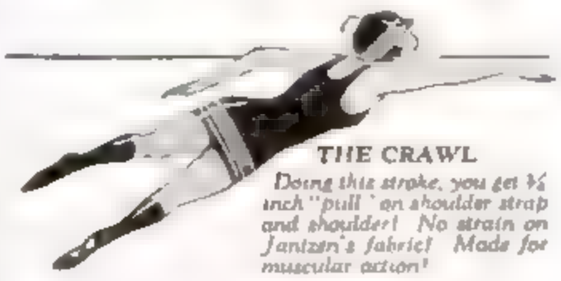

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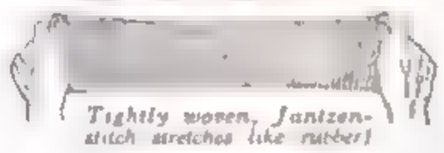

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"If I did, I wouldn't know how to prescribe for it.

"If I did, I wouldn't use anything I didn't know all about.

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"I am afraid to chance trying to determine what is wrong and what to do about it."

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(Continued from Page 135)

Even in the tent, it was none too warm, with the breeze fanning in from a quarter of which the cardinal point was misleading as to temperature, the draft here being not off the Gulf Stream, but the Labrador current, which diffuses itself at Cape Cod. John drew over her the blanket she had insisted on his keeping, and went out. The movement did not rouse her, an unconscious token of the trust with which she had gone to sleep.

He steeled himself to another plunge, more self-discipline, caught another fish or two, brought water from the spring and was building up the fire, when Alwyn thrust out her bright head. Tent flaps, John thought, should be in greater vogue with colorists for the artistic treatment of bright heads.

"Good morning, trustee. Is it time to rise and shine?"

"Good morning, truster. The sun has already risen, but it hasn't long to shine, I'm afraid. Fog coming in."

"It feels like Channel weather. All the same, I'm going to have a bath—over at that sweet little beach."

"Then make it snappy. Mine was, and then some."

This, John reflected as she went out of the thicket and across the rocky stretch of moor, was what one might call Arcadian: or fairyland, perhaps, with the bad fairy hovering somewhere in the background. He thought that if the fog held she might no longer hover, but return to New York, postponing her visit to the island indefinitely. John could not imagine what had delayed her. He was as sure as ever that she had got rid of Alwyn with the intention of revisiting the island immediately. The pretext that she had given of wanting to get a receipt for the money in John's custody sounded like pure nonsense, so feeble an excuse as not even to deceive the more or less trusting Alwyn.

It looked now as if they might be in for an extended sojourn on the island. John had told Perry not to risk coming off if the weather turned thick, and it could not be much thicker. The fog drifted in, not a white fluffy summer one, but slaty gray and dense. It enveloped the place with its heavy skirts, then pervaded it, though not so disagreeably as one might think. There is a certain charm to this sort of sea fog, when one is not at sea or in danger of reef or shoal or traffic—especially when it finds one in a companionship of which the sympathy is hourly augmenting.

They found their remoteness intensified, and they were conscious of a sort of dual aloofness from the world. The obscure aspect of surrounding objects diffused a mysterious glamour, as if of some other plane. As Alwyn observed, it was like walking into a dream when wide awake.

This was all very well; but John reflected that fogs like this might last two or three days, or even longer. But in that case, Perry would certainly put off; and being accustomed to boats from his navy experience, ought to have no great difficulty in safely reaching the place in the daytime. He knew that the supplies would be running short. Also it was possible that Paula might still come. Such fogs present no problem at all to the local boatmen. In fact, one could scarcely miss the island, with its long dimension presented to the mainland and only about a mile away from it.

Alwyn came back from her plunge as though she had bathed, if not in the fountain of youth for which she had no need, then in one of beauty for which she had no more need, John thought as he looked at her glowing face. The dark shadows were erased and the fresh coloring restored. No need to clap ice on a face after a dip in Maine sea water.

"Aready," she said, "does not always smile."

"There was never such a thing. Pretty sylvan country, perhaps, but with rough phases to it. The nymphs weren't the lovely, flawless, fair-complexioned damsels they're painted. They were husky, strapping girls, sunburned and brier-scratched, probably with calluses on their knees and finger nails that would have made a manicurist faint. In Arcady you have to take the bitter with the sweet."

To pass the time, John suggested they make a thorough exploration of the island—no great undertaking, as it was of no great extent anyway, and a good deal of it was rough moor with a tangle of raspberries, small and very symmetrical Christmas trees standing here and there as if parked, and outcrops of gneiss.

At the middle of the island, its widest diameter, the spruces grew straight and tall, very close, and the larger ones were festooned with a gray moss that betokens an insufficient layer of soil over the solid rock to nourish trees attaining that size, so that they become victims to this parasite the deer so loves. In the middle of this growth a shallow depression made a standing pool covered with a moss so vividly green that, as John pointed out, a painter would scarcely have dared give it full coloring.

The south end of the island was a mass of huge eroded rock that tapered down to a sort of giant plowshare point over which the swells crashed.

As the morning passed there crept gradually over them a sort of depressed foreboding. Both, if not admitting it, had an uneasy presage of the lull before a storm; not a meteorological one, but of something violent impending.

But the very gloom of their surroundings brought Alwyn and himself into even closer and more intimate sympathy, as if they were castaways. In such a case it would be that way at first, John thought, drawing together until the monotony of constant unavoidable association began to get on the nerves of the pair, when this enforced close intimacy might generate a friction. He had heard that where two men, miners, prospectors or castaways, at first the best of pals, were too long confined together without other human intercourse, they developed in time a hatred of each other; and he wondered if the same might not hold true of a man and a woman, whatever the mutual attraction to start with.

With something of this sort in mind, he left Alwyn after a light luncheon of tea, biscuits and sardines, saying that he was going to reconnoiter a little. Crossing the island, he heard a motorboat thumping against the fog not far away.

From the fact of its stopping frequently, John decided that it was another lobster boat, mere fog presenting no obstacle to these local sea gulls.

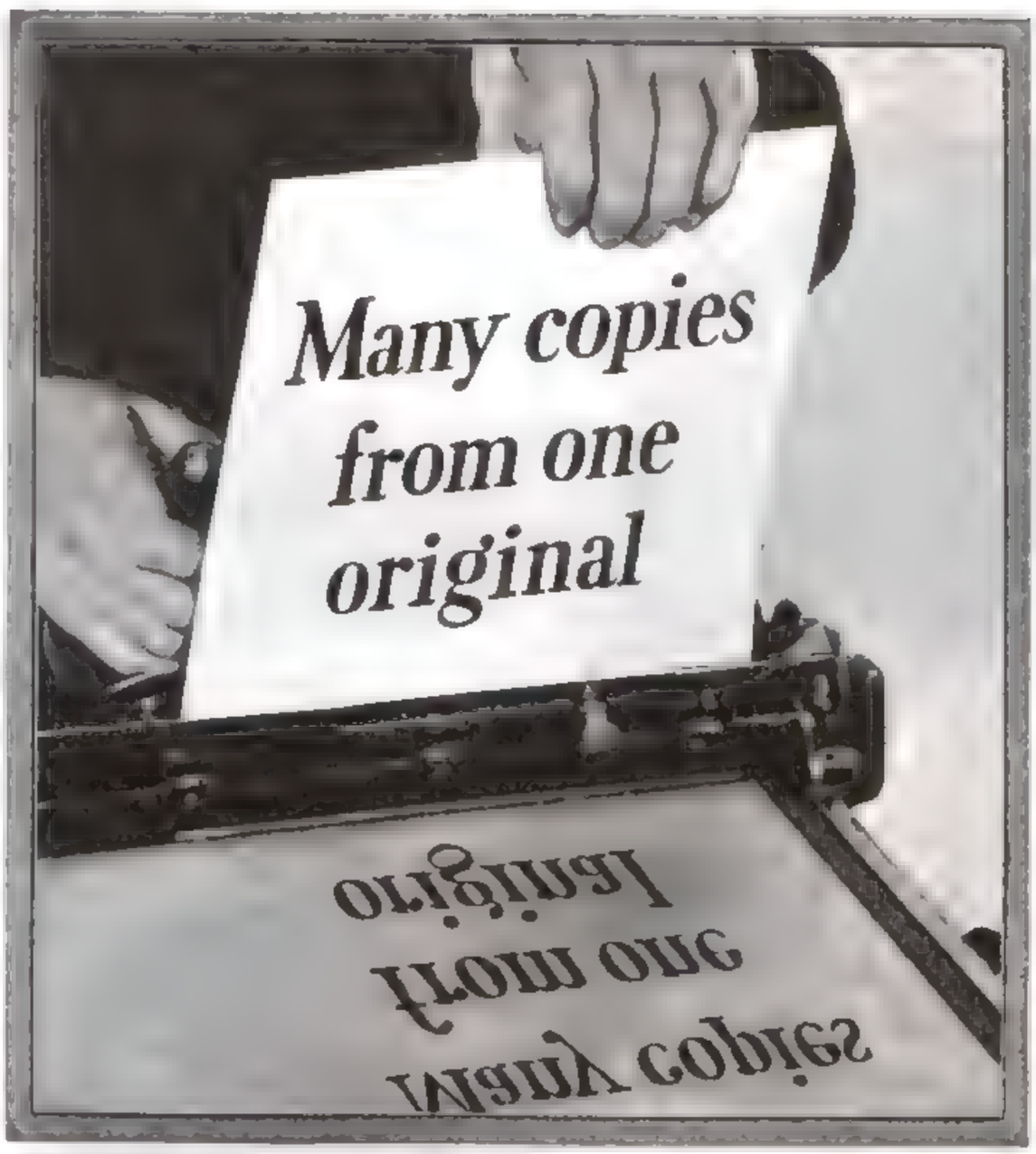
The boat passed on around the north end of the island, the sound of the exhaust drowned in the wash along the shore. John continued his ramble, on the lookout for anything that might signify a possible cache.

His round continued for about an hour, when, glancing at his watch, he saw that it was five o'clock. Alwyn would be getting lonely. He was at this moment at the water's edge on the northwest corner of the island, when he heard the purr of a rapidly turning motor. It seemed to be coming straight in his direction—was pursuing such a course in fact, for there loomed suddenly out of the dense gray fog a big gray boat that was of the sea-skiff type, a sort of half-decked whaleboat-dory craft.

John ducked down behind a ledge. The pilot of the boat sighted the shore at that moment and put his helm hard over, bringing the craft broadside on. In it were two men and a woman. It needed but a single glance at that close range to reveal this last as Paula.

The boat dissolved in the penumbra, disappeared. John struck across for the thicket in which he had made his camp. Just as he arrived there he heard the boat again evidently putting into the niche.

"Alwyn!" he called in a low voice, taking it for granted she was in the tent, as the fog was condensing in the branches overhead to fall in sad plashing drops.



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There was no answer. John threw back the flap on the tent and looked inside. It was empty. At the same moment he heard the motor whir and stop.

He did not dare to shout. Alwyn evidently had gone on a little scout of her own. She might be anywhere on the island. To complicate his finding her was the dense fog through which the eye could scarcely penetrate for more than fifty yards, and the inadvisability of calling out. And there was also the danger that Alwyn, if close down to the shore or even on the higher ground some distance away, might not have heard the boat's approach, its motor being evidently a four-cycle one and well muffled not only by its silencer but by the fog.

John had a moment of indecision, whether to hunt for Alwyn or to stalk the people landing and keep their movements in sight. He cursed his foolishness for wandering off.

But something must be done, and quickly. No use in falling between two stones, hunting vainly for Alwyn, while Paula and her aids set out on their search, when very possibly Alwyn might blunder into them to spoil everything. Paula, John felt certain, was after a big stake; otherwise she would not have brought these two men with whom to share.

John snatched up his sketchbook that he had thrown down inside the tent, scribbled hastily:

"Paula has landed with two men. Wait for me here."

There was not one chance in a hundred of their stumbling on the camp, because to do so one had to clamber over rocks and vines, then push through a thick scrub of low branches—dead, spiky ones. John ripped out the sheet of paper and laid it on the flat stone by the tent flap. Then, keeping under cover, he made his way stealthily along in the direction of the voices.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EBEN AND EZER

(Continued from Page 19)

"But why can't you?" he demanded loudly. "What fur's the reason anyhow you can't split a name? If this one's Ebe, why ain't that one Nezer? Or, just to say, mebbe, Eben and Ezer? Eben and Ezer! Och, my gosh! What a thought!"

Grandfather Tudt sat down weakly. Where was his joke now? Before his very eyes it seemed to be turning—turning its sharp edge upon him, upon the child of his heart in the boiler!

"I smell pop," came a fretted voice from the adjoining room. "Git him offen my clean floor."

"Now see here oncet," Eri asserted with returning spirit, "it ain't neither moral nur it ain't religious to tag any child with the hind end of a name. Who ever heard the likeness? And here's somepun else ag'in. Here's me. Was I a gran'pop or ain't I? Where's my namesake then?"

"Where's your forty then?" Ebenezer thrust his fists into his pockets and for the first time gazed from one of his new possessions to the other with a proprietary air. "I ain't selling off their names fur nothing less than forty acres, now that I give you."

"Yes, where's your forty?" rumbled a deep voice from the door. "Fur if it's anybody's forty where's owing, it ain't mine. No, I ain't ever contracting fur any double first-borns."

Even in this dismal pass, Eri could not resist a timely thrust.

"She don't come from no producing stock!" he cut in crisply.

Father Ebenezer included the basket and the boiler in a single imperturbable sweep of the arm.

"Them two together is my first-born and their name together is Ebenezer."

Grandfather Misenhelder clutched at his beard. Father Misenhelder braced his feet wide between his two blessings and launched into argument. Indeed, at the conclusion of a wordy half hour, Grandfather Misenhelder was glad to abide by the original contract. For his son was in fine bargaining fettle. Something of the fertility which had become suddenly rampant in his household seemed to have communicated itself to his tongue.

"If I am doubling up onto first-borns," he soared in climax unexpected even to himself, "then it's right you should double up onto contracts. Forty acres it says you should sign off to the son where wears your name. Well, here they are a-layin'—two a-wearin' your name yet. So forty each and apiece is owing to them, and you can't say me nothing otherwhich."

But Grandfather Misenhelder still had strength enough to say him something otherwhich.

"Swindler!" he cried, purpling. "Was you trying to sharper all my land off me? Stop and be quiet! It don't make nothing furder to talk. My mind is made. Which one did she born first?"

Father Misenhelder indicated the basket. "This one with the red string at."

"Then that there one gits the forty. And this hind one don't git nothing—nothing but the dare to wear the end of my name. Now you kin take it or you kin let it. Either they git something or they git nothing. And if I am hearing any more words, I will make it nothing."

He did not hear any more words, for his tone of parental finality had reduced his son for the moment to rumination. But he did hear a squeak and it was a squeak of pain. Grandfather Tudt was staring in guilty panic at the boiler. The hind one! What had he done? He had stolen not only the birthright, but the mess of pottage from the helpless innocent in the boiler!

"It ain't right"—he leaped out of his chair in last desperate stand—"this one coming off with both the name and both the land and this one coming off with something where ain't nothing. The hind tail of a name and not no land fur to back it up with! The furtherness of it! Take shame to yourself fur robbin' your own flesh and bloods! Give him a whole name, anyhow, not a pieceways of one. Listen on me oncet: Where's the Tudt side coming in at? Leave me ast youse somepun: Who give you Sairey and who fetched this here twins into the world fur you?"

"I took Sairey off you, and her and me we fixed up this little deal in twins." His son-in-law briskly planted his feet again midway of his two new assets. Flushed with his late financial coup, he eyed the distraught Eri speculatively. "But this I will do—yes, this now I will do fur you: Sign off your forty and I will give you dare to hitch your name to one of them for a second. Yes, or this even"—as Eri flinched violently—"I might even give you double measure. Fur your forty I might even give your name fur a second to both of them. Eben Eri and Ezer Eri. And if that ain't fair, what is?"

"But it's all I got," gibbered Eri. "I ain't got five farms or how many, like him. It's all I got. I could starve then!"

"Starve—he says it!" chortled Grandfather Misenhelder. "Starve—and him strong yet and in his fifties! Starve—and the farms everywheres a-cryin' fur workers! But the trouble is," he concluded with penetrating sagacity, "some such just ain't natured to cry fur work. And them's the kind where had ought to be made to work."

"Is that pop ag'in?" a harassed voice made itself heard from the adjoining room. "Tell him to go outsides. And make open the windah."

"I'm a-goin'," retorted Eri with feeble dignity. "And I ain't anyways sure I'll ever be comin' backwards neither." He bent above the boiler for a last brief look. A brief look was enough. For in that instant the defrauded Ezer opened his eyes

(Continued on Page 140)

Music Master Supreme!

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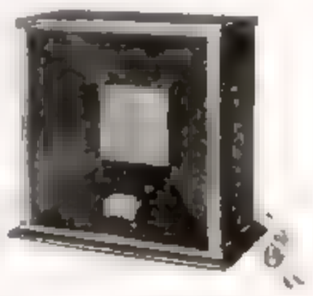

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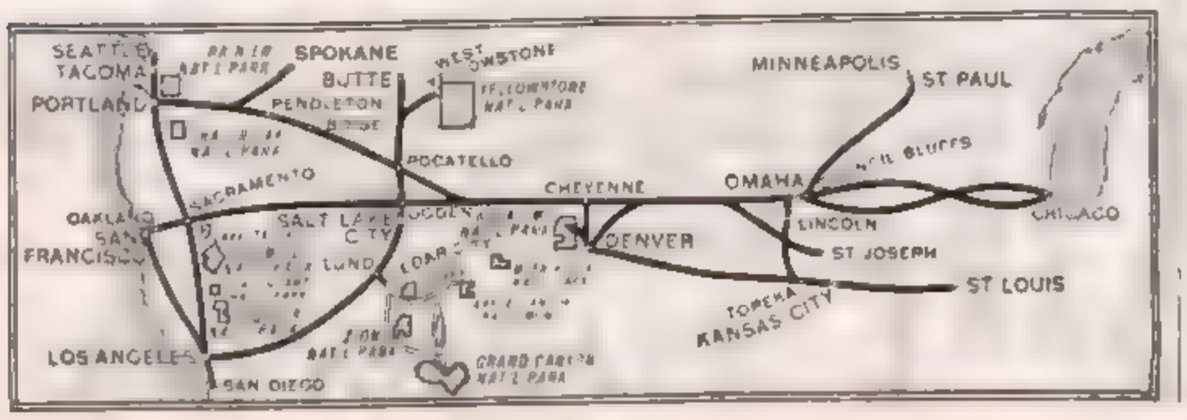


(Continued from Page 138)

full upon the face above him, knotted his features in bitter distaste and emitted a curdling wail. Eri clapped his palms against his ears and fled the premises.

But distance did not lessen the sound of that helpless, reproachful wail. It followed him across the field to his own holdings. Before him in the early sunlight they lay, his fields with their irregular furrows, his fences eked out with rusted wire and frazzled rope, his three-room shack—his only sanctuary in the world from cleanliness and efficiency. He gazed at them and they blurred before him. They had suddenly grown poignantly dear, these possessions which he had left callously in the early twilight of the evening before. Now he came back to them with the swelling heart of one who returns after long absence to gaze upon things which have passed into the keeping of another.

For, of course, they were rightfully the child's whom he had defrauded. It was he, not Grandfather Misenhelder, who had robbed the child of his rightful heritage! If he had not executed his dastardly deed in the night, Ezer would now be Eben, enthroned pompously in the official basket, the first-born, the elect, clutching Grandfather Misenhelder's acres in his small fist. Now what was he? What had he? Nothing! Nothing! He lay, a defrauded second, in a dented wash boiler, stigmatized with the end of a hateful name, uttering a feeble wail against his own flesh and blood who had cheated him before even the first sun had risen upon him!

No. Try as he would, he could find no argument; for there was no argument. These forty acres belonged to Sarah's child whom he had robbed. And he himself would perforce become a day laborer on some other one's farm. All Eri Tudt's muscles cringed. He took a pail of mash and slumped slowly across his barnyard.

His familiar creatures scorned him as he performed his scanty chores. His one calf let fly an ill-coördinated hoof in his direction and made from him. His one rooster mined a worm, called a hen, ate it himself, then winked in ribald comradeship at Eri. His one cow cocked an eye at the foaming liquid which he had coaxed from her interior, whirled about, raised a leg and sent the pail clattering. Eri sat upon his three-legged stool in a widening pond of milk. He retrieved the pail, hurled it at the cow whom he loved as his own Sarah, and went to a field. He chewed a calamus root and plucked a couple of weeds. Then he followed Nature's leading. He lay down in a crooked furrow and slept.

There are those who decry the influence of environment. Let such remember that morning in the life of Eri Tudt. Let such reflect upon the fact that he lay down to sleep early in the morning in the devious furrow with a straight plan of action in his head and that he awoke early in the afternoon in the devious furrow with the first faint etching of a devious plan etched upon the lintels of his consciousness.

Artist as he was, Eri did not exhibit the etching to his world until some days after its details were completed. This delay was due to the fact that he desired Grandfather Misenhelder's presence; and Grandfather Misenhelder, averse to hiring a nurse, had been latterly held rather closely to his own premises by the increasing illness of his third. But the morning came at last when, approaching his son-in-law's house, Eri's sensitive ear caught a familiar rumble in the kitchen.

"Yes, it won't go long till I am living by you. She's pretty much sick; she felt wery worse fur me behind daylight. And it come ower me yet was it room or wasn't it by the sides of them other two. So I took her tape measure and went to the cemetery out and, dang it, I guess I kin make it, but it'll be an awful squinch."

"Best buy you another lot," put in his son hastily. "It ain't only her. You got to git some place fur to lay when you meet oncet your own doom. And if Sairey's keepin' on like she's started, I guess our own lot won't be none too big. It looks anyway."

"I ain't keepin' on nothing," interrupted Sarah with something of her old vigor. "But I give you right on grampop gittin' him a new lot. It would now look wonderful fur him on the Judgment Day if he wasn't laying by the sides of one of his partners anyway."

"Let this talk about layin'!" grated Grandfather Misenhelder irascibly. "It will go a while yet till I am laying fur you. All you have got to take notice to is to make ready fur me a room."

Eri Tudt tapped up the steps. Warned by premonitory stiffening of Sarah's elbows, he remained outside the threshold.

"I'm ready fur to pass ower my forty to Ezer Eri," he announced pleasantly.

He gazed upon the smitten group before him with the critical eyes of a connoisseur in sensation and smiled in satisfaction.

"Passower," dully intoned Ebenezer the Third with Scriptural solemnity.

"What fur forty?" demanded Grandfather Misenhelder heavily.

"A forty I am owning a'ready." Eri swept his arm as one who commands indefinite reaches.

Only Sarah made protest in the tangle of words which ensued. She burst into tears.

"But it's all you got, pop. I ain't fur it. I wouldn't countenance it fur a minute. At your age ——"

"That's enough lip off you!" hastily interposed her husband. "What's a matter of his age? He's young yet. Work's a-plenty everywheres. And if he gits out, I might mebbe leave him swill the pigs fur me and ——"

"And that you won't!" Sarah's tears dried miraculously with her sudden heat. "Do you think I could stand him smutchin' up my house, so shif'less like what he is? Since mom fell off fur him, he's a sight fur to blind the righteous. Look oncet on him!"

Eri smiled as three pairs of eyes ranged him from his buttonless shirt to his little toe coyly peeping over the edge of his sole.

"We're off the subjec' here. This contract now. It's got to be did tight and legal. In ink writing."

Grandfather Misenhelder's brows raised and lowered suspiciously.

"And what do you know oncet about legal writing?"

"Writing penmanship of no kind don't come wery handy to me," admitted Eri, "but I took notice a'ready where the contract you wrote off was holding you tight plenty enough. So if I borrow the lend of it off you and go copyin' it word after word, I guess it would be holdin' me just so good, ain't not?"

"To be sure and of course it would!" His son-in-law hurriedly left the room and as hastily returned with the family Bible from which he extracted the original contract. "Here, and I will even give youse a clean foolscap fur to copy it onto."

Eri took the contract and the clean sheet so generously proffered.

"Word fur word now. No foolishness," stipulated Grandfather Misenhelder.

"You will git the dare fur to read it," Eri reminded him. "Now leave me see oncet." He gazed at the document and sighed. "Och, such a many fancy words! It'll be takin' me all day, restin' on and off, fur to write them all off. So I won't be fetchin' it till tomorrow. Tomorrow around elewen in the A.M. mebbe."

"And I'll be here fur to read it," warned Grandfather Misenhelder. And as Eri scuttled down the steps, added with an audible sniff, "I smell rats."

"It ain't only pa," said the literal Sarah, as she again applied a furtive corner of her apron to her eye.

But Eri fetched more than the contract the next day at eleven o'clock. From afar they saw him coming, not across the fields as was his wont, but high upon his sprung-wheeled wagon drawn by his one horse. Tied to the vehicle in the rear was his one cow. Between the seat and the dashboard was roped in his one calf. Behind him,

above him, towered amorphous heaps covered with dissolute bedclothing atop of which teetered a cage with the one rooster and his concubinage. Slowly it creaked up the driveway, slowly it swayed to rest in the side yard. Sarah was the first to assemble a clutter of words.

"What it is anyhow?" She swung both arms toward the vehicle. "What have you brang the cow fur? What it is—all them things?"

Eri hitched the butt of the peach shoot which served him as whip toward the billows behind him.

"It's the prowiso," he said.

"The prowiso!" echoed a trio composed of soprano, falsetto and bass. It was a rich ensemble, all striking the same shrill pitch of dramatic intensity.

Eri took from his pocket the two sheets of foolscap and extended them.

"I wrote it off word after word as per my agreement with youse. It reads in there where the heir has got to be a male oncet. And Ezer Eri's a male, ain't he? And the prowiso says yet if my wife's up and died fur me, I git the dare fur to live off you free of board fur the remaining rest of my life. And she's dead, ain't she? Yes, twenty years back a'ready."

Silence. Eri looked slowly from one to the other. All his features worked loosely; even his small nose seemed to be revolving round and round. He spat over the wheel and prepared briskly to dismount.

"It looks fur falling weather, ain't?" he remarked conversationally.

"Stop where you're at!" thundered his son-in-law.

"Yes, don't leave him off!" shrieked Sarah. "If he gits off, he'll stop off! Och, my souls!"

"I knowed it!" Grandfather Misenhelder swatted with both his palms and turned heavily away.

Eri climbed upon the seat and began to untie the crate. Sarah launched herself upon her husband; a hairpin biffed Grandfather Misenhelder in the eye.

"If he stops, I'm going! I'll take the twins and I'll go oncet. It's either him or it's either me and you can make your choose. I lived by him oncet fur twenty years and I ain't livin' by him ag'in—no, not fur a hunert and forty acres. Now that I give you!"

"Don't go loony now!" Ebenezer forcibly removed from his bosom the wife of his bosom. "We got to git them forty——"

"He can't be livin' here. Fur I'm soon livin' here." Grandfather Misenhelder shook his eternal snows.

"That wouldn't kreistle me none," Eri assured him brightly. "Since I am so young a'ready, I could be living by you till you git carried out fur us mebbe. To be sure, if some such other is willin' to deed off a forty to Ezer Eri, I might mebbe consider into takin' my company off you But not fur nothing less." He swished his beard resolutely.

"A trap, heh?" Grandfather Misenhelder swished his own beard. "Well, you ain't badgerin' no more forties off me: take another guess if you think it."

"I ain't fur badgerin' nobody," said Eri amiably. "This here place suits me good enough."

He was feeling still more amiable as he racked homeward upon his anomalous vehicle some two hours later. In fact he was caroling Sweet Beulah Land so lustily as he drove into his own barnyard that he did not at first see Sarah, who had run across the fields and who stood awaiting him, wrenching her arms distractedly. The rooster was crowing, the calf was bawling, a new-laid egg crashed from the crate above upon the wagon wheel beside her; but above them all she cried in agonized accents:

"Oh, pop, don't go believin' I didn't want youse to live by us! I don't know right what I said—I was feeling such excitements. And, pop, you know oncet your ways ain't my ways. But, anyways, don't go conceitin' I wasn't wanting youse to live by us."

"To be sure, I couldn't be getherin' any such notion as that," Eri remarked dryly.

"But anyway," fumbled Sarah, "it was Grampop Misenhelder where said the most after he oncet got going, wasn't it? It was grampop where said the profane swears and where said he wouldn't nur neither he couldn't live in the same house by you. He said the most, didn't he, pop?"

"I wasn't measurin' speeches at the time." Eri smiled in sweet reminiscence. "But he said all I was wantin' to make him say anyhow."

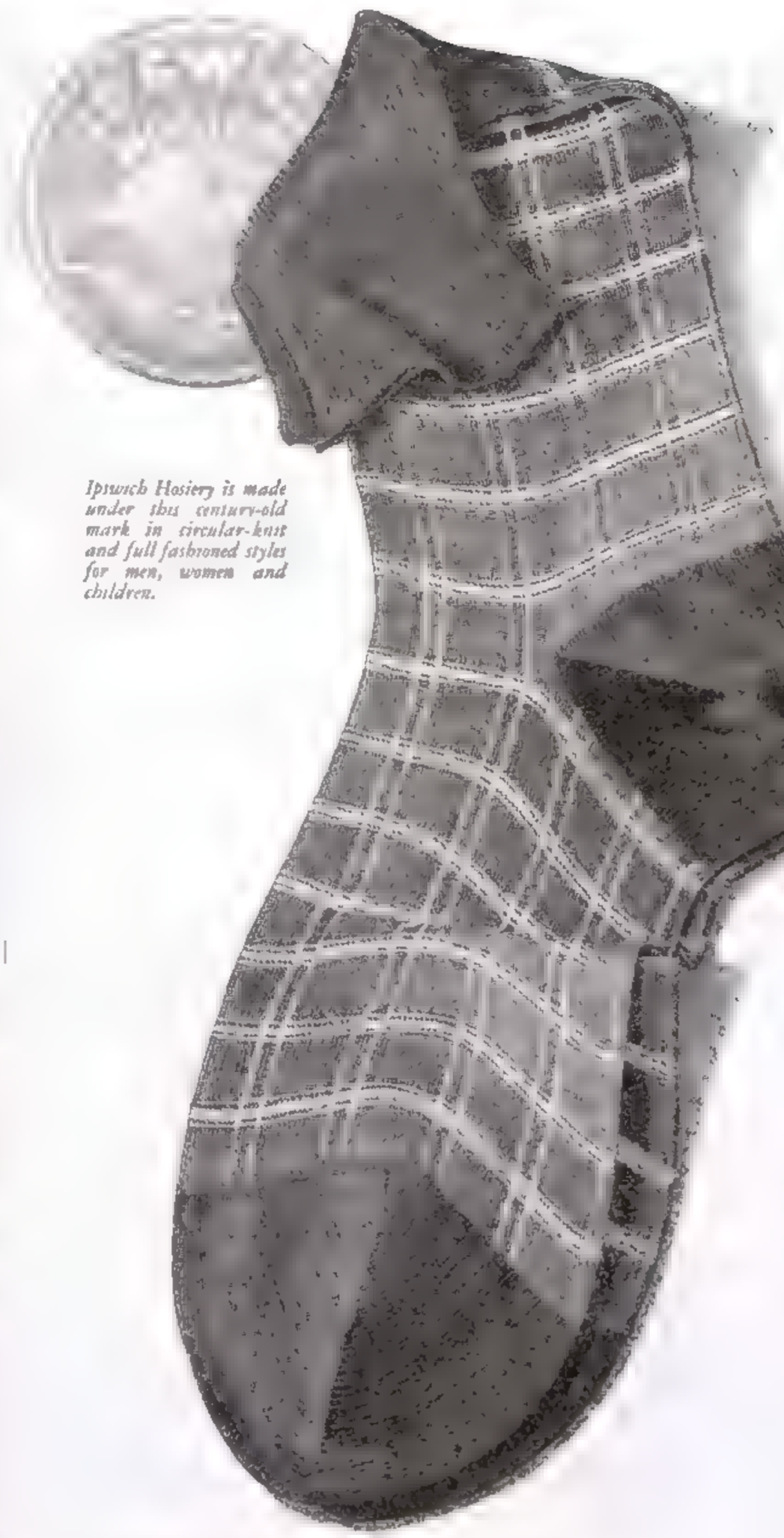
"Anyway," said Sarah remorsefully, "them twins kin yell theirselves black. I'm goin' to stop here and help youse unpack your furnitures."

Eri doubled in silent mirth. With the air of a conjurer, he stepped lightly to the side of the vehicle, hesitated for a moment in dramatic suspense, then with flourish threw back the bedclothing. Beneath were only empty boxes and crates.

"I knowed I wouldn't have to onload nothing," he spiked prodigiously. "I knowed a'ready he'd sooner give that there twin a forty than to have me settin' alongside fur mebbe forty years yet."

"Oh, pop!" faltered Sarah. "You're so smart at your head! You're that smart that we can't ketch onto your jokes even."

"Well, jokes," mused Eri slowly, "I come near makin' one jokes too many. But anyhow"—he winked with returning gayety at the calf—"both little Eris has got their forty anyhow. And mebbe your pop ain't so dumb, fur all, Sairey. Fur it ain't everybody where kin both give a forty and both keep it yet!"



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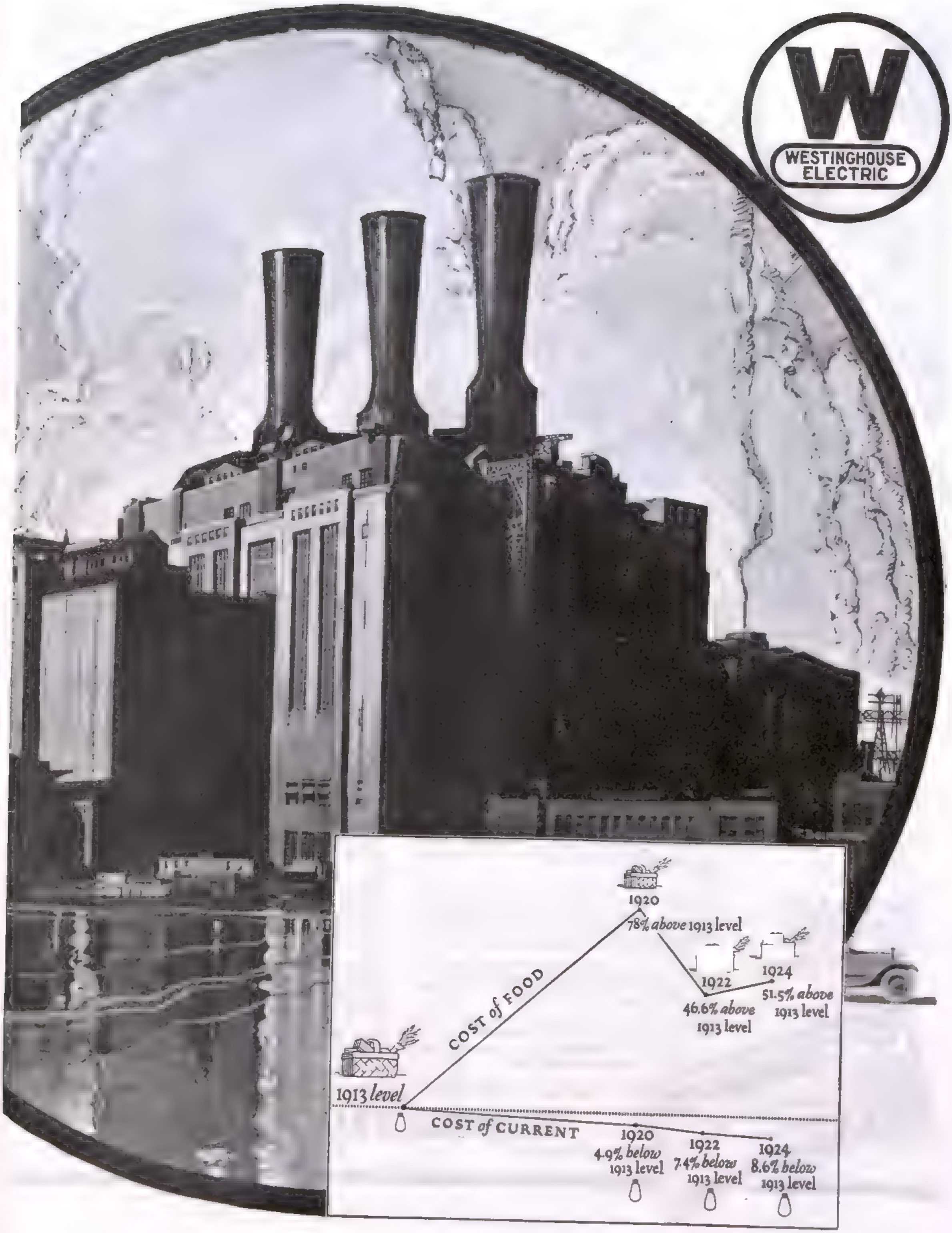
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46.6% above
1913 level
1924
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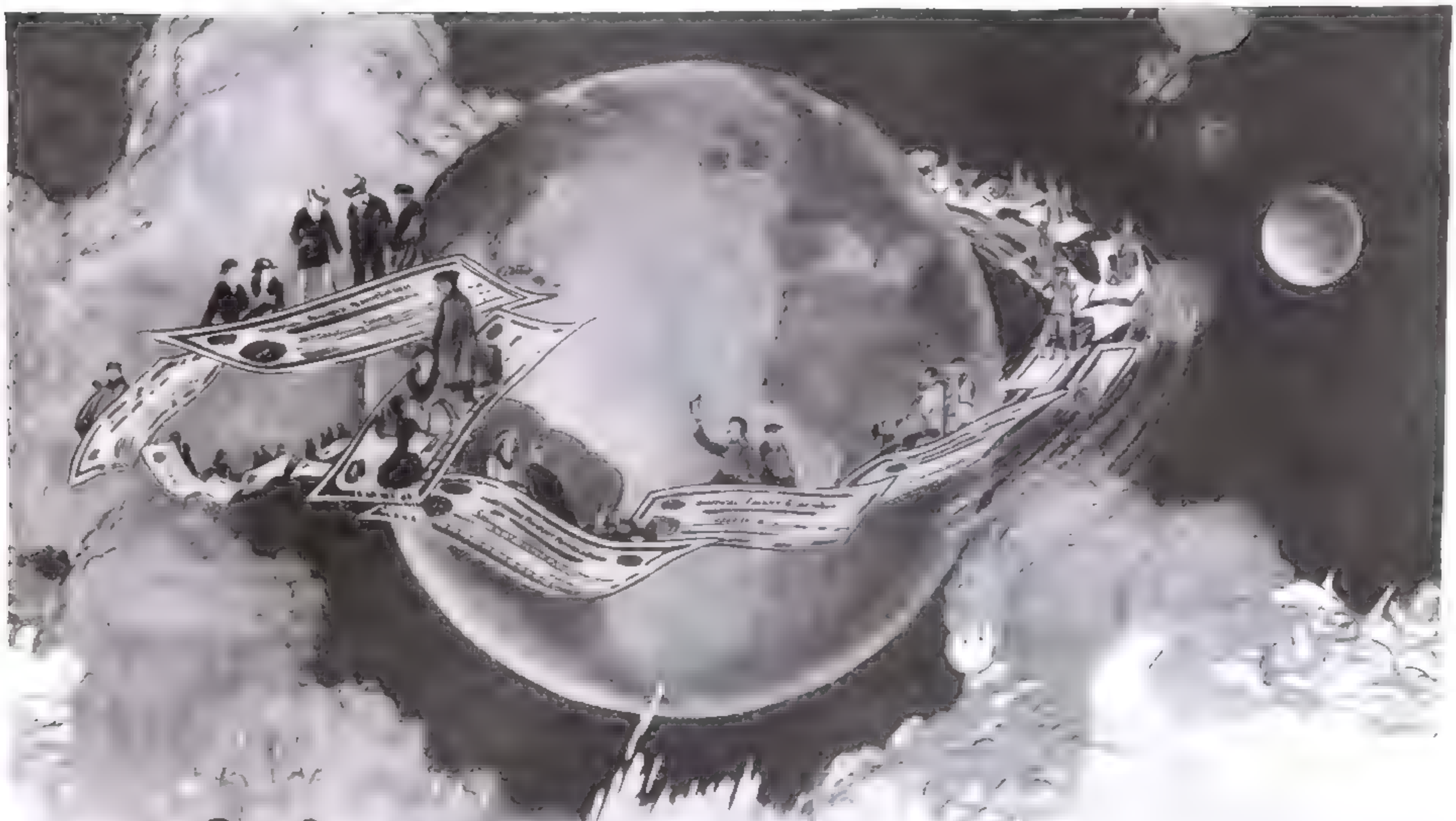

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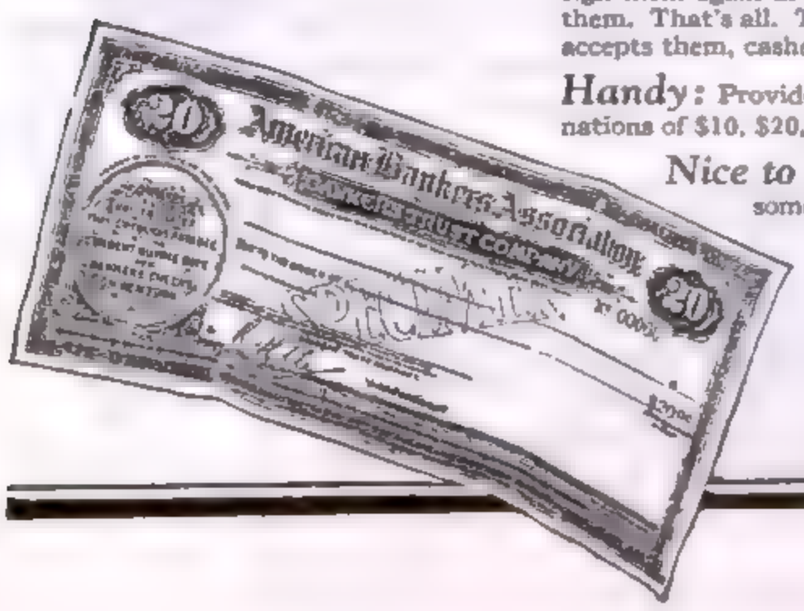

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CHARLIE THE GLOOM HOUND

(Continued from Page 13)

our feet outside, and watching the pretty country slide by. And it really was pretty country, even in February; big rocky hills, dark pine forests, open fields, nice-looking little villages.

After a while we passed through a big town called Mayen with lots of stores and churches and fine streets. On the platform of the Mayen station was a big, tough-looking M. P. captain and a couple of squads of M. P. privates. We whistled and yelled at them, and Charlie called out, "Hey, you big stiffs, who won the war?"

The M. P. captain begun to get sore, and right away every man in all them box cars took up the cry—a hundred of us all yelling, "Who won the war? Who won the war?"

The M. P. captain like to went crazy. He pulled out his gat and come charging down the platform like a bull. But he didn't have the nerve to shoot, and so he couldn't do nothing at all, because the train went rolling right on through town and out into the country again.

Everybody begun to feel fine. There is nothing that gives a bunch of privates such a warm glow of happiness as bawling out an M. P. captain and getting away with it.

"Henry," I said, "ain't this an ideal trip? Ain't this a whiz?"

And Henry said, "It's perfect, old feller, absolutely perfect."

"Yes," said a sad, croaking voice beside us, "you better enjoy yourselves while you can. When we get to Coblenz I look for 'em to give us all picks and shovels or something and just work us till our pants drop off. I never yet seen a pleasure trip in the Army that didn't end up in grief."

But when we reached Coblenz after another hour's run through the pleasant country there was no picks nor shovels in sight, and we marched right down through the main street from the station to the boat landing. Coblenz turned out to be a big city with beautiful wide streets and fine buildings. And good stores, electric lights, trolley cars, prosperous-looking people.

"Say," I said, "this is sure enough a peach of a town!"

"Maybe that's the reason they bring us here—just to tantalize us," said Charlie. "They show us a fine burg like this and then right away ship us back to that little mud-hole so they can laugh at us behind our backs."

"Charlie," I said, "you begin to make me sick."

At the landing a nice little steamboat was waiting for us. And so far they hadn't asked us to do any work. Henry bought a map of the Rhine from an old German woman for one mark.

"I hate to see you pay that much for it," said Charlie, "because of course the Y. M. C. A. crooks gets a big rake-off on it someway."

We all crowded onto the boat. The little whistle blew, some Fritz sailors cast loose the ropes, and we started off upstream against the swift current of the Rhine.

And right away there was so much to see that me and Henry begun chasing back and forth from one side of the boat to the other for fear we might miss something. We left Charlie sitting in a corner of the deck.

The river seemed about a mile wide, and the water was just as blue as the sky overhead, and the little waves glittered in the sunshine very nice indeed. All along the shore to our right stretched the city of Coblenz. And down at the far end of the town where the Mosel River flowed into the Rhine was a point of land. And on this point was a great big statue of a man on a horse, which according to Henry's map was called the Kaiser Wilhelm Denkmal. "Denkmal" I think is a German word meaning "large and very ugly monument." There are lots of them in Germany.

While we was admiring the Denkmal there come a lot of shouting and hollering, and we ran up to the front of the boat, and we was coming to a bridge built on boats—a pontoon bridge. As we came sailing up they floated two of the boats to one side, making a gap for us to go through.

As soon as we had got safely past the bridge we heard somebody talking very loud and important, and we looked down the deck, and there was a rather jolly-looking old guy in a Y. M. C. A. uniform explaining the sights. He was pointing to a hill across the river from Coblenz that was covered with fortifications and was called Ehrenbreitstein. It was supposed to be one of the strongest forts in all Germany, and on top of it was a flagpole with the American flag waving in the wind.

The next we knew, here came a big shadow across the deck. We looked up, and the boat was going under the arch of a big iron bridge. And then somebody hollered, "Dinner now being served in the cabin!" We had soup and steak and potatoes and peas and bread and butter and jam and some pudding and I don't know what else. A swell meal, and all free.

Me and Henry had been rushing around so much that we had pretty near forgot about Charlie, but while we was eating we caught sight of him across the room. He was sitting all by himself, shoveling in the food steadily, and his brow was all wrinkled and furrowed with care.

When we got through we went over, and I said, "Charlie, old feller, it's a great trip, ain't it? Fine food, ain't it?"

Charlie looked kind of insulted, and said, "You fellers volunteered for this trip, so of course you got to pretend you like it. But I don't kid myself; no, sir." And he went on eating.

So me and Henry went up on deck, and Henry said, "I had hoped this trip might cheer up Charlie a bit, but it don't seem to be doing it."

"No," I said.

"Oh, look!" said Henry.

I looked, and the scenery had changed. We was now several miles upstream from Coblenz, and the river was much narrower and swifter. On each side the banks went up very steep for a good many hundred feet, and the slopes were made into neat terraces and planted with vineyards.

Pretty soon we came in sight of two hills close together, with a ruined castle on top of each one. We found the wise guy from the Y. M. C. A., and he told us the castles were called The Brothers.

"A long time ago," he said, "the castles were owned by two brothers. The story is that they quarreled about a lady and fought on a near-by mountain peak at midnight. They killed each other, and the country people say that if you climb the mountain at midnight you can still hear the clash of swords as the ghosts of the two brothers keep up the fight."

"That's a good one," said Henry. "Let's get Charlie." So we went and found him and we said, "Charlie, there is a Y. M. C. A. guy over here that knows all about these castles and things, and it is good stuff, and you better come and hear it."

"Why should I listen to a Y. M. C. A. guy?" said Charlie. "They're all liars."

"This guy is good," said Henry; and we dragged Charlie over, just as the boat got opposite a little village on the bank.

The Y. M. C. A. man said the name of the place was St. Goar, and he told us how there used to be a sandbar and a whirlpool there which wrecked lots of boats. And over a thousand years ago there lived on the shore an old bird by the name of Goar, and whenever a boat was wrecked he would haul the people out of the water and ask them whether they belonged to the true faith or not. If they said yes, they had to contribute to the local church. If they said no, he would throw them back in the river, and when he let them come ashore the second time they was usually ready to be baptized. Thus he converted many of the heathen, and became such a famous holy man that the Kaiser sent for him to be made a bishop. Apparently he didn't want to be a bishop.

"But," said the Y. M. C. A. man, "to show his miraculous powers, he took off his hat and coat and hung them on a sunbeam that was shining across the great hall of the palace."

"My gosh!" Charlie muttered in my ear. "I told you them Y. M. C. A. birds was all liars." And he walked off down the deck.

But me and Henry stuck around and heard the rest of the story, about how they made Mr. Goar a saint and named the town after him. And it was a good yarn anyway, and probably no more of a lie than most of the stuff that comes out in the papers.

Next we came to a big rock called the Lorelei, that the song was written about. And the guy told us all the scandal connected with that. And after a while the boat turned around and started back toward Coblenz.

All the way back me and Henry was chasing around the deck from one side of the boat to the other, having a peach of a time looking at all the castles and towns and vineyards and the blue water and the blue sky. We had pretty near give up trying to cheer up Charlie, but we was sure enjoying our own selves.

"Henry," I said, "ain't this the ideal trip?"

"If it ain't absolutely perfect," he said, "you can spit in my mess kit."

But when we reached Coblenz and got off the boat and marched up to the railroad station, we was treated to a show that was better than anything so far. The major of our battalion, who was marching along with the rest of the officers at the head of the column, tripped over something just as we got to the station, and fell down kerflop in a large mud puddle that was left over from the rains of a couple of days before. Certainly the Lord had been good to us. A fine boat ride, an M. P. captain going crazy, and a major in a mud puddle, all in one day, was more than anyone could have asked.

When the major got up he was plastered over like a stucco house. As soon as me and Henry could get out of sight we like to died laughing. Then we caught sight of Charlie, looking as sorrowful as a Missouri hound dog.

"Charlie," I hollered, "ain't this the world's greatest and grandest trip?"

"Charlie," said Henry, "you are the guy that said there was going to be some catch to this trip. And there is no catch. Come on, you got to admit you was wrong."

Charlie hesitated. He didn't seem to know just what to say, and he looked almost as if he might be feeling sick. Finally he spoke up in a sort of uncertain voice.

"The trip ain't over yet," he said. "Probably when we get to Mayen that M. P. captain will be there, and the whole battery will be put under arrest and turned into a labor battalion."

"All aboard!" shouted the first sergeant, and we piled into the cars. Charlie got in a car behind the one me and Henry took.

We rolled out of Coblenz, across the Mosel, and on up into the hills. The sun went down; and by the time we reached Mayen it was dark. The train went right on through town; no sign of our friend, the M. P. captain.

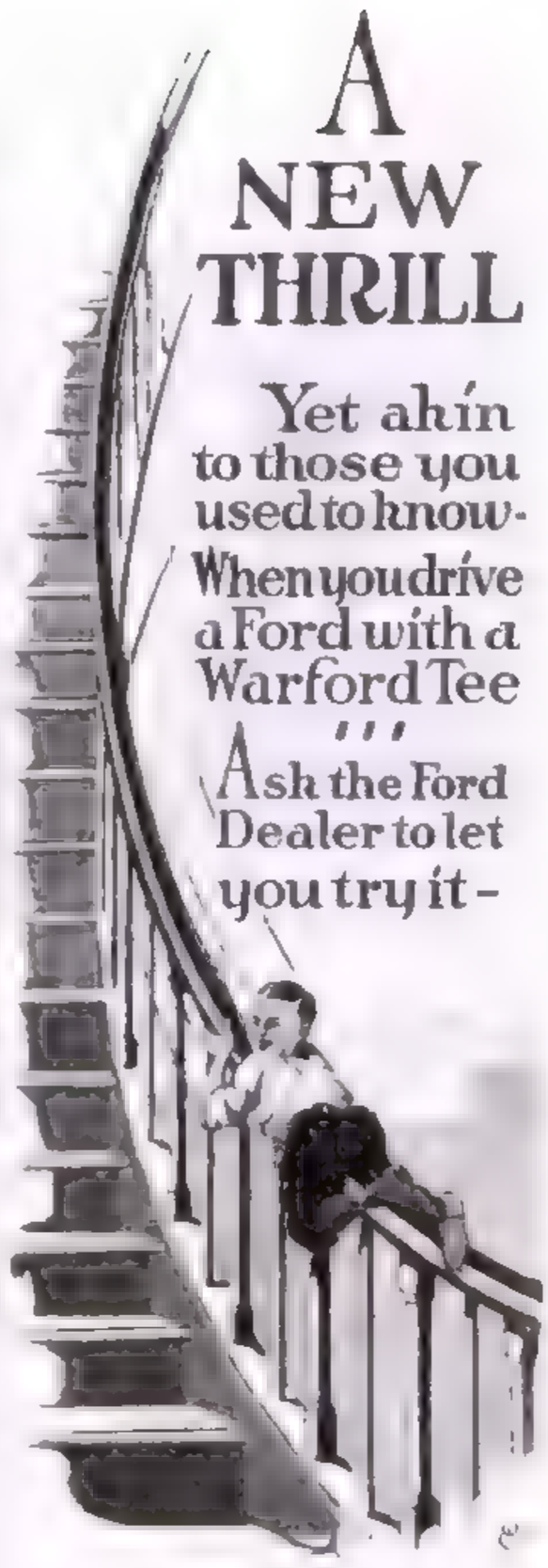
Me and Henry got to talking about Charlie.

"I had hoped," said Henry, "that this trip might cheer him up, but now I see my mistake."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," said Henry, "that Charlie don't want to be cheered up. He has done so much growling and complaining this winter that he has turned into a regular professional gloom hound."

"A crape hanger?"



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Sport Twin

"No," said Henry. "A crape hanger is a guy who ain't ever satisfied unless he can spoil somebody else's fun. A gloom hound is a guy who ain't satisfied unless his own fun is spoiled."

"Then I guess Charlie is a gloom hound."

"Sure he is," said Henry. "He just loves to holler and complain. And I bet he has got more real enjoyment out of this winter in Germany than anybody else in the battery."

"And now comes this boat ride," I said.

"Yes," said Henry, "and it has been such a peach of a boat ride that Charlie has nothing to growl about. And he's lost. He don't know what to do."

"He looked pretty near sick at Coblenz," I said.

"He sure did," said Henry. "When we get to Ulmen we better look him up and see how he is."

But when we got off the train at Ulmen it was so dark we couldn't find Charlie. So we got into one of the trucks and drove back to our town.

When we came into our billet we found Charlie had got there first. He had lit the lamp and was sitting in a chair over in the corner.

I said "Hello," but he didn't answer.

The windows were tight shut, and the whole place reeked of sauerkraut, but Charlie didn't make a move to let in any air. We heard steps coming down the hall, and old Johann stuck his head in the door. He noticed the windows was shut, and he raised his old eyebrows like he was surprised—and maybe just a little disappointed. He looked at Charlie and then turned to me.

"Krank?" he asked; meaning, "Is the guy sick or something?"

"I think maybe he is," I said, and old Johann shook his head and left.

Certainly Charlie wasn't himself at all. His jew's-harp was laying beside him on the floor, but he didn't touch it. He just sat there with a kind of puzzled look on his face. No energy, no pep, no life.

"You was right," I whispered to Henry. "He ain't got nothing to holler about, and it's made him sick."

And then all of a sudden Charlie jumped up and hit the table with his fist so hard it pretty near knocked over the lamp.

"Now I see it all!" he yelled, and his voice had the old healthy ring to it. "It's a dirty plot! I told you there was some dirty work behind this boat ride, and I was right!"

"You said there would be some catch to it," said Henry, "but there was no catch."

"That's just it," said Charlie, all excitement. "That's the fiendish ingenuity of it."

"What do you mean, fiendish ingenuity?"

"Can't you see?" said Charlie. "The only reason they took us on such a peach of a boat ride was because they knew we couldn't enjoy it."

"Why couldn't we enjoy it?"

"On account of worrying. I didn't enjoy a minute of it on account of worrying about where the catch would be."

"But there wasn't any catch."

"Sure," said Charlie, "and that's where the fiendish ingenuity comes in. After they had let us spoil our whole trip worrying where the catch would be, they left the catch out, after all, so we'll kick ourselves all next week for being such chumps as to worry. They get us both ways, the dirty crooks!"

He walked over and opened the windows, and then put a lot of wood in the stove and opened up the drafts. As he sat down again in his chair his face settled into an expression of gloomy satisfaction. "It's a hell of a life, the Army," he said. And, reaching down, he picked up his jew's-harp, settled back comfortably and contentedly, and began to play the funeral march.

ON THE FLAGSHIP

(Continued from Page 11)

there was a sudden thunder of viciously hitting guns. He could not endure the blind apprehension of it.

Unsteadily he rose from his chair, went to the doorway whence the wooden door had been removed, and the drawn-across curtain swung in and out with the regular rise and fall of the ship's stern. He passed through it, bracing himself to recover his sea legs for the glance of the stolid armed marine who stood sentry outside. In the steel-walled lobby, pierced with other cabin doors and lit by wire-caged electric lamps, thick fire hoses lay like great serpents over the deck, three or four men ranged in charge of them. The gas masks of those men were being tested, and they looked unhumanly grotesque with featureless snout-like faces from whose protuberance a stout corrugated pipe curved down to the respirator satchel slung at their sides. This visible sign of serious precaution was almost a physical blow at his nerves. He turned to the sentry, forced himself to utterance of an unnatural voice, asked the way to the bridge. There at least he would be able to see what threatened him. The sentry stolidly and politely gave him exact and complicated directions for getting there.

He stumbled forward, with hands outstretched against clammy steel walls to steady himself in the motion of the ship, along a corridor lit by electric lamps and interrupted every few yards by a steel door yet left open but on whose high steel sills he repeatedly bruised his shins. The safelike doors to right and left of that corridor were nearly all closed, but he hesitated for a moment at one that was open and allowed him a glimpse down, past steel gratings and vertical steel ladders, into the electric-lit profundity of an engine room where no movement of machinery was visible. The hum of electric fans, whirring on a slightly harsh note, pervaded the ship, was the dominant sound in an almost uncanny hush of human voices. At intervals along that dungeon-lit corridor were other fire-fighting parties, with hoses uncoiled. From them he asked his way.

He was directed to a staircase with a loose chain handgrip that led up through a fastened-back steel trapdoor to a deck above, similarly steel-walled and lightless save for the wire-caged electric lamps, and up again, through yet another trapdoor, to yet another deck, another staircase, and a sudden emergence to daylight, blue sky, and the golden glint of sunshine on the dark gray mass of a funnel that emitted only a haze of smoke. He glanced up, saw above him the slate-gray bridge house built around the great tripod mast, and yet higher the—to him impossibly lofty—fire-control station perched on the junction of the mast legs, which described, as the ship rolled and pitched, a slow ellipse against the intense blue sky. Where he stood was deserted. For companionship he must climb the stairway at his back which led to the bridge.

Trembling and still unnerved, he ascended, found himself on a platform where a fresh sea wind smote him like a wall, took away his breath. On that platform stood the admiral, binoculars to his eyes, several other officers grouped around him. He recognized one of them as the captain of the ship. No one took any notice of him. In front of that platform was a comparatively small circular erection, with a narrow slit opening all round just under its slightly domed roof, and a thick steel door which stood open. He guessed it was the conning tower, and wondered whether he would be admitted to its protection if they came into contact with the enemy. Behind him was a bridge house, through whose open windows he saw a quartermaster at the wheel, another group of officers and petty officers, and a mass of voice pipes, dials, indicators and other instruments on the walls.

(Continued on Page 148)

Lights - activity, business

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Men like this famous Candy, too!

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Oh Henry! owes much of its national popularity to men's liking. Of course, *sliced* Oh Henry! is new to men. They know it as a bar, at the beaches, on the golf links, at the ball games, motoring, fishing and so on.

And *slicing* Oh Henry!, to serve at home as one serves chocolates and bonbons, is a clever woman's idea for parties. But in the bar or sliced, men *like* Oh Henry!, and a dish there by Dad's reading lamp, or over by the radio will find a rousing welcome from the men of your family.

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Telephone your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars to slice. See what a convenience it is. Oh Henry! isn't expensive . . . a 10c bar cut into 8 delicious slices. You slice only as much as you need. And it keeps well, too. Phone now.

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Write for a little leaflet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced. There is no charge.
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(Continued from Page 146)

Uncomfortably conscious of being an unwanted interloper, he refrained from entering, and, with the same self-consciousness, shy almost for the first time in his life, he kept away from the group around the admiral. At the other end of the bridge platform a young officer stood solitary, on some duty—he was the officer of the watch—that did not necessitate contact with the others. To him, craving for some informative interchange of speech, the politician joined himself.

The officer nodded to him, spoke with a curt affability.

"Pretty sight, isn't it?"

The politician gasped in the strong wind, found no word for answer. But he looked around him in curiosity, at what his companion termed a pretty sight. The fleet had altered its relative stations. Level with them, a little distance away, one on either side, were two large ships he guessed as being of a sister type to that on which he stood. The two funnels of each were all but smokeless, but at their bows a white wave of foam maintained itself in an unchanging graceful curve, and behind them their white wakes seemed to trail almost to the horizon. Beyond one of these ships, and slightly in rear, was a large vessel of altogether weird appearance. Her superstructure, funnel and mast rose with a grotesque abandonment of symmetry, like a thick wall at one side only of her vast stretch of level unimpeded deck that extended from bow to stern. Even as he gazed at her an aeroplane suddenly appeared on that deck—he was too far off to see that it was brought up from below by a lift—raced forward along it, soared into the air, circled and climbed.

Away toward the horizon ahead and to right and left were four other ships, diminished to toy size by their distance, steaming in the same direction as themselves; and still farther away, over the rim of the horizon, little drifts of smoke were spasmodically visible. From all these ships came, twinkling brightly despite the glare of sunshine, tiny flickering flashes of light in the dot and dash of the Morse code.

"Signaling with searchlights," said the officer, in answer to his question. "We're keeping wireless silence. Those ships out there—the four smaller ones—are the light cruisers maintaining visual touch with the destroyers over the horizon. We don't want to blunder into the enemy."

The politician cordially agreed. It was a relief to him to find his companion so communicative.

He looked forward to the bows of their own ship, where, one well behind and above the other, two guns poked their long slightly tapering barrels from their steel shields.

"Are those our main guns?" he asked.

"Two of 'em," replied the officer. "We carry seven of that caliber. One more on each beam, and three aft."

"What's their range?" asked the politician, rather out of an impulse to chatter than from desire for technical knowledge.

"Practically, the limit of visibility," was the reply. "But, of course, they're only seven-and-a-halfs, and their shells are too light to be of much use against armor. If we bump into any of their big ships we haven't a ghost of a chance."

"No, I suppose not," agreed the politician faintly, his heart feeling as if it suddenly dropped within him. For a moment or two he had almost forgotten those menacing unseen big ships of the enemy.

But as he gazed at these adjacent ships peacefully steaming forward over that dark blue sea in a glory of sunshine and vivid blue sky, that menace seemed hypothetical, unreal, incredible. The opportunist in him—that assertion of optimism at all costs which had enabled him to win many a political battle—came to the top. Perhaps they would not meet the enemy after all—or meet only a few defenseless transports they could sink—that would be thrilling, something to write home about; he saw a vivid description of it, headed by his name, in the newspapers—and then perhaps get through to the safety of junction with the main American Fleet or dodge back at high speed to Singapore. He wondered whether the new government had yet provided Singapore with any of the new huge guns his own administration had stubbornly refused to mount. Please God, they had!

His mind was recalled with a jerk from this divagation by a sudden little activity among the group of officers around the admiral. Something, evidently, was happening. The winking little white searchlight flashes from the other ships were incessant; strings of tiny flags were abruptly broken out from their mast halyards, hauled down, replaced by others. Glancing upward he saw a string of bunting fluttering out from their own mast, in some signal that to him was utterly cryptic; the next instant, from the parallel ship, the identical sequence of flags suddenly appeared, was kept flying for a moment or two after their own had been hauled down to be replaced by another combination.

He was suddenly aware that the speed of the ship had increased; she was quivering, throbbing, the bridge rail at which he gripped to steady himself vibrating jarringly in his hand. But the ships to port and starboard remained exactly parallel, as though all three were stationary, while their bow waves took a sharper upward curve. From the horizon, far ahead, he saw black smudges of smoke become swiftly more definite, saw them revealed as destroyers racing toward them. Within the ship somewhere he heard, faintly, the repeated call of a bugle.

"What is it?" he asked in a spasm of alarm, of the officer at his side.

The officer had put his binoculars to his eyes, was sweeping round with them.

"Enemy aircraft," he replied as he put them down again. "No sign of 'em yet. Those are our destroyers closing in on us—recalled by signal. We shall want them if the enemy are torpedo droppers."

The civilian glanced round at their accompanying aircraft carrier. Aeroplane after aeroplane was appearing on her deck, racing forward, soaring into the blue sky. From a small platform aft of the funnels in the cruiser parallel to them he saw—unexpectedly, for he had not noticed it upon that platform—another little aeroplane jerked into the air, saw it swoop and bank and climb in wide spirals.

"Catapult launching," elucidated the officer. "There goes ours." There was a sudden brief engine roar as an aeroplane shot forward past them, close to the ship, almost as low as the platform where they stood. For an instant it was curiously large—he could see the faces of its two occupants—its wide stretch of wings balancing delicately in the air as it outdistanced them, and then, quickly shrinking in magnitude, it tipped sideways, circled, climbed to join the others already gaining height in the sky.

"We've got anti-aircraft guns, I suppose?" he asked nervously.

"Four of 'em," replied the officer curtly. "And we can put thirty degrees' elevation on to the seven-and-a-halfs." He picked up his glasses again, searched the sky in front of them.

Their speed had yet further increased. The ship shook with it, every nut and bolt and plate under stress, deck and rails vibrating jarringly to the touch. Volumes of black smoke were now pouring out of the funnels of the sister ships. Looking back he saw a flattened smother of wreathing black flame-shot smoke vomited from their own. All the ships in sight were making smoke. They seemed insensibly to have drawn closer together, while the low dark bodies of the destroyers were now quite near, were maneuvering in sudden quick turns to take the positions indicated to them by the signals incessantly in transmission from the bridge.

Turning to look at the admiral, the politician saw him approached at almost every moment by a quick-moving bluejacket who handed a message form to a subordinat officer receiving them on behalf of his chief.

Information was evidently coming in thick and fast.

"There they are!" exclaimed a sharp voice at his side. It was the officer, elbows out, binoculars to his eyes.

The politician stared at the sky, could just perceive—infinitely distant—a scatter of tiny dark dots against the blue. High up, between the ships and them, he could see their own aeroplanes wheeling; now pearly-white, almost invisible, as they reflected the sun, now dark like gnats as they twisted away; perhaps a dozen in all.

"How many of them are there?" he asked.

"Thirty or forty—at least," replied the officer, still gazing through his glasses. "They keep coming into sight—big fellows—torpedo droppers—some of 'em." He put down his binoculars for a moment, looked at the civilian. "Hadn't you better get under cover?" he asked with the coolest of indifferent concern. "Those chaps may do a bit of machine gunning presently; to say nothing of bombs."

The politician stared at him. He was trembling.

"Where shall I go?" he asked.

"Down below is the best place," replied the officer. "If you're wise."

Down below? But some of those aeroplanes were torpedo droppers; the officer had said so! He saw himself cooped blindly down there, in utter ignorance of all that was happening, and then suddenly the devastating explosion—himself drowning like a trapped rat. No! The sudden overpowering dread of it was invincible. He could not shut himself up in the intricacies of that steel box. He glanced round at the bridge house behind him. It was already uncomfortably full with personnel, perhaps offered no protection. He turned toward the conning tower, with its thick steel door invitingly open.

"Can I go in there?" he asked in a quavering voice.

"You'd better not. The admiral might want the conning tower himself—though it's not likely—and there's no room for supernumeraries in it if he does."

"I can't go below—I should go mad if I did—shut up down there!" stammered the politician.

The officer glanced at him with unsympathetic eyes and a ghost of a sardonic smile.

"You'd better go up to the control top, then," he said with an upward jerk of his head. "It's a pretty safe place; and you'll see all there is to be seen from there."

The politician looked up to the platform high above his head at the junction of the tripod mast.

"Up there?" he exclaimed, despair in his voice. "But how can I get there?"

"There's a ladder," replied the officer. "I'll send someone up with you. And be sharp about it; our guns will be firing in a minute and you might be thrown off." He called to a midshipman standing on the bridge. "Take this gentleman up to the control top!"

The midshipman, a prompt youth who seemed moved by an inward spring, seized hold of him.

"This way, sir!"

The next moment—how, precisely, he knew not—the politician found himself clinging desperately to the iron rungs of an outside ladder that went up one of the legs of the tripod mast; and below him a firm hand was gripping one of his feet, irresistibly detaching it from its resting place and forcing it to one higher up. In his flurry of panic—the wind came against him with such sudden and choking force as nearly to tear him from his grasp—he could vaguely hear the midshipman shouting to him in urgency. It was only that blind mad panic which enabled him to perform what normally would have been impossible to him—he climbed and climbed; it seemed, endlessly—not daring to look down. But the end came at last. Forced onward and upward by the young man below him—he was in terror of that hand again upon his foot—he saw an opening close above his head in the steel floor of the platform; saw someone bending down through it, a pair of arms outstretched. They grasped him, pulled him upward, landed him upon his knees on a steel plate whose rivets hurt him.

He pulled himself to his feet, crouched to avoid the blast of wind that came over the low steel wall of the platform. Around him in the confined space were two or three officers and several seamen, busy with various instruments. From somewhere he heard a deep bass voice slowly and distinctly intoning figures. He went to the bulwark, which gave him an unexpected sense of safety, looked nervously over the edge from this dizzy height.

The ships spaced about him seemed to be infinitely far down as they streaked the sea with their foaming wakes and blotted it with their low-rolling smoke. From somewhere in the air he could just hear a sharp tiny crackling. He looked up. Away ahead of him the sky was full of little dark midges, momentarily growing larger. On the fringe of the outspread swarm he saw their own aeroplanes swooping and diving, producing a similar eddying of the machines nearest to them. But the bulk of them held steadily on. From the other ships came sudden sharp detonations. Behind him the deep bass voice was steadily intoning figures.

He looked down to their own deck, saw, on the clear space that widened from the sharp point of the bow, the two guns deliberately rearing their muzzles to the sky. There was a double spurt of flame, a sudden sharp shake of the ship that bruised his chin against the steel wall and almost knocked the teeth out of his head, a simultaneous ear-splitting crash.

From that moment the ordinary standards of time seemed to be abrogated for him. He lived in a confusion of his senses where minutes seemed now to be hours, now to be brief as seconds. Nevertheless, bewildered though he was by the unreal violent strangeness of it all, by the head-splitting crashing din that suddenly commenced and continued, his vision was held fascinated as he knelt and peered over the low steel wall. The enemy aircraft were still at some distance; he could now distinguish that they were flying in wedge-shaped groups, their flank machines wheeling and fighting with the aeroplanes sent up from the ships. Not yet vertically overhead, they were still a target for the large guns on the deck below him, and those guns were firing as quickly as they could be reloaded. Two other heavy guns somewhere behind him were firing also. Their swiftly recurrent crashes shook the ship so viciously that he clutched instinctively at the top of the steel wall lest he should be jerked from that mast platform into the water far below. Not only their own ship, but all the ships were now firing furiously into the sky. As if by magic a rapidly reënforced pattern of dark smoke puffs sprang out of the blue; above, below, and apparently in among, the oncoming aircraft. He saw several machines hurled headlong to the sea; whether their own or the enemy's he could not say.

He watched, spellbound, despite the ghastly fear that gripped him. The enemy planes were approaching rapidly. All the ships were now pouring all the black smoke they could from their funnels. Boxes floating on the sea were also emitting thick clouds of vapor. Three or four destroyers, racing at top speed, were tracing a wide circle round the ship, leaving in their wake a dense black wall of smoke that crept over the sea in contact with the heaving waves. Within that encompassing wall, the ship swerved sharply off her course, with a heel-over and a centrifugal momentum that threw him against the protecting bulwark, and then, a moment later, swung round back again as abruptly. The other ships were likewise zigzagging at top speed from side to side and in among them, on mysterious evolutions of their own, the destroyers tore through the smother of smoke which overlaid the water, their almost vertically pointed anti-aircraft guns hammering rapidly. Their own anti-aircraft guns were now

(Continued on Page 153)

Better *rear protection*—

WEED achieves strength and beauty in rear bumpers in spite of tire *and* trunk racks

A beautiful front bumper, yes, but what about the rear? That's the question buyers of the new models are asking as they view the projection of gas tank, trunk and tire racks.

Look at the depth of curve on this WEED rear bar. It's typical of the rear protection you can get at WEED Dealers'. No projecting ends a foot or more from the fenders. See how the ends sweep round—just the bar for the man who wants full length protection against the bumps he's sure to get.

And here's another bar that looks right on the rear of the car with a spare balloon. The inner bar curves right round the tire, bringing the curved ends of the bumper up near the fenders. Ask to see WEED Sentry B. The front bar, too, is sure to please you.

WEED Fender Guards are getting more popular every day with drivers of heavy and medium weight cars. And why not? WEED quickly appreciated that Fender Guards *look best* and *give best protection* when they practically fill the triangular space between fenders and spare.

This accounts for the correct appearance of the WEED Guard shown here. There's a WEED Guard for most heavy and medium cars, with simple, strong fittings that make them a real protection. Ask WEED Dealers to show you.

Front and Rear, WEED Bumpers are *correctly designed*. That's why WEED makes several types of bars for both front and rear. Different cars need different types for best protection. Write for folder which will show best type for your car and an interesting booklet—"The Etiquette of Bumping."

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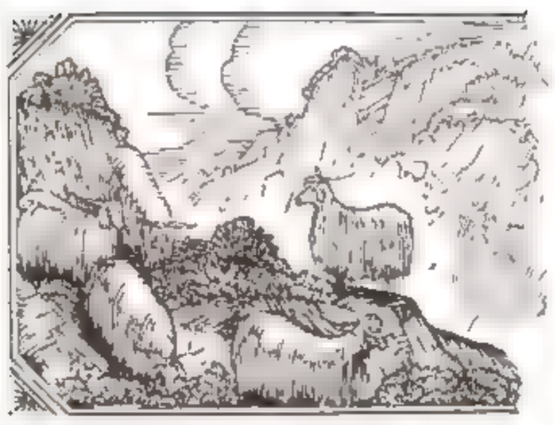
NOTE:—*Every automobile dealer and salesman should have a copy of "THE PLUSH PRIMER"—it will help sell cars.*

COLLINS & AIKMAN

MAKERS OF PLUSH



THE PLUSH PRIMER

© 1925, Collins & Aikman Co.

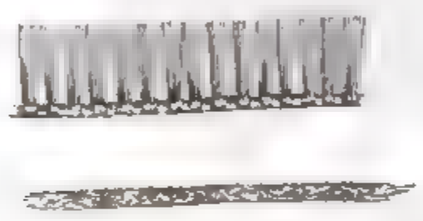
A LESSON IN UPHOLSTERY FOR THOSE WHO BUY AND SELL CLOSED CARS

Question—**What fabrics are generally used for upholstering closed cars?**

Answer—Plush (pile fabrics, such as velvet, velour, and mohair); Flat cloth (broadcloth, granite cloth, etc.).

Question—**Which of these fabrics wears best?**

Answer—Plush is the most durable of all textile materials. It is used on theatre seats, railroad car seats, and is the preferred upholstery for hotel furniture. It has, therefore, been adopted by most body and automobile builders for closed car upholstery.



Question—**Why does plush wear better?**

Answer—Because the wear comes on the pile and not on the base of the cloth. In plush, therefore, the wear is absorbed by the long fibres, whereas with flat cloth the wear comes directly on the base of the material itself.

Question—**Is plush easily cleaned?**

Answer—Plush may be quickly and easily cleaned with gasoline, naphtha, soap and water; or by brushing or using a vacuum cleaner without harming the fabric.

Question—**Which upholstery is the most beautiful?**

Answer—The unique weave of plush creates beautiful shades and tones which cannot be produced in any other type of material. These effects always harmonize with the color scheme of the car.

Question—**How does plush compare in weight with flat cloth?**

Answer—Mohair Plush averages 26 to 30 ounces per yard.

Worsted Mohair Plush averages 26 to 28 ounces per yard.

Cotton Plush averages 24 to 26 ounces per yard.

High grade flat cloth averages 18 to 22 ounces per yard.

Cheaper flat cloth averages 10 to 14 ounces per yard.

Question—**Does plush cause wear on clothing?**

Answer—Filmy frocks and the most perishable of materials are never harmed by contact with plush as its springy pile cushions the wear. This minimizes the rubbing which is so ruinous to clothing and which occurs with many other materials.

Question—**Is plush cool to ride on in summer?**

Answer—Plush does not retain heat, because it is made of the same fibres that are used to make palm beach and other summer materials and because the springy pile permits ventilation.

Question—**Will plush fade?**

Answer—Not only is Collins & Aikman plush fast color but the dye cannot harm light dresses.

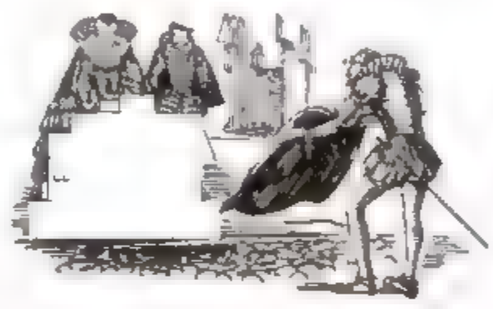
Question—**How does plush upholstery affect the used car value?**

Answer—Because of its beauty and durability, plush adds to the car by giving the owner a better "trade-in" value. When a dealer sells a used car upholstered in plush it brings him a better price and the new owner a better car.

Question—**What is the most expensive item of material within a closed car?**

Answer—Plush upholstery is the most expensive item within the closed motor car, and is used by body builders who forget price in their desire to give the car owner the fabric that is:

(1) The coolest in summer
(2) The easiest to clean
(3) The most decorative
(4) The most comfortable
(5) Preferred by most women
(6) The most durable
(7) Fast color and does not harm clothing
(8) Sure to bring a higher used car value and resale price
(9) Least troublesome to the service man
(10) Always desired when once used.



Question—**When was plush first made?**

Answer—Plush was first made in the Orient so long ago that the date is not on record. Its manufacture started in Europe in the fourteenth century, and at that time it was generally used for ecclesiastical vestments, royal and state robes. It was considered the most magnificent textile in medieval times, just as now it is the most prized of modern fabrics.

Question—**When did Collins & Aikman start the manufacture of plush?**

Answer—This company was established in 1845, one of the first companies to manufacture plush in this country, and is today probably the largest manufacturer of automobile plush in the world.

Question—**How are most closed cars upholstered?**

Answer—The majority of fine closed cars in use today are upholstered in Collins & Aikman plush.

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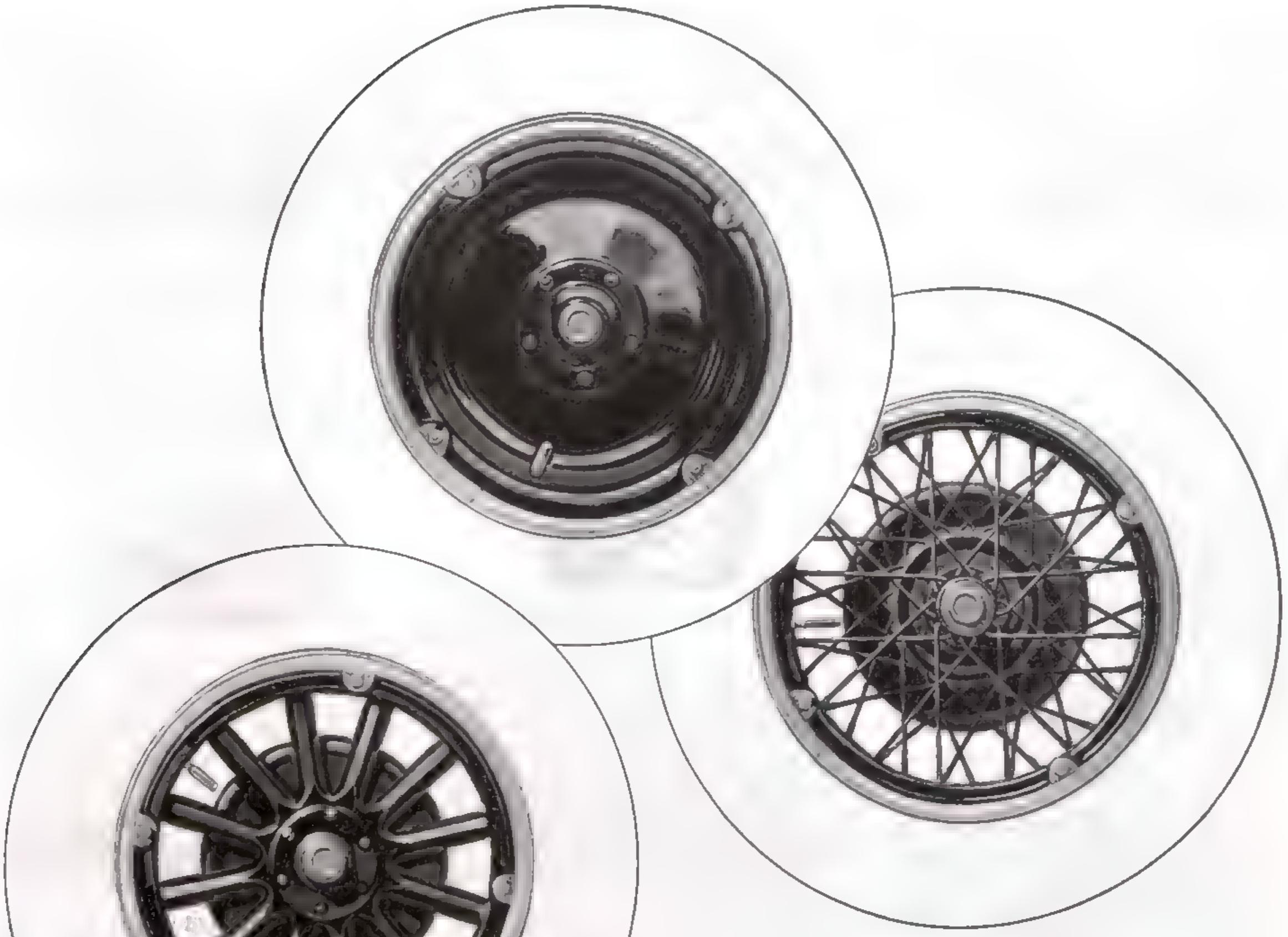

For Every Wheel Requirement

The public sets the style in wheels. What type wheel will be selected no one can say—it is a matter of personal opinion. But there is one statement that can be made without possibility of contradiction—motorists want good wheels; safe wheels; wheels of consistent quality. They quite evidently find exactly what they want in Hayes Wheels. Increasing demand *proves* it.

So that choice may not be limited to one particular type of wheel, Hayes offers *every* type—Wood, Wire and Disc. The public realizes that thirty-six million Hayes Wood, Wire and Disc Wheels in service during 16 years *means* something. The motorist recognizes that the name "Hayes" on the lug denotes the genuine; takes advantage of this knowledge and enjoys the advantages Hayes Wheels and only Hayes Wheels can give in any type wheel that is desired.

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

"Look under the fender"—find the Attached-Lug.

Look on the Attached-Lug—find the name "Hayes."

(Continued from Page 149)

also in furious action, in a persistent quick series of detonations blotted every few seconds by the splitting crash of the heavier guns.

He glanced up to perceive, with a shock of alarm, the leading flight of the enemy almost directly overhead. He could see the recognition signs on the undersides of their wings. Something was falling from them like heavy rain streaks gleaming in the sun. Under him the ship swerved again with a violent wrench. There was a quick run of harsh explosions, and a group of geysers leaped up from the sea. He glanced again toward the sky. The flight of aeroplanes had passed behind them and, as he looked, one burst into flames and plunged downward.

His attention was caught by another little swarm of machines—heavier, these—that were circling in a maneuver to their flank and suddenly rushing downward, purposefully, toward the sea. Torpedo droppers! He knew it instinctively, waited—his heart seeming to stop—for the catastrophe. Shells were bursting among those planes also, and between them and the ship three destroyers raced madly to interpose the impenetrable dense wall of their vomited black smoke. It was all a matter of seconds—seconds as long as minutes. The torpedo droppers swooped, it seemed, into that wall of smoke itself; and instantly the ship wrenched herself round, firing furiously into the brown-black fog. From it the sea was suddenly streaked with long white tracks, extending as they swiftly approached. Torpedoes! Again a violent wrench, as, at full speed, the helm took effect. He waited for the final awful crash. It did not come. The tracks sped past them to port and starboard, searing the disturbed surface of the sea.

The ship passed through the whelm of the smoke screen—for a moment it blotted out his vision of the deck below—emerged to comparative clarity, to a sight of three aeroplanes caught, like flies in treacle, by the waves that swamped over them; to a sight of four others wheeling upward and away at close range. The ship spoke with, it seemed, one concentrated voice, one shattering crash of sound and violent concussion. Two of those machines vanished in flashes of bright flame, were only fiery fragments that hurtled to the sea. The others rose like birds the sportsman has missed.

That was on his left, on the port side of the ship. His attention was suddenly attracted by something happening on the other side, by a sharp hammering of metal on metal in his close vicinity. He glanced round. Overtaking them from behind, an aeroplane—looming dreadfully large—was almost level with them, was emitting a stream of machine-gun bullets at the control top. Even as, instinctively, he ducked for protection—with sharp whip-cracks vicious over his head—a man fell heavily upon him, knocking the breath out of his body.

He lay there for a long time, in a cold paralysis of terror. He lay there even after that horrible hammering of metal on metal had ceased, lay trying to shut his ears to the chaos of violent noise that still continued around him. In that noise, like a voice heard unreally through a nightmare, came still, regularly, steadily, the deep bass intonation of figures. Presently that voice ceased, and with it ceased the confused crashing clamor of the guns. There was a silence—an odd uncanny silence after so violent a conflict of sound. A temporary lull? He lay and waited, not yet daring to move. The silence continued. Near him, suddenly, a voice spoke coolly, normally, as if into a telephone. He moved his head, glanced round to see a pleasant-looking officer seated at some dial-like instrument speaking into a thick voice tube in front of him.

"Quite all right," he was saying. "Three casualties—two ratings and the civilian. Yes. We got off well." The politician gasped. He was being reported as a casualty! With an effort he rose to his knees. The officer at the voice pipe saw him, smiled. "Cancel the civilian," he added, into the tube. "He's still alive and kicking. Right-o!" He replaced the stopper on the pipe, turned benevolently to the politician. "I thought you were hit," he said, "when that fellow came popping off at us. He had nerve all right—but one of our A. A.'s got him of course. He was asking for it." He took out a brandy flask from his pocket, offered it. "Here, have a swig at this. You'll feel better."

The politician took a long swig, and did feel a little better.

"What has happened?" he asked shakily. "Have we won?"

The pleasant-faced officer smiled at him, his teeth white through a grime of soot.

"Well, we've won for the moment. Beaten 'em off with heavy loss. I don't think he'll try that again for a little while. But we've lost the aircraft carrier and three T. B. D.'s; and two light cruisers and one of our sister ships are pretty badly damaged. We haven't had time to size things up properly yet."

The politician drew himself to his feet and looked once more over the steel wall of the control top. There was now no rush of wind. The ship was moving so slowly that she seemed almost to be stopped. A haze of smoke still lay over the sea. At a little distance one of the large cruisers that had originally steamed parallel with them was lying motionless in a heavy list. From the side high out of the sea, water was streaming in half a dozen white cataracts. Her pumps were evidently furiously at work. Her guns, all of them slewed round to the uninjured beam to assist in redressing the equilibrium, stuck up at an odd angle to the horizon. A couple of destroyers circled slowly around her. From her bridge platform her searchlight winked unceasingly in transmission of bright white signals.

Farther away, one of the light cruisers, likewise motionless, was heavily down by the bows, and another one was all but hidden in the smother of brown smoke and white steam that issued from her amidships. She had been fairly hit by a succession of bombs, two of which had penetrated to the engine rooms. So the officer seated by his instruments informed him.

The weird-looking aircraft carrier had totally disappeared.

"Sunk by torpedoes," said the officer, in answer to his question. "Distinctly annoying. We've still got a good many planes left, and they've nowhere to go. Half of 'em will get smashed up while they are being hoisted aboard, and those that aren't smashed will be waterlogged and useless. These cruisers are designed to carry one plane each on the after hangar; they don't pretend to be floating aerodromes. And we could do with some pretty strong aerial scouting just now," he concluded with emphasis.

"Why?" asked the politician, in a spasm of fresh alarm. "Isn't the fight over then?" He had privately been wondering how on earth—now that the danger was over—he was going to get down again to the comfortable normality of the deck.

The pleasant-faced officer smiled at him.

"That little scrap is over, certainly. But—unless I'm very much mistaken in the enemy's conduct of the noble art of war—at any moment we may see his battle cruisers come up over the horizon to finish us off. His aircraft have done their job—located us, brought us to action, and held us for him. I'm willing to bet my shirt his big ships are not far off."

The politician stared at him. If his face had not also been so grotesquely grimed with smoke it would have been a ghastly white.

"But doesn't the admiral know that? Why is he lingering here if we're in this danger?"

"He knows well enough, but you don't expect him to abandon half his squadron, do you? He'll only do that if it comes to the bitter worst—and not even then!"

The politician swept his gaze around the horizon. He had no idea from which direction the enemy ships might come, but in no direction did he see any signs of them. He saw only their own seven ships, three of them wounded, and the destroyers circling about them in a precaution against possible submarines. Away up in the blue sky were several aeroplanes; presumably their own, since no one fired at them.

A quarter of an hour elapsed.

"One of our birds has seen something," remarked the officer suddenly. "Look! Signal to all vessels!"

As he spoke the bunting broke out again on the halyards of the other ships—acknowledging and repeating signal flags out of sight below the platform on which they were. Other signals followed. Volumes of smoke again began to pour from the funnels of all the ships, even the damaged ones; he noticed that the cruiser near them had already recovered something of her list. They began to move, shook themselves out into formation, swung round onto a new course evidently indicated by the flagship, steamed forward. The sun was no longer behind them; they had turned south.

Almost simultaneously a gong sounded on the platform. The officer took out the plug of the voice pipe, spoke into it.

"Hello?"

An answering voice came from the pipe.

"Aircraft report. Four enemy cruisers forty miles E. S. E. course S. W.; four battle cruisers approaching fifteen miles 150 Green, course south."

The officer repeated the message, repeated the latter half of it again into another voice pipe. Following the officer's quick upward glance the politician saw, above his head, on a yet higher platform, a pair of great steel-tube horizontal arms swing slowly round. It was the range finder.

"What does 150 Green mean?" he asked.

"Almost behind us—on our starboard quarter. They're after us—as I thought." The pleasant-faced officer looked less pleasant, his lips compressed.

"Can't we get away from them?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"We just might—if we hadn't got knocked about by their aircraft. We are scheduled for thirty knots. His battle cruisers do twenty-seven. But we are not doing twenty; can't do more unless we abandon our lame ducks. And, even if we bolt, his cruisers do thirty-three. They're converging to cut us off."

He was interrupted by the communication of another signal. The enemy battle cruisers, it appeared, had slightly changed course, were approaching at full speed.

Anxious and haggard, the politician looked back to the quarter of the horizon indicated to him as that from which danger threatened.

There was nothing to be seen; not even a smudge of smoke. It seemed fantastically incredible that that clear horizon could hold the menace of imminent death.

The officer spoke again.

"That's what we've got to thank our politicians in the talking shop for," he said bitterly.

The politician made no answer. Suddenly chilled to the marrow he resigned himself with a desperate fatalism. He would have liked to go down to the deck again, to hide himself somewhere before the great shells began to arrive; up here he felt nakedly exposed to them; but he did not dare to attempt that perilous descent alone, did not dare to ask for assistance. In this momentous business of life or death he was a mere cipher—thankful if he could efface himself, not be in the way.

The time passed. He stood with his eyes held morbidly fascinated on the point of the horizon behind them, behind the rolling smoke from their funnels, toward which the officer also gazed through his binoculars. With despair he recognized that the ship was moving through the water much more slowly than before the air attack. Even at this speed some of the other ships were lagging behind. He mentally urged the vessel on, in a frenzy of savage impatience that

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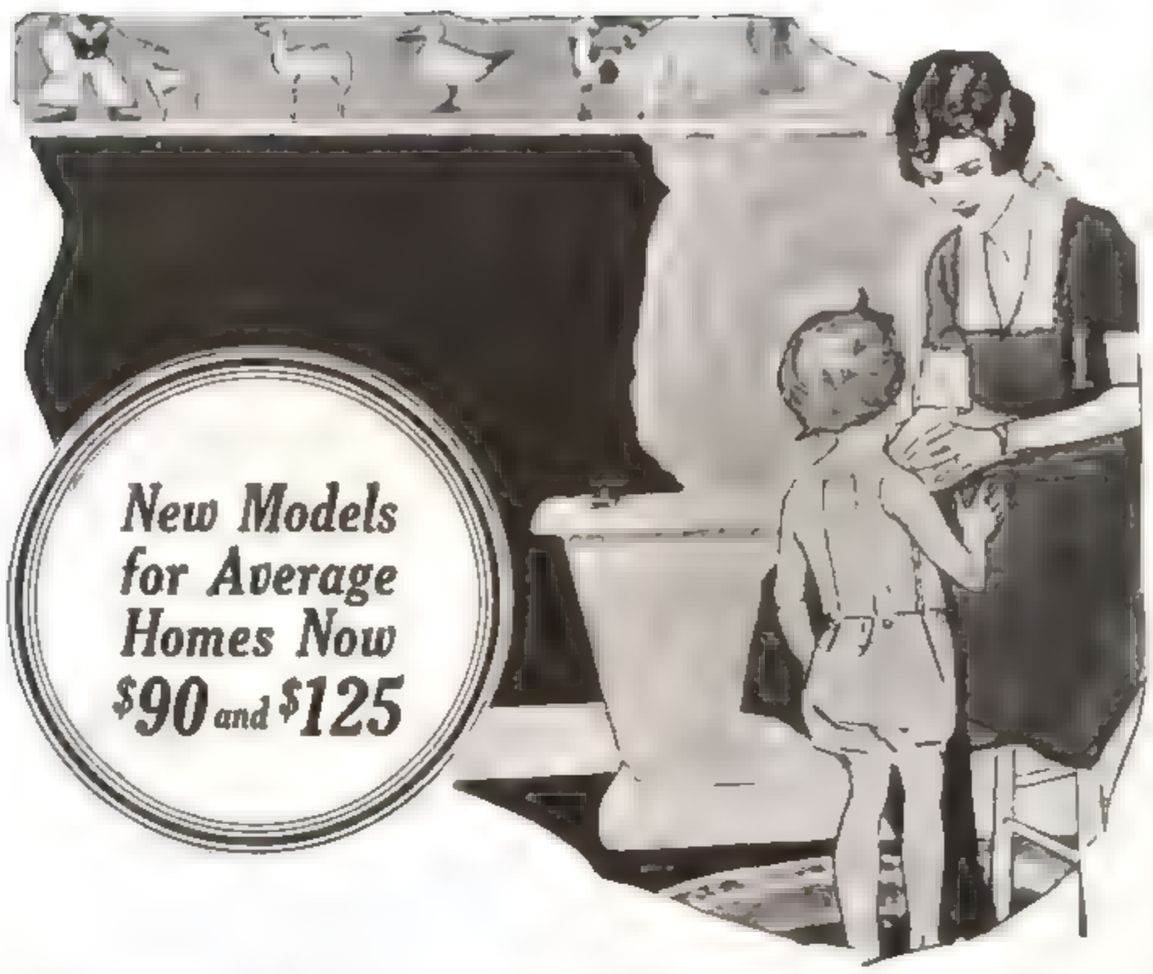

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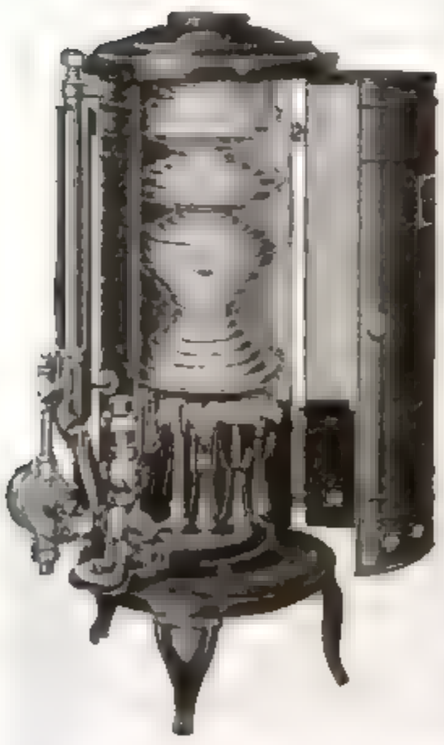

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was exasperatingly impotent for any translation into effect, drummed with his feet upon the platform. The minutes seemed timeless, an immensely long agony of suspense in which the signal messages transmitted to the control top had no other significance for him than the bare one of the ever closer proximity of the unseen enemy. Aeroplanes were in the sky between them and the fatal direction; he wondered if they were hostile machines, reporting them.

Suddenly the deep bass voice already familiar to him began once more to intone.

"Two-three-five-double-ho! Two-three-four-double-ho!"

The officers in the control top, the one with whom he had conversed and two others, were immediately busy with dials and instruments beyond his comprehension. Was it now? He stared at that distant horizon, saw nothing. A pair of binoculars lay on the platform. He snatched them up, focused them on the far-off junction of sea and sky. Yes! He could just see four slender pyramids projecting over the rim of the ocean—the mast structures of following ships.

Behind him the voice was still intoning, slowly and deliberately, at intervals of less than half a minute.

"Two-three-ho-double-ho! Two-two-nine-double-ho! Two-two-eight-double-ho!"

Suddenly there was a quick monstrous sound as of a railway train hurtling through the upper air, four vicious crashes, and simultaneously he saw four large founts of water rise, with a curious slowness, higher and higher from the sea behind them, until they seemed as high as the masthead. Just as they subsided he heard what seemed a roll of distant thunder from the far horizon.

The next instant their own guns had fired in a deafening smash of sound, a violent jerk and shake of the ship. And while his head still rang with it there came again that monstrous invisible railway train, and again four shattering, riving crashes as the sea sent up four slowly rising gigantic spouts of water.

They were nearer this time—much nearer! He stared at them in a horrible fascination, childishly interested in the resounding thudding splash as the upflung mass of water fell again into the sea. At this rate of progression, the next salvo would strike them. The ship swerved abruptly from her course. An instant later, another monstrously screaming invisible railway train hurtled overhead to terminate in violent explosion, and from the sea on their starboard beam four geysers leaped up to commence again that uncanny slow climb.

"Two-two-four-double-ho!" came, unperturbed, the deep bass chant of the range taker.

The ship was hitting back at the enemy, rapidly, violently, in deafening; quickly reiterated concussions, from every gun that would bear. He could not see the effect of their shells. They were falling somewhere at the horizon line; he caught a glimpse once or twice of glistening pinnacles of water against the sky, near those pyramidal superstructures that were now ominously larger. He glanced at the other ships near them. The two larger ones were also firing, each with the five guns that could be trained astern; the smaller ships were silent, their guns impotent at this range. Great spouts of water were leaping up around them all. He saw suddenly the tracks of torpedoes speeding away from their own ships, going on a forlorn hope to meet the enemy rushing toward them.

"Two-two-two-double-ho!"

The range taker's voice was swallowed in the hurtling overhead roar and shriek, the violent quadruple crash. The founts of water sprang up, overtopping them, two on each side of them, just ahead—fell, the nearest of them, with a thudding deluge upon the deck that swamped and shook the ship as she swerved abruptly to dodge the next. They came—where the ship should have been. He could hardly bring himself to believe that these fascinating upgushes of water were, in cold fact, imminently deadly; they seemed merely beautiful natural phenomena, strange and exotic, as they rose higher and higher and hung for a moment glittering in the sun. His brain refused to connect them with that hurtling mad railway train—those dozens of mad railway trains that were now shrieking always invisible through air that was permanently filled with deep rolling thunder.

Something caught his eye—a great mushroom vomit of smoke above which a small boat was turning Catherine wheels in the air. It was where their parallel sister ship had been. A couple of lesser waterspouts were still poised beside it. He could not grasp the horror of that sudden annihilation; again it seemed dreamlike, unreal.

It could not be full battle yet—surely. The enemy were yet too far away. It would be even worse presently. In the sickening fear of it he turned his binoculars to that horizon where four hulls showed clearly now under the tall superstructures, saw a rippling twinkle of yellowish light, queerly vivid in the sunshine, come from among them.

"Two-one-five-double-ho!"

There was a great flash of blindingly intense flame before the lenses of his glasses. He did not hear anything—no one on that ship, suddenly split asunder, heard anything—any more.

Some hundreds of miles to the eastward, an enemy transport, laden with heavy fortress artillery, peacefully pursued its course toward Mang.

The Great Sand Dunes Near the San Isabel National Forest, Colorado

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Husky, six-cylinder engine—high-powered, and developed and tested by years of usage,

Double-frame anchoring of major units—long a Reo feature,

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Manufactured as an entirety (not assembled) in the big Reo shops, and promptly serviced by Reo dealers or Reo factory branches throughout the country.

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Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transport.

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Decidedly different, smart designs and downright durability make the Super Quality Paris easily worth your dollar

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GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Discriminating men appreciate the style and comfort of these dare-to-be-different-and-better garters. The Super Quality Paris, in single and double grips, are the finest garters ever made — See them at your dealer's.

Super Quality $1 — Others as low as 25c

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO 5

Time for a fresh pair?

DOWN THE STRETCH

(Continued from Page 27)

of Jesse James. When Frank quit being a desperado he washed the slate clean. He was going straight as a string when I knew him, and there were plenty of chances for him to cheat me. I remember once when the books opened Khaftan at four to five, expecting me to come along and back him off the boards. But when they didn't see my money, Khaftan's price went up to four and five to one and it was then that James went around the ring dropping small bets here and there that counted up to a good-sized wager in the aggregate. It would have been easy enough for him to have told me that some of my money had gone down at the short price. That wasn't James' way. He brought the tickets along to show me what odds he had received. They were the top of the market.

You'd never have suspected Frank James of being one of the notorious brothers who held up trains and caused a reign of terror through the Middle West in the early days. He looked more like a country storekeeper or farmer. Sometimes we'd sit around after the day's business was done and he'd open up his heart and tell me about his past. I asked him how it happened that he and Jesse had ever turned to banditing. He told me it was because they had been embittered by the crimes the Civil War outlaws had committed against his family. One of his family—I believe it was his mother—had been shot and terribly wounded by one of these cutthroats who fought for neither side and preyed on unprotected families of both. When this happened he and Jesse pledged themselves to get even with the world.

While the police of the entire country were looking for Frank James he was racing a small string of his own horses at Nashville, Tennessee, under another name. He told me that George Rice was training for him at the time and that nobody had the slightest suspicion who he was. He liked the excitement of being hunted, and he especially liked the way he could parade around in the open, right under the eyes of those who were looking for him. One day he rode in a race that called for the horses to be ridden by gentlemen jockeys. He won. And among those who cheered him and his horse as they crossed the finish line were undoubtedly some of the very people who had descriptions of him in their pockets and were trying to land him in prison.

Frank James' Surrender

The longing to get back his own identity and to mingle again with his friends as a free man was the thing that finally caused him to surrender. He used to tell me how he wrote to the governor of Missouri and asked for some assurance he would receive a fair trial if he gave himself up. The governor replied that he would be treated fairly.

When he surrendered he unstrapped a revolver hidden under his coat and laid it down before the officials.

"I surrender," he said to them. "I surrender, and there's my gun. From the day I got it there's never a man except me had a hand on that gun before. It's the first time I haven't had it right where I could get it in a hurry when need be. If Jesse hadn't been so careless with his gun he'd be here today."

Whatever else there might have been in Frank James' life, he was loyal to a friend. And what finer thing can you run across in this world than loyalty? It's easy for any of us to get beaten and it's hard to win. You don't have to look for those who will help you to lose—they're everywhere. And after you've won you'll find plenty who are ready to string along and help you win a little more, hoping that they may do a little winning on their own account meantime. But the loyalty that comes from the heart is the kind that has no strings to it and is given without hope of return. I've found my share of it in my time. The names are all there, written plainly on a chart that's stored away somewhere in me, I don't just know where myself; and it makes me feel at peace with all mankind when I think of the joys that have come to me through loyal friends.

Sometimes you miss loyalty where you look for it most and find it where you expect it least. There was Mah Chuck, my cook for twenty-four years. He came to me from James B. Haggin and for nearly a quarter of a century he worked over a hot stove in my kitchen, cooking food fit for the angels to eat and always standing pat at his post when those who knew of his genius held out the lure of more money to get him away from my home. Once I arranged for him to go with a racing stable to England. He kicked up a fuss, but finally gave in to my advice. One day when I thought the Atlantic Ocean still separated him from us the door of our kitchen was thrown open and there stood Mah Chuck, dropping in on us as if from the skies.

"Me come back. Me no like work England. Me like work for boss. Me come back to stay," he announced, returning to his old familiar place at the stove and giving the grate a shake, as though the fire he had built there had never gone out. And there he stayed, solid as a rock and faithful to me and mine, until he thought the time had come when loyalty to his family told him to go back to China and to them.

For thirty years or more he had toiled over a kitchen range, hoarding his money and denying himself that he might bring cheer to the folks back home, especially the Chinese woman he had married on one of the trips to China he made while working for me.

Loyalty from High and Low

And there is Pete, his successor in my kitchen, who has been with me these long years since Mah Chuck went home. Over the vista of years I can go along picking them out here and there from the places that are not always high and mighty—places we might not even see if we carry our noses too high, but that are dignified and—yes, sanctified by the true and faithful souls that dwell with them.

Loyalty! It is the one quality I like above all others in men; in animals too—in horses and dogs. Out near the stables of the old Ingleside race track in California there is a grave in the green fields where rests one of God's most faithful creatures—my English bulldog Coke, who was with me for thirteen years. Whenever I go to California nowadays I always wander out to the spot where Coke lies, for I know his soul still haunts the place and I can see him again as he was, with his sly little tricks and his smart ways, getting the most out of life in his play, and staunch and faithful in his work.

Coke lived in the stables and knew horses better than any dog I ever saw—and better than some humans. When he was a pup he used to stand and watch us, one ear cocked up in that puzzled way pups have, as we would straighten out a horse that had cast himself on his back against the side of the stall and couldn't regain his feet. He got to understand what it was all about—that a cast horse is in trouble and that somebody has to help him out. And so when he got a little bigger and one of the horses would get cast and there was nobody around to release him, Coke would tackle the job by himself. Many a time I've found him tugging at a horse's mane trying to pull him away from the side of the stall. Every now and then he'd stop and bark for help, but he'd never stop trying to do what he could until I or one of the stable hands would arrive.

In the evening, after the stalls had been fixed for the night and the day's work was done, Coke would sometimes slip away

Natural Crepe Rubber Soles

for

Everybody's Sports and Everyday Wear

What the leading Golfers say:

Bobby Cruickshank, Shackamaxon

"I use them all the time. They afford real comfort."

John Farrell, Quaker Ridge

"give even ground grip and they conform to the shape of the feet."

In any sport, where *quick sure-footedness aids your game,* natural crepe rubber soles will make you a better performer. It is particularly so of golf, tennis, walking, yachting, bowling, hand-ball, a dozen others. *And this is not guess-work!* Champions at these sports have *tested* crepe rubber soles—*in championship contests.* Without a single exception of which we know, they have found them . . . . —*aids to speed, savers of energy and "punch."*

The Tennis Association endorses Natural Crepe Rubber Soles

BY an overwhelming vote the delegates banned the use of spiked shoes in tennis tournaments, except in cases where the tournament committee may permit them to be worn. There was a great deal of discussion on the proposition in which it was brought out that a new crepe sole shoe has been found so satisfactory for use that there no longer is any necessity for the wearing of spikes.

N. Y. Times, Feb. 3, 1924.

For Everyday Wear

You will now be able to find your regular shoes at your regular shoe store equipped with Natural Crepe Rubber.

Your favorite style clad with crepe will look just the same as it always did—the sole no thicker—but it will wear much longer and pave the streets with velvet for every step you take.

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[*Plantation Finished*]

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If they are Better Plastering they are as flawless as the day they were finished, though that may have been years ago.

Home owners, today, realize that the permanent beauty of plastering is assured by reinforcing with steel that will not swell, nor shrink, nor warp, nor burn.

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By the thousands the "Better Plastering" book has been requested by home builders.

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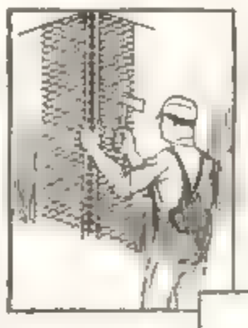
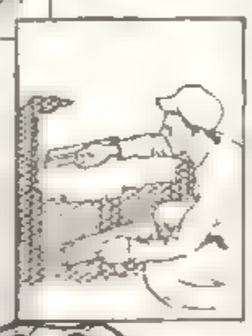


The Lather
As the craftsmen of long ago built for the centuries, so does the lather today prefer to use a base that reinforces the plastering and preserves its beauty



The Plasterer
The modern master of the trowel prefers to work on a lath that makes his work permanent. He strives for beauty and takes pride in its ability to defy the years.

BETTER PLASTERING

METAL LATH TO REINFORCE AND PRESERVE

from the barns and disappear through a hole in the fence not far off. I knew where he'd gone—out to the paddock, where he would leave a bone on top of a little stone retaining wall and then lie in wait for one of the other dogs to come and get it. He was a fighting devil. As soon as another dog had appeared and interfered with that bone Coke would make for him and away he'd scurry after the thief along the top of the wall. Sometimes he would miss his footing and take a splash into the drain water and that would make him hopping mad, for he'd not only get a good soaking but he'd lose the dog he was chasing. But if he ever caught up to the hound that had tried to steal his bone he'd give him a lesson never to be forgotten.

Hearing all the noise, I would go over to the barn and whistle for Coke. He understood that I didn't want him to fight. So while I was looking at him through one of the windows where he couldn't see me, he'd peek through the hole in the fence to see if I was around. If the road was clear he'd make a dash for our house, which stood a short piece off, and hide himself under the bed in my room. Then when I'd enter the room a few minutes later he'd come creeping from under the bed and yawn and stretch himself as though he'd been sound asleep for hours.

At night Coke would go over to the barns and sleep in the straw of one of the stalls. A better night watchman I never had working for me. At the slightest unusual noise he'd set up a growling and barking that would have scared away anybody who wasn't there on the right kind of business. And he was still standing guard like that when I entered the stable one morning and found him squatted on his haunches and half leaning against the door jamb. He didn't move as I opened the door.

"What's the matter, old boy? Are you sick?" I asked.

I patted his head. It was stone cold and his body was rigid. He was dead—poisoned by someone around the place who didn't like dogs.

The richest stakes you win in this world are the ones most worth striving for and the hardest to land. In the summer of 1892, when I was just a few months past twenty-six, I carried off the greatest prize that has ever come to me in all my fifty-nine years. And as in everything worth while, I didn't succeed without a struggle all the way, from the drop of the flag until I had carried my colors past the winning post. Right up to the last minute I wasn't sure the stewards wouldn't disqualify me.

The Biggest of All Stakes

On July Fourth of that year I was strolling through the streets of Saratoga with Tully Coulter, Fred Burlew, his trainer, and Jimmie Coulter, Tully's nephew. Near the center of town we encountered two charming young ladies, Miss Mary E. Cook and her sister Anna, who were known to Fred Burlew. We stopped and chatted for a few minutes and then young Jimmie Coulter and I decided we'd seen enough of Tully and Fred for the afternoon and we asked the girls if we might join them on their walk. They told us to come along and I edged over to Miss Mary. There was something about her that suited me right down to the ground. She was winsome and pretty and had a nice saucy little way of talking.

Now I've always had a lot of confidence in my ability to foresee things. Before that afternoon was over I knew I was running for the most valuable stake I'd ever gone after. And I knew it wasn't going to be any walkover, either, for Miss Mary had been a little shocked when she found out that I was a racing man; and I could see I'd have to do a lot of talking to make her understand I wasn't so bad as the people of Saratoga had painted horse owners, trainers, jockeys, and the like. Saratoga, a racing town too! You'd have thought everybody in Saratoga was so used to racing that they'd recovered from the notion that we were such bad eggs. But Miss Mary hadn't—not entirely—and as near as I could gather, her folks had less.

I'll say for Miss Mary Cook that she was a level-headed girl. All her life she'd never heard anything but how terrible horsemen were, and she'd never been inside a race track; but in three days her new teacher convinced her that racing people were so goody-goody the jockeys sang psalms between races, trainers preached sermons while they saddled their horses, and owners went around in sackcloth and ashes, with bowed heads.

The Hildreth luck was sticking. Here I'd gone and beaten the barrier in the biggest of all stakes and the only way I could lose was on a disqualification. The town gossips were seeing to that end of it. They'd told Mary's mother and father that I was a married man with a big family of kids calling for me back home. And though Mary and her sister Anna fought hard for me, I'm afraid the stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, would not only have disqualified me but ruled me off forever if Fred Burlew hadn't heard about it and taken a hand. The Cooks knew Fred well and he knew me well. His testimony carried the day.

Awarded the Prize

But the skies weren't clear yet. There was a new priest at the Cooks' church in Saratoga and he wanted us to wait for a week or two. You see, I'm not what you might call a regular churchgoer, being just a plain member of all the churches. At any rate Frank Farrell, who afterward owned the New York Yankee baseball team and who was running some horses at Saratoga then, said he'd take us down to New York and get Father McCready at the Church of the Holy Cross, in West Forty-second Street, to marry us. That was agreeable to everybody concerned and the same evening a party of us took the Albany boat for New York. Besides Mary and myself and Frank Farrell, there were Mary's sister Anna, who was later married to Frank M. Taylor, a racing associate of mine; Miss Jennie Pearl Kelly, who became Mrs. Tom Welch, wife of one of the best-known American trainers in Europe; and George Miller, a horse owner, starter and later trainer for Mrs. L. A. Livingston. It was 100 per cent racing company that saw Father McCready award me the prize on August 4, 1892, just one month after I'd entered for the biggest stake of my whole career.

It is here that I come back to Jim Brown, the runt sheriff of Lee County, Texas. About twenty years had passed since the time I'd first seen Sheriff Jim, when his Gray Alice had beaten my father's mare Red Morocco in a quarter-mile race on the prairie. Both of us had moved along in the racing world since that day. I'd run across him several times meanwhile on the Eastern and Western tracks and I was acquainted with the success he was having. He owned some good horses, among them Bobby Beach, a sprinter with a great flight of speed.

Bobby had won his first race on Futurity Day at the fall meeting at Sheepshead Bay in 1890, romping away from the seven-to-ten favorite, Meriden. He had gone to the post at six to one and Brown and his friends had cleaned up a fortune. In his next start the Brown sprinter was beaten by Mabel Glen, but on his third try he was again returned a winner, leading Clarendon home, and the Texas betting crowd walked off with another huge killing. That year Bobby Beach won every other race but one, a total of fifteen firsts out of eighteen starts. In 1891 Brown owned the two-year-old Addie M, winner of twelve races, afterward bought by Pierre Lorillard for $9000. In 1892 he owned the best two-year colt and the best year-old filly in the West, G. W. Johnson and Red Banner.

In the intervening years from the days of prairie racing, Brown had become known as a fellow who was either your good friend or your bitter enemy. There was no halfway

(Continued on Page 161)

One Dollar

Get acquainted with this great big dollar

IT'S the dollar that buys a Topkis Union Suit—a union suit with the quality, comfort and wear you have always wanted.

A miracle of value in these days!

Look at this line-up!

Fine fabric—like higher-priced underwear. Both pajama checks and fancy patterns.

Cut on generous lines for men who step out with shoulders back and head up.

Tailored the Topkis way with extra strength in seams and stitching; with careful needlework. Fine pearl buttons, too.

Dollar Topkis is exactly the underwear you need for the overheated days ahead.

Get plenty of Topkis—a box of six suits costs only $6.00—and enjoy the satisfaction of frequent changes. Ask your dealer.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices, 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York
Write for free illustrated booklet

When you buy underwear—men's, boys' or children's, look for this label—

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

ROLLS-ROYCE
Upholstered Throughout in Leather

SIMPLICITY, richness and elegance now dominate correct style.

Nothing is so rich in appearance, so refined, so indicative of good taste, as Leather.

Whether it is in those serviceable street shoes, the dressy evening shoe, your hand-bag, your luggage or in the rich upholstery of your closed automobile, nothing can equal it in appearance.

Its utility is unquestioned. It is as essential to health and comfort as it is to that desired appearance of refinement.

A good American leather bag, suitcase or trunk will last a lifetime. It is economical in the end to pay more for the real article. Leather luggage is an indication of good taste. It trade-marks its owner as one solidly successful. Leather luggage never will look cheap or trashy.

Leather is your trade-mark of Success

Successful people in this prosperous country of ours *look* successful. Extreme style, bizarre colors, conspicuous clothes, substitute materials denote a lack of poise and are indicative of cheapness and imitation.

The extreme styles in shoes that were popular in times of disorder following the war are no longer tolerated by those who are our acknowledged style-leaders. With a return to sober thinking and solid prosperity naturally comes a desire for elegance and the appearance of success. It is most interesting to see how completely leather enters into this scheme of living.

Instinctively the man of position surrounds himself with the best—unconsciously he rejects the suspicion of a makeshift. Notice the shoes of our leaders in life of today, men and women, and you will see a solid elegance about their footwear: real beauty, real quality, with an unmistakable evidence of real service.

Cheap, ill-fitting, flimsy shoes don't go with an appearance of success. They look what they are—a shoddy piece of merchandise, a poor copy of the real thing.

No Dirt — No Germs — Just Comfort and Beauty —

Beautiful leather upholstery is rapidly becoming a necessity in closed cars. All of us appreciate and demand the beauty and comfort which leather so perfectly supplies.

Leather for car interiors comes in endless colors and designs, far richer in tones and more beautiful in every way than anything else you can get.

Leather is comfortable—it is cooler in summer and holds no dampness in winter. Women prefer it because wraps do not cling to it nor dresses become disarranged or stretched when riding for any time. Men prefer it, for even though bundled in the heaviest of coats, it is easy to slip in or out of the driver's seat.

Leather is a guardian of health. No dust or germs hide in leather. The lightest and most delicate of clothing is not soiled by leather.

Leather outwears the car. Think what this means in the resale value of your car. It takes half as much time to clean a leather upholstered car. Oil, mud or rain will not stain leather

We all want comfort, cleanliness and elegance in our cars. Leather gives all of these

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

AMERICAN LEATHER PRODUCERS, INC.
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 158)

business with him. He might be for you today, but if he had any reason to suspect you weren't playing on the square he'd be against you tomorrow. I used to see him often with Big Ed Corrigan, the master of Hawthorne and one of the best-known turfmen of the West. A strange pair they made, the sheriff a small bundle of nerves who barely reached up to the shoulder of the stolid Corrigan. At times they were on the best of terms; at other times Jim Brown would shake his little fists at Corrigan, reminding you of a snappy little terrier snarling at a great Dane.

"Panther-Face, Panther-Face!" he'd cry. "I'll shoot you full of holes if you ain't careful, Panther-Face!"

"Easy, Jim, easy," Corrigan would say. From his expression I think he had it in mind that the sheriff was right handy with a gun.

Garfield Park had originally been used for trotting; but when Washington Park was opened it no longer drew the crowds, and finally closed its gates. It had been on the market for two years when the Illinois Legislature passed a bill making city pool rooms illegal, but permitting pools to be sold and books made at tracks where racing was held. Corrigan saw the chance, got the lease for Thoroughbred racing and under his management the track proved a bonanza. But when the owners tried to raise the rent Corrigan refused to give in to their demands and retaliated by building the Hawthorne track at Cicero, a suburb of Chicago.

George V. Hankins, a Chicago gambler, who raced his horses in the name of the Chicago Stable and who owned Terra Cotta and other fast horses, got a group of Chicago politicians in with him and they reopened Garfield. Eugene Leigh, the same Eugene who brought Epinard over here from France last year, was Hankins' trainer. The new operators of the track were anxious to give prestige to it so that the public would have confidence and the better class of owners be drawn to it. So they arranged with Col. M. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, to serve as presiding judge. Colonel Clark was a fine old Southern gentleman who had an unblemished reputation on the turf and was a credit to it. His presence in the stand was a guaranty of clean sport.

The Raid at Garfield Park

Garfield could be reached by cable car from any part of Chicago for five cents. The city became race crazy. Every race day great crowds flocked to the track. The new plant Corrigan had built at Hawthorne was deserted and Corrigan had to close down, after a futile fight to force Garfield out of existence. Hankins and the politicians associated with him just laughed at Corrigan. And when Mayor Washburne took a hand and refused to issue a license to them they had a bill rushed through the Board of Aldermen allowing them to race on payment of $100 every day racing took place. Washburne vetoed the ordinance and ordered the police to stop racing at Garfield. But Hankins, with Mike McDonald, the Democratic boss, standing in the background, defied the mayor.

This was the way things were going in Chicago when I arrived there the first week of September, 1892, on my honeymoon. On September fifth I went out to the track to arrange stable room for my horses, which were on their way to Chicago from Saratoga, being due to arrive the next day. That very afternoon the police battered down the gates and rounded up about 100 persons, track officials, jockeys, trainers, bookmakers and spectators. I shall never forget the scene when they went to the judges' stand and seized old Colonel Clark, the dignified Southern gentleman.

"Don't dare touch me, suh! Don't dare lay a finger on me!" he roared at the policeman who came for him.

"Come along with me," ordered the policeman, seizing him by the arm and dragging him toward a patrol.

"This is an outrage, a damnable outrage!" the colonel thundered. All the while he was waving his cane vigorously, swishing it at any brass buttons and blue uniforms that came within range. And then to add insult to injury the cops plunked a huge darky down on his lap when they got him into the patrol.

But the track was open again for business the next afternoon. When I arrived there one of the first persons I met was Sheriff Jim Brown.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Hildreth," he called to me as we came face to face. "I believe I owe you a little balance of $150. I'll give it to you sometime later in the afternoon."

But Sheriff Jim Brown never had the chance to pay me the small balance that remained from some horse transaction I'd had with him a few months before that day.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I happened to be standing near the entrance when I heard a commotion outside. In a moment the streets were filled with policemen. I could see their uniforms through the gates. My wife, who was watching it all from a third-story window of a hotel across the way—I think the place was called Pfaff's Pavilion—told me afterward that the police appeared so suddenly they seemed to spring up out of the ground.

I wasn't eager to be riding around Chicago in a police patrol while I was on my honeymoon, so I ran to the entrance and hurried out into the street through one of the gates that happened to be open. As I ran I removed a horseshoe fob hanging from my watch chain. That was the badge of a horseman. I didn't want the police to see it.

Thrills of the Old Game

"What's going on—another raid?" I inquired innocently of one of the cops.

"If you want to avoid trouble, you'd better duck away from here, young fellow," the policeman told me; and I ducked to a safe distance, where I could see what was happening.

The police had been warned to be on the watch especially for a little man in gray clothes—"a sagebrush killer who would cause trouble," they had been told. That was Sheriff Jim Brown. The policemen found him over near the stables, standing with Bob Rice, another well-known horseman, taking in the whole scene and cursing the police for their interference. They ordered him to throw up his hands. He refused, but began backing away from them. Then one of the policemen started shooting at his feet. If he'd ever known the little sheriff as I did he would never have taken a chance like that. It fired Brown to a frenzy. There was a flash from his gun and Policeman John Powell lay dead in his tracks, shot through the mouth with Brown's first bullet.

Brown started running toward the Fortieth Street gate of the track. Policeman Henry McDowell followed in pursuit, circled a building and overtook him. He seized the little sheriff by the throat and was overpowering him, when Brown pressed his .44-caliber revolver to McDowell's abdomen and fired, mortally wounding the policeman. By this time a dozen policemen were on the scene. They brought Brown down with a volley of bullets, but there was still a spark of life in his body. Jim Grant, a friend, ran over to him. As he approached, Brown pointed his revolver in Grant's direction.

"You're not going to shoot me, are you?" Grant cried.

"No, but I'm going to shoot that snake hiding over there in the cellar," Brown replied, referring to a policeman who had taken refuge in the window of a basement and had then fired on him. But Sheriff Jim never fired that last shot. He fell back dead before he could pull the trigger.

And nowadays when I see the Suburban run at Belmont Park or the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs and there is never any more excitement than what comes with the finish of a great horse race;

The best thing at the picnic *was the rootbeer she made from* Hires Household Extract

"Who wants rootbeer?" called Mother.
"I do!" shouted everybody.
Then—
"Great!" beamed Dad as he drank.
"Oh, boy!" chuckled Junior.
"Delicious!" murmured Sister over her glass.
"There's plenty more," announced Mother.
"Hooray!" chorused all.

Make delicious rootbeer yourself

In your own home, with a package of Hires Household Extract, you can make the most delicious and healthful drink. No trick at all to do it. No fuss—no muss. It is so easy to mix, so inexpensive and convenient, that thousands of homes are never without it. For every occasion it is the ideal drink.

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and the clubhouse lawns and stands are thronged with women in beautiful gowns, and the aristocrats of the land are blended with the plain people in a picture of gayety and recreation and sunshine, and everything is as peaceful as springtime—I can't help thinking of how different it all was a few years back in the West. Gone are the old quarter horses that fought in their way for the same things their pampered descendants of today struggle for in theirs; gone are the quarter-mile tracks out on the prairie, so utterly different from the great plants of luxury and comfort that have come to take their place; and gone are the Sheriff Jim Browns, who gave to the game a thrill and a touch of color that will never return.

I wonder whether the turf world will ever forget Green B. Morris. He lived in the days I am speaking of, a character so peaceful that you just naturally felt easy with the world when he was around. He spoke in the way of Southerners and he thought in the way of true horsemen. If you were a regular at the track you couldn't get away from knowing Green Morris—and I mean just that, actually knowing him. He was as much a part of the track as the thunder of horses' hoofs, but you never thought of him as you do of thunder. He was more like the calm that comes after the thunder has passed on, more like a summer breeze that blows over the infield and steadies your nerves when things are breaking badly.

Green used to tell me that when he was a boy back in the hills of the South his family was so poor they dressed him in a gunny sack with holes cut in for him to stick his head, arms and legs through. What he ate was what he could scare up. His food was the fruit he could pluck from the trees and vines, and the vegetables he could gather in the fields, and the fish he could catch with his own hands. A solid meal for the entire family was an event in his home. Meat? He hardly knew that humans ate meat.

The Unread Telegram

But Green Morris knew horses when he knew nothing else. He came from a horse country. In '49, when people began to realize there was something to the United States besides what lay east of the Rockies, Green put his knowledge of horseflesh to practical use. He hired out as a driver of a prairie schooner and joined the caravans that were moving to the West. He saved. In time he had a little stake and that got him where he wanted to get. It landed him on the race track, and from the moment he arrived there he never stopped moving until the time I knew him, when he was training for James B. Haggin. Later he owned a fine string of horses on his own account.

Sir Dixon, Checkmate, Judge Morrow, Star Ruby and Strathmeath were some of the horses that ran for Green Morris. With Judge Morrow he won the Brooklyn Handicap, and with Star Ruby a four-mile race at the Bay District track in San Francisco. He made a fortune with his horses, winning stakes and backing them with real money when his own good judgment told him the time was right to bet. And there was never a breath of scandal against him. He played the game square. Phil Dwyer used to say about him, "Green Morris may be lacking a little bit in the fine points of speech, but he's certainly a credit to racing." But the fortune he made on the turf he lost at poker. That was his one weakness. You couldn't suggest a game of poker too high for him. He lost from $200,000 to $300,000 at the poker table.

Green was sensitive about his lack of education. He couldn't read or write, but he didn't like anybody to know that. A story is told about him and Father Bill Daly, who has been around the tracks as a trainer and owner for many years. Like Green, Father Bill had failed to receive any university degrees in his youth. The two were standing together at the track one day when a telegram was handed to Morris. He knew he couldn't read its contents, but it wasn't his intention to let Father Bill in on the secret. Tearing the envelope open, he studied the message intently for a minute or two—it might have been so much Greek for all he knew what it said.

But he was a good actor. He affected a look of the utmost surprise and exclaimed as he handed the telegram to Daly, "Well, what do you think of that?"

Father Bill ran his eyes over the message. He wasn't to be outdone.

"Don't that beat hell!" was his comment.

The only time I ever heard of Green Morris being ruffled was in September, 1892, when Strathmeath was beaten a nose by Montana, Marcus Daly's horse, in the Labor Day Handicap on one of the New York tracks. Little Major Covington rode Strathmeath, and Snapper Garrison, one of the best that ever sat astride a horse, was up on the King Ban-Queen four-year-old from the Daly stable. After the finish Garrison went before the stewards and made a charge that was new in racing then, but has been heard many, many times since. He reported that Covington had caught hold of Montana's rein in the last eighth mile of the race and had held the Daly horse back all through the stretch.

Nose-and-Nose Finishes

I remember how the newspapers and everybody else were dumfounded at such a charge. They called it wild and mad and said that it was taxing anyone's imagination to believe that a rider could hold the bridle of another horse in the stretch run without everybody in the grand stand seeing it. They simply wouldn't believe it could be done. And that may sound strange to racing folks of today, who have heard many of the same kind of charges and have sometimes seen the thing happen with their own eyes.

Major Covington made a countercharge of foul against Garrison, but the stewards didn't allow it. Green Morris thought his rider was justified in lodging the claim. The two things got him all riled up. It made him sore because Garrison had beaten his boy to the officials' stand with the first complaint and it got him more stewed up because the stewards wouldn't listen to Covington's charge. I wasn't at the track at the time, but they told me that Green kicked up an awful fuss. He stomped around the lawn saying the stewards were the blindest bunch of bats he'd ever heard tell of and making a noise that was so unusual for him it made everybody wonder whether he'd been affected by the heat.

Strathmeath was not a truly great race horse, but he won many races and had a habit of figuring in incidents that attracted a lot of attention. On August 29, 1894, at Sheepshead Bay, he ran a dead heat with Mike Dwyer's horse, Don Alonzo, with Red Skin, the only other starter, a head back. Strathmeath at this time had lost a great deal of the form he'd had a few years before, and his performance was one of those freak things an old campaigner does every now and then. The distance was a mile and an eighth. Don Alonzo was a hot favorite at 1 to 2, with Sims up and carrying 122 pounds. Strathmeath was at 10 and 15 to 1, carried 101 pounds and had Reiff in the saddle. The race was supposed to be strictly between Don Alonzo and Red Skin, which was at 9 to 5. I don't reckon even Green Morris had much confidence in his old horse to beat these two good ones.

Mike Dwyer had bet $10,000 against $5000 on Don Alonzo. Now when there is a dead heat, the system for settling bets is to take the total amount at stake on both sides and divide it, half to the better and half to the bookmaker. That means if you happen to be betting on a horse at odds-on, or less than even money, you don't get back as much as you put up, even though your horse is a winner. In Dwyer's case the total sum was $15,000, representing his own $10,000 and the bookmaker's $5000. That sum divided is $7500, the amount he would get back for his $10,000. It meant he would be losing $2500 to the race. With Green Morris and Strathmeath it was different. If Green had bet, say, $500 on his horse against $5000 the total sum would be $5500. This divided would be $2750, which would make him $2250 winner to the race.

The rules of racing provided for a run-off of a dead heat when demand was made. Mike Dwyer didn't like the idea of putting over a winner only to lose money by it, so he insisted that the stewards order a run-off. He was right about it. But Green knew he wouldn't have a chance to beat Don Alonzo in a second race that day and refused. He was right about it, too, from his way of looking at it. He said it would kill old Strathmeath and he wasn't going to have it on his conscience for his horse to drop dead on the track. They couldn't budge him. Strathmeath had done more for the old horseman that day than his owner had expected of him. So Green called it a day for Strathmeath and told a stable hand to take the horse away from the track.

Meanwhile the stewards ruled in favor of Dwyer. They couldn't do otherwise. On the board it was announced that there would be a run-off of the dead heat twenty minutes after the last race. It was all great fun for the crowd. Everybody knew that Dwyer was demanding another contest and that Green Morris had said no. And the deadlock wasn't broken until Mike's temper cooled down and he relented. He sent word to the stewards they needn't bother about the run-off and to let the race stand as a dead heat. It was typical of him.

That wasn't the only dead heat that year. There was a spell of them. It's hard to say whether it was an accident of racing or whether it came about through lack of decision in the judges' stand. I do know that Colonel Simmons, the presiding judge on the New York tracks, came in for a lot of hard knocks from the turf writers and public because of them. They didn't question Colonel Simmons' honesty. They couldn't do that. He was too square-rigged for anybody even to whisper that he wasn't doing what he thought was right. But they began calling for younger men in the judges' stand and saying that the eyesight of the officials was getting bad. I think the truth was that Colonel Simmons and his associates were more liberal regarding close finishes than the judges are today. If two horses finished so close together that only an inch or so separated them, they would probably decide to declare it a dead heat rather than give the race to either one. It's a mighty hard job sometimes to tell the winner in a nose-and-nose finish. Maybe Colonel Simmons figured it was better to be half right than wholly wrong.

The Day of Dead Heats

But race crowds don't like dead heats any more than baseball fans like a tie game. It's contrary to the way the American people are gaited. They like action and plenty of it, and dead heats are inaction and plenty of that. If I know turf folks, and I've had a few chances to get acquainted with them, I think they'd rather have a wrong decision than a right indecision. Those who think the decision is wrong will howl their heads off, but those who think it's right will howl them down, and about the time the horses are going to the post for the next race nobody will remember anything about it. But a dead heat sticks. Both sides are thinking about it after the day's struggle is over and neither is satisfied.

So dead heats are out of style. You don't see them often any more—only when it is actually a dead heat and the judges have to say it is.

They didn't go out of style that year, though, until Colonel Simmons had declared a dead heat in a match race that is still talked of today, though it occurred more than thirty years ago. That was when the great Domino, champion two-year-old of the preceding year, met Henry of Navarre in a special race at Gravesend on September 15, 1894. As Domino was one of the most famous horses in turf history, with a record of $193,550 won in stakes and purses—a record that stood until Man o' War and Zev came along—I'll give a few facts about him before telling of the match.

Domino was bred at Dixiana Stud, Kentucky, by Major B. G. Thomas, and was by Himyar out of Mannie Grey, by Enquirer. The Keenes, James R. and Foxhall P., bought him from Major Thomas and turned him over to Billy Lakeland, their trainer. He was a handsome dark horse with a shining coat that looked black, but was actually a deep chestnut. In his two-year-old form he ran nine races and was never beaten. The closest he came to losing was in a match with Dobbins for $10,000 a side; and that race, too, resulted in a dead heat, the money being divided. Early in Domino's career the Keenes knew they had a champion. They coddled him in the way all such horses are treated and took care that he should retire for the season without a losing mark against him. When they learned that a colt named Hyderabad was showing signs of developing into a rival they bought Hyderabad for $30,000 to keep him out of Domino's way. It was the same idea as the Dwyers had had in mind when they bought Kingston so that he would not interfere with Hanover's record.

Racing Henry of Navarre

It was not until Domino was a three-year-old that another horse appeared to challenge his reign as king. Then Henry of Navarre cut across his path. Henry of Navarre was a chestnut colt and had been bred by Lucien O. Appleby at Shrewsbury, New Jersey. He belonged to Byron McClelland and his breeding was Knight of Ellerslie out of Moss Rose, by the Ill Used. Over the longer routes a race horse has to tackle as a three-year-old, Henry of Navarre had been showing the qualities of a stayer, along with high speed. There was no doubt about Domino's speed, but many people thought he didn't have it in him to go much farther than a mile. It was queer to hear fellows at the track boosting him in one breath and getting all befuddled about his courage in the next. He was one of those idols they wanted to know a little more about. But there was no doubt about his being an idol. He was all that.

In the older division of horses Clifford was the champion of that season. Some of the shrewdest horsemen of the day thought Clifford was a faster horse than Domino over any distance. When they began telling the Keenes that, a match between Clifford and Domino was arranged and held at Sheepshead Bay on September sixth, Domino carrying 112 pounds and Clifford 122. At the track on the day of the race were two famous plungers, George E. Smith, known as Pittsburgh Phil, and Riley Grannan, who had become famous as the boy plunger from the West. They met before the two horses went to the post in the stake.

"If there was ever an easy bet on the race track, it's Domino to beat Clifford," Grannan remarked.

"You think so?" inquired Pittsburgh Phil, who was saving in his words and one of those fellows who never show any feeling one way or the other when they have a big bet down.

"I know so," said Riley.

"For how much?"

Now Riley Grannan hadn't figured on running foul of Pittsburgh Phil in a personal betting encounter, but it didn't scare him in the least. They were of the same breed, both fearless and both betting lunatics when they broke loose. If they'd ever got started on a real serious argument regarding the merits of the two horses, there's no telling what kind of a bet might have been made. No matter what Grannan might say, Pittsburgh Phil was the kind who would take him on and quietly inquire whether he was entirely satisfied. And

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Riley Grannan was the type that would have answered that he was far from being satisfied and shoot another sum in Phil's direction. But they never got fully started in this argument and it ended with a bet of $10,000 a side.

Domino had opened at 9 to 10 in the books, but the professional money poured in on Clifford and he closed the favorite at that price. The plunge on Clifford wasn't justified. Domino jumped away to a good lead and held it throughout the mile, winning easily under a pull by three parts of a length in 1:39⅖.

This race made the demand for a match between Domino and Henry of Navarre all the stronger. It found the Keenes and McClelland both willing, each confident he had the better horse. The distance was fixed at a mile and an eighth and it was this additional furlong that made the friends of Henry of Navarre feel so certain.

"Domino will stop at the end of the mile," they predicted. "Domino will quit and Henry will breeze over him in the last eighth."

A surprising thing on the day of the race was to see Riley Grannan going around the ring plastering it with $1000 notes on Henry of Navarre. The boy plunger from the West had been badly hit a week or so before the race in his battle with the bookmakers and had quit the New York tracks to go back to his own country. But he was back for the big match, and his pockets were bulging with money that he kept throwing at the bookmakers right up to the moment the two horses were at the post. Nobody could account for his sudden switch from Domino, unless it was that he was well acquainted with McClelland and had received information regarding a fast work-out by Henry of Navarre.

Two Miracles in One Race

"Fellows, get your bets down on Henry of Navarre," he called out to his friends. "This is another day and it's Henry's day. Keep your eyes on Henry. Watch him shoot away from Domino in the stretch. Take a tip from me, fellows, and watch Henry."

Nobody knew just how much Grannan put down, but it must have been $30,000 or $40,000. Some people said it was $100,000. But with all his betting, Domino went to the post, favorite. Though the regulars doubted his courage, they were afraid to desert him.

Each horse carried 122 pounds, with Taral riding Domino, and Doggett on Henry of Navarre. In the early running the Keene champion made the pace, as everybody had expected he would. But at the five-furlong pole the crowd were stunned when they saw Henry move up on the leader and race along with him, stride for stride. At the mile post his head was actually in front of Domino's. You could hardly believe your own eyes. Here was the distance horse, the stayer, actually outrunning the best sprinter on the turf.

Most of the backers of Domino threw up the sponge there and then. If Henry could beat the Keene horse at his own game of sprinting, what chance did he have to win over the longer route? But before they had time to answer this question another miracle happened. Domino was holding on like a bulldog—and what was that? Why, he was actually gaining on Henry! And now the sprinter was beating the stayer at the stayer's own game. The winning post was only thirty feet away. Taral and Doggett were riding as they had never ridden before. Above the roar you could hear their whips swishing through the air and landing on the flanks of the two horses, now locked together like a team. One of them would have to crack in a moment. It was just a question whether both could hold out until the finish line had been crossed.

They were still locked when they flashed past the judges, so close together that nobody knew which had won. The screams of the crowd ended as they swept under the wire. It was such a sudden ending of all the shouting you got the idea that somebody had turned a switch to cut off the noise. The judges debated for a few moments and then ordered the result to be run up on the board. It was the double O that meant a dead heat.

Henry of Navarre vindicated the judgment of his admirers on October sixth of the same year when he met Domino and Clifford in a three-cornered match at old Morris Park, which had thrown open its gates in 1889, the second race course in line to Jerome Park in New York. Domino was disgraced in this race, finishing ten lengths back of Clifford, the second horse. He quit at the end of the seven furlongs. Clifford came along to give Navarre a contest and they raced head and head through the stretch, but at the end the McClelland horse drew away to win by a length. This confirmed the belief that the son of Himyar was a nonstayer, and there wasn't much excitement over what he might produce when he retired to the stud.

There again Domino confounded his knockers. The line that has come down from him includes some of the greatest horses this country has ever seen—Commando, Peter Pan, Colin, Celt, Peter Quince, Transvaal, Pennant, Bunting, Step Lightly, Boniface, Superman, Luke McLuke and Miss Joy, to name a few. And Henry of Navarre, his conqueror over a distance, was a failure in the stud, like some of the famous horses that have preceded and followed him.

Of all the games you can follow in this world, I reckon racing has them all backed off the boards for its ups and downs. Faint hearts weren't made for the race track, whether they're in men or horses. It makes little difference what else there is in your make-up as long as you can bound back with a smile when things are breaking the worst possible way. You can be like Diamond Jim Brady, who could get all het up when his horses were running and would yell like an Indian and jump around like a jack rabbit; or you can be like Pittsburgh Phil, who would sit silent and never utter a sound; but the one thing you have to have in your system is the knack of not getting downhearted. Take your winnings with a smile and tell yourself what a lucky fellow you are. Take your losses with a smile and forget them. But whatever comes or goes, smile. If you don't you're gone—on the race track.

August Belmont was a cheerier man to be around when his horses were losing than when they were winning. He didn't bet, but to win or lose a stake was more important to him than to win or lose a bet is to the better. He was happy when his colors passed under the wire in front and he smiled when he was beaten.

August Belmont's Optimism

"Just a little run of bad luck," he said to me once in later years, when I was training his horses and things were going the wrong way. "Don't worry, Mr. Hildreth, everything will be all right. It's part of the game. You can't win all the time."

I'm not going to tell here about my experiences with Mr. Belmont, but I mention his optimistic way because I've often thought of it when I recollect the bumps I've had in this game of training and racing horses. And if I have the right gauge on life, it's a bigger thing for a man like Mr. Belmont to be able to smile in trouble than it is for a fellow like me. I was brought up to look on losing as something you had to expect just as much as you would expect winning. It wasn't trouble for us when we lost. It wasn't trouble to be broke. It was just something that happened. When it happened the only thing to do was to go out and win. And there's a whole lot in feeling you're going to win. The stable boys get the idea, the jockeys get it and the horses get it too. When everybody and everything has the winning fever—well, you win, that's all.

I had $50,000 in the bank the day I was married. A few months later I was so flat they could have placed a water level on me and found a perfect plane. I remember one day in Chicago I had fifty dollars in my pocket and a string of horses in the stable. That was everything I had. The boys kept coming to me through the day asking for money—five for this and ten for that. I kept passing it out, not realizing I was giving away the last cent I had. When I got back home that night we decided to go out to dinner. As we were leaving I looked to see how much money we had. There was a lone dime in my pocket.

"Why not stay home for dinner tonight? I'm tired of eating at restaurants," I said in as careless a voice as I could.

"That would be fine, but there isn't anything to eat in the house," my wife told me.

That was a little circumstance I hadn't considered. I had to think fast.

"To tell the truth, I'm not feeling very hungry tonight," I said. "Suppose you go out and have dinner alone."

My wife protested against this, but I insisted. I asserted my rights as a husband. I demanded that she go out and have dinner by herself.

"All right then," she finally gave in. "Give me the money and I'll go."

That was another circumstance I'd overlooked. But I was bound to carry it through.

"No money? You mean you haven't money? Now that's what I call funny. Why, do you know, I believe I came home without any money myself! What do you know about that? If that isn't the funniest thing to ——"

She looked me right in the eye.

"Sam, you're broke," she said.

Smiling Through Bad Luck

I had to admit it. I was cornered. And I wasn't feeling very happy, either, until I suddenly noticed the twinkle in her eyes and saw that she was laughing. She was hurrying toward the door of our apartment.

"Cheer up!" she called. "There is some tea in the house and I know where I can borrow some cake. We'll eat yet."

When she reached the door she hesitated and turned around toward me.

"Look here, Sam Hildreth," she said, "you deserve to go hungry for not telling me right away what was the matter. You don't think a little thing like your being broke would worry me, do you?"

Now I'll say she had got the hang of the racing game in pretty quick fashion. At any rate, we were enjoying a fine feast of tea and cake, when there was a knock on the door and in came Sheriff Tom Barrett, of Cook County, a good friend of mine.

"Hello, Sam. I was just passing this way and thought I'd stop in to pay you some money I owe you," was the way he greeted us. He continued, "I'm sorry I only have $100 with me, but I'll give you the other $200 tomorrow."

So, you see, trouble is not a lasting thing when you can smile. If Mrs. Hildreth and I had moped around all evening about being broke, there's not a chance in the world that good old Tom Barrett would ever have dropped in to see us.

It was a year or so later that six of us clubbed together and rented a large flat in the Argyle Apartments in Chicago. Besides ourselves, they were Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simons. We were running our horses at Roby, Indiana, and there were times when the bank roll of the entire party wouldn't have made a poor man jealous. When we went to dinner at nights the men would pool their money and the kind of a meal we had would depend on what the tabulation showed. I might say our manner of living was as inconsistent as some horses I have seen. We lacked system in our diet.

One night I returned to the apartment with as little money as a fellow can move around on. I turned my pockets inside out and dumped the contents on the table for them all to see.

"Look at that! A grand total of $4.75," I sighed. "Now who won't say that's a fine

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(Continued from Page 167)

amount of money for a big, healthy, strong fellow to have—and all he has too?"

A few minutes later Mrs. Albert Simons handed me a slip of paper. On it was written:

Your bank roll, alas, 'tis small;
There seems no friend on whom to call.
There's always a way to keep alive
When you have in your pocket four-seventy-five;
Keep up your courage, for fortune will smile,
When Rico wins you a merry mile;
'Tis then your friends will come round and say,
"Why, hello, Sam, it's coming your way."
Hide your bank roll and turn up your collar;
Say, "Sorry, boys, I haven't a dollar."

Mrs. Simons has written a good deal of poetry since then—under the name of Laura Daniel Simons—and the judges will probably say it has a lot more class to it; but I'll just lay odds that nothing she's done since has more feeling in it than what she wrote about my $4.75. That poem had the same idea back of it that makes a fellow whistle to keep up courage. We all knew that if Rico or some other horse in the barn didn't win us a merry mile pretty soon, it would be a sad story for the Hildreths, the Taylors and the Simonses. So we whistled to the tune of the poem. And when you whistle something happens. It happened that time.

A few days later we had a horse named Tylarm in a spot where we thought he ought to win. Tylarm was a bay gelding by Tyrant and had been bred at the Haggin farm. He wasn't a world-beater by any means—one of the kind you can't always depend on to run the race you expect. The womenfolks heard us talking about him and they said they wanted to go to the track to see the race. We put our foot down on that. Roby was a rough sort of place and we didn't like the idea of their going there.

"Maybe we'll bring a change of luck," Mrs. Hildreth said.

"And we can sit far back in the stand," Mrs. Simons added.

"So we won't be in the way at all," Mrs. Taylor concluded.

They couldn't move us. We had important business on hand. If Tylarm failed us we knew we'd have to put some extra steam in our whistling. We were going to bet every cent we could rake and scrape on him; we were going hook, line and sinker, as they say in racing.

I don't reckon I ever watched a race with greater interest than I did that day. Simons, Taylor and I stood together at the rail.

Tylarm Comes Through

"I wish the fellow sticking those pins and needles in me would go on about his business," I said.

"That's nothing," replied Simons. "Somebody's got a piece of ice on my backbone; it's giving me a chill."

"This is the first time I ever knew I had heart trouble," Taylor broke in.

But all the different ills we were suffering from passed on in a few minutes. Tylarm came home on the bit. The spell of bad luck was broken.

"Let's call it a day and go home," one of us suggested. "The womenfolks will be sitting back there worried to death to know what's happened."

That was a happy idea and we made tracks for the car to take us back to Chicago. We were all thinking about how happy our wives would be to hear the good news—and the next thing we knew we had walked plump into the three of them. They were just about to get on the same train and they were chattering away for dear life, so flustered that they didn't see us at all until we were up with them.

"Here, here, what are you three doing down at this place?" we demanded.

But they were too happy to mind a scolding.

"We saw it all—and we bet on Tylarm too," they told us.

By degrees we learned that they had conspired to do the same thing we had done—raise all the money they could to back Tylarm. They had all agreed that the break we were looking for was about to arrive, and they had raised a fair sum too. A few barren spots where rings and watches ought to have been told us that.

The turf world has all kinds of celebrations that come after big stakes have been won. But I'll stake my reputation on the fact that racing in the past fifty years hasn't seen a happier celebration than the Simonses, the Taylors and the Hildreths had the day Tylarm won at Roby, Indiana.

One day two years later I was riding in a street car to the Ingleside track, in San Francisco. There had been another spell of bad luck and we were down near rock bottom. While I was thinking to myself that the break was about due and figuring on the horses that would carry the few remaining dollars I had that day, the street car ran off the track. I skidded along the aisle on my hands and knees for half the length of the car. I was in bad shape. They picked me up and carted me to a hospital, where I stayed two months before I was able to walk around again.

But you can find good even in a street-car accident. While I was in the hospital the adjuster for the traction company came around and handed me $500 to pay for the damage the company had done to me. It took nearly the full two months before the settlement was made, and that was luck in itself. I had nearly the entire amount left when I got out of the hospital.

A Lucky Slide

On the very day I left the hospital there was a horse named W. A. Pinkerton running. Now I've already told you that Billy Pinkerton had become one of my best friends. I could have called on Billy for any amount I wanted to see me through this run of bad breaks, but somehow I like to play the game alone at such times. Not that I haven't borrowed. If you can show me a man who has followed racing for fifty years and says he hasn't borrowed, I'll show you a fellow with a bad memory. Anyway, the hunch on W. A. Pinkerton was something not to be passed up and I plunked the whole amount down on him—all that remained after I had paid a few bills. I think the odds were 3 to 1. W. A. Pinkerton rolled home in front, as I knew he would. There's not a man or horse with the name Pinkerton that's ever failed me.

I recollect now that I took that winning just as something that had to be. Something inside of me was just singing all the time that things generally were on the boom for the Hildreth family. So I went on quietly about my business and kept playing the horses I thought would win. I knew something about the ones I was betting on too. The fellows around the track knew all about the losing streak I'd had before the street-car accident. Whenever one of their horses showed something in private they tipped me off about it. And I ran that shoe string up and up until I had a regular-sized bank roll again. I was back in my stride.

My motto has always been to go a little slow when things are not running just right and to let out the wraps when you know the turn has come. So I unbelted good and plenty, and the first thing I knew I was getting together another string of horses. Before the meeting was over I'd bought seven or eight horses, among them St. Lee, All Over, Service and Lucky Dog. On Christmas Day I looked over the stake that had grown out of my skidding through the aisle of a street car.

"That was a pretty good slide I made," I said to myself; "it's what you might call sliding home with the winning run."

And the very next day St. Lee won the Baldwin Hotel Handicap at 4 to 1. This gave the Hildreth account at a local bank another good boost.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

Your Freight Rate is the Same on Both Boxes and Contents

SUPPOSE your present box or crate weighs 39 pounds, but that a General Box Engineer designs a stronger box weighing only 22 pounds. Figure your average transportation cost at a cent a pound—seventeen cents saved on every box.

Suppose further that your present box costs you $1.40 for material and labor and that the new box could be bought from us at a saving of 43 cents.

Wouldn't you in such a case become a customer of ours—in this instance for Pioneer Boxes—just as did the manufacturer whose story is told above? We believe you would and for that reason we will gladly send a General Box Engineer, without cost to you, to study your shipping methods and to plan savings for you.

He will present our recommendation to you in written form.

If a new type of box or crate is recommended we will design and ship it to you. You can then try it out, if you wish, before ordering.

Stories of actual savings are told in "General Box Service"—a series of bulletins we will send if you write us on your business letterhead. At the same time we suggest that you ask us to send a General Box Engineer to your plant.

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ONE SERVICE FROM FORESTS TO FINISHED PRODUCT

What Pioneer Boxes Are

Pioneers are boxes or crates made of thin, tough lumber and strapped with three or more steel wires of great strength. The wires are stapled on. The staples are anchored.

The boxes (or crates) are made in many sizes and shapes and are delivered in flat folding form.

Pioneers are used by leading shippers in almost every industry.

Receivers like these containers because of the simplicity of opening and unpacking—and re-using.

A booklet "Incoming Shipments" covers the subject of proper boxing and crating from the receiver's point of view. Sent free, on request.

"You Do Notice Some Things, Don't You?"

"I know I'll never be one of those straight up and down people with a boyish form, but I have lost almost fifteen pounds.

"When I first started walking, I went twice around the block. Now I do three miles almost every day.

"Somehow it is a more natural way of reducing than a lot of artificial schemes and manipulations. It is more fun to try to do your own reducing than to have some one else do it for you, and more healthful, too, Dr Davis says.

"I've used more sense in eating and done my three miles in the open air. I may not be getting thin fast, but I am losing weight, and believe me, I never felt better in my life"

* * * *

It was a good thing, madam, that you acted on the Cantilever advertisement you read three months ago. You will remember that before you made the change to Cantilevers, with their flexible arches, you couldn't walk with any degree of pleasure or comfort.

With their natural lines and snug, flexible arches, Cantilever Shoes have been helping you get back the springy step of youth.

Every woman who reads this advertisement and wants to feel well owes it to herself and her figure to investigate the Cantilever Shoe, built with real consideration for the feet

What do you want in footwear?

Style, comfort, fit, quality, scientific construction?

You will find them all in the Cantilever Shoe

If you have read and considered the things which the best doctors say about the value of outdoor walking, and if you want to make your walking a real enjoyment, take your next walk tomorrow in the flexible

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Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

THE SHACK ON THE HILL

(Continued from Page 23)

that then, and the owner transferred only one lot to us. Nor did he tell us that there was a yearly charge for sewage disposal. Nor did he tell us of unpaid plumbers' bills and other things. He was a good New York business man. It is a peculiar and not unpleasant quality of the trained newspaperman that, despite his knowledge of life behind the scenes, the comedies, tragedies and trickeries of life, he is most generous in his viewpoint, trusting and believing. But as I began to discover the little thoroughly legitimate tricks of business practiced on me a fear of the man to whom I was beholden for shelter took possession of me.

I made up a list of my obligations, which I tacked over the desk in the little room into which I had gathered my many books and few pictures, a thing to watch with anxiety each day. The purchase price agreed on was $4750. There were two mortgages, the first for $1800, which I was assured I had never a reason to worry my head about, as it would go on as long as I wanted it, and the second for $2450.

I was to pay the interest on these mortgages quarterly and $350 a year on the principal. These payments were strung through the months. There was no time when there was not something due, never a breathing spell, and my salary on the afternoon paper was fifty dollars a week. Commuting fare and lunch in the city bit an awful hole in that until I cut out the restaurants and ate from my pocket, like any other laborer.

Keeping Tabs on the Half Dollars

Of course I had to pay for recording the deed, for the fire insurance, my share of the taxes to date of taking possession and other things that added up. I had to cut deeper. I liked my rum; but as much as the rum, the camaraderie that recompenses a newspaperman for the hardness of his life. The going to press of each edition meant a sagging. There was a let-down. We all rushed to Andy's, threw dice for the round or two and rushed back. After the last edition there were stories to tell, gossip and more drinks—plenty more. The operation I had to perform here was no easy one.

Between my office downtown and the foot of Chambers Street, where I took the ferry for Jersey, there were exactly seven snug gin mills. Four of us commuted by way of that ferry. At first it had been a rule not to skip a place. I found that fighting this battle was the hardest thing ever I tackled in life. First I cut away from the herd and took Warren Street to the ferry. There were only five bars to cross on that street and no return drinks. Then I tried Barclay Street and found only three bars. Then I tried skipping the middle of the three bars, managed it and finally managed skipping the two first, stopping only at West Street for a bracer before taking the ferry.

I kept tabs on the half dollars I saved. They were many.

I got through the first year, and then to my horror received a polite notice from the holder of the first mortgage that he needed the money. The mortgage was due. I informed the mortgagee that I had been assured that I would have no trouble in the matter. I went to the man who sold me the property. He could do nothing for me, although he had practically guaranteed that mortgage and was well-to-do. I was in despair. I could not eat or sleep. The banks were not lending on my kind of property. It was weeks before I found a New Jersey lawyer who got the loan for me—and he charged me until long after the cows came home. He had an expense bill—the nerve of it!—and, of course, I had to pay more recording fees and for search of title. Not many years after, that same lawyer was sent to jail for misappropriating war funds he had collected. I was right glad.

The shack on the hill was bitterly cold that first winter, the hot-air furnace being leaky and ancient and rusty, the windows ill-fitting, wide gaps between sills and roofs from the warping that comes to a house unused for years. We froze and piled up more dollars to the hoard of the coal man, who had no competition and could wring the last penny from us.

I was fearful that the New York man from whom I bought my place would sell the forty feet of land between our shack and the adjoining one, so I engaged to buy that on the installment plan. A house jammed up close against us would have robbed us of every delight the country gave us. Fortunately, I was doing rewrite on my paper and was seldom sent out on a story. I could wear old clothes without hurting my job. It was a hard grind, but not a bitter one, because it was being suffered for the greatest of all earthly possessions—a home.

It has been frequently repeated that the man who owns his place cannot be a radical or given to wild social ideas. It is not only that. The sense of independence that comes with being freed from the landlord system brings ease to the mind and heart. The knowledge that with your own hands you can wring from your bit of land the food to keep you alive and healthy is a wonderful knowledge to have. It does not bring to the possessor any exaggeration of the ego. Far from it. Watching the skies for rain, rejoicing when it comes, sharing in the process of production and multiplication, from germination to harvest, bring, rather, a sense of humbleness.

The spring came at last; and one night, for the first time in my life, I was suddenly thrilled with an outburst of music that made memories of the great symphony orchestras seem but idle and silly tinklings. It was the chorus of the peepers, or knee-deeps, from the winding stream in the valley. It was the most exuberantly joyous acclaim to life that could come to the understanding of man. Each of the countless thousands of little frogs, sprung suddenly into existence again, seemed to have a bounden duty to outshout, with his tiny voice, all the others. The rhythm was:

Knee-deep, little deeper.
Knee-deep, little deeper.

All my life I had been trying to write clear prose in the hope of some day turning out fiction. The raw material available to the newspaper man is tremendous in quantity, but the haste with which he must put it into words eliminates any possibility of nicety of expression and eventually addicts him to slovenliness. As the years go on his chances of achieving authorship diminish. He makes his try, writes a fiction story, sends it out, gets it returned in a few days, throws it in a corner of his desk and forgets about it. I did this for years, but while making a home I had no opportunity for further indulgence in this indoor sport.

An Excursion Into Poetry

The weeds had to come down and be burned; the long-neglected soil turned over with a spade and hoed and raked; the shack had to be painted, leaks patched up, a chicken run built, the broken terraces sodded—and ever an eye kept on that list over my desk which cried out all the while, "Pay, pay, pay."

The man in New York held the second mortgage, the big one. If I could get that cleared off, anxiety would be swept from my mind. I could afford to hire a carpenter occasionally and in the fall a plowman to relieve me of the back-breaking job of spading. The man in the physical ease of flat dwelling might think that my game was not worth the candle, that too much sacrifice was being made. He would be wrong; for as I toiled and as my wife toiled, even harder than I, we were gradually changed into different beings. Our muscles hardened, the old red corpuscles fattened, we slept like logs, we ate like truck drivers; and from our own garden we achieved in fact a state of well-being we had never known, and the country doctor knew us not.

Two payments of $350 each and the original $500 made more than the impossible $1000 Edison had mentioned. Here was a *fait accompli*, and it was better than money in the bank. Indigent relatives could not borrow it. It could not be gambled with. It could not be given away. It could not be spent on a secondhand car or new clothes. It was woven inextricably into the fabric of the shack.

An odd thing happened. A love of beauty from an Italian grandfather and a Celtic grandmother, with the sempiternal loveliness of the changing seasons out in the country, shadows of journeying little clouds creeping across fields and hills, the music of brooks and the wind in the tree tops—started me writing in rhythm. My verses began to sell and I was even elected a member of the Poetry Society of America. But I was not fool enough to believe myself a poet. As a member of the society, I met Tagore, Noyes and Masefield, giants at that job, and a few hundred pewees of my own caliber.

Judging Your Own Stuff

The excursion into poetry, however, proved a valuable one. It made me thoroughly appreciate the old adage that easy reading is hard writing. I dug out some of my rejected stories and read them carefully, wondering how I had ever been so foolish as to mail them to publishers, the workmanship was so frightfully crude. This was the biggest step I made in the struggle to break the shackles that tied me to the newspaper game. From the moment I realized how rotten was my own stuff I had a chance. I believe that one reason for the scarcity of finished story writers from the newspaper field is that the newspaper writer's vanity is fed daily, almost hourly, through seeing himself in print. In every newspaper shop the world over there is a wild rush for the first copies that come off the press, each man and woman reading his or her stuff immediately and seldom bothering about aught else in the paper. If there seems anything wrong with the story, the poor old copy reader is blamed.

There were dull days in the office—Saturdays are always dull in the afternoon field—and I used them in working over the old stories that I had thought so fine a year or two before and the constant rejection of which had so puzzled me.

Some rich prizes were offered by a newspaper magazine syndicate for short fiction. I labored hard for one of the—to me—huge sums of money dangled before my tired eyes. I could imagine the joy that would come to us with the sudden prizing away of that damnable second mortgage. Somehow I felt confident that I had done well when I finished the story and mailed it. I got it back in a week.

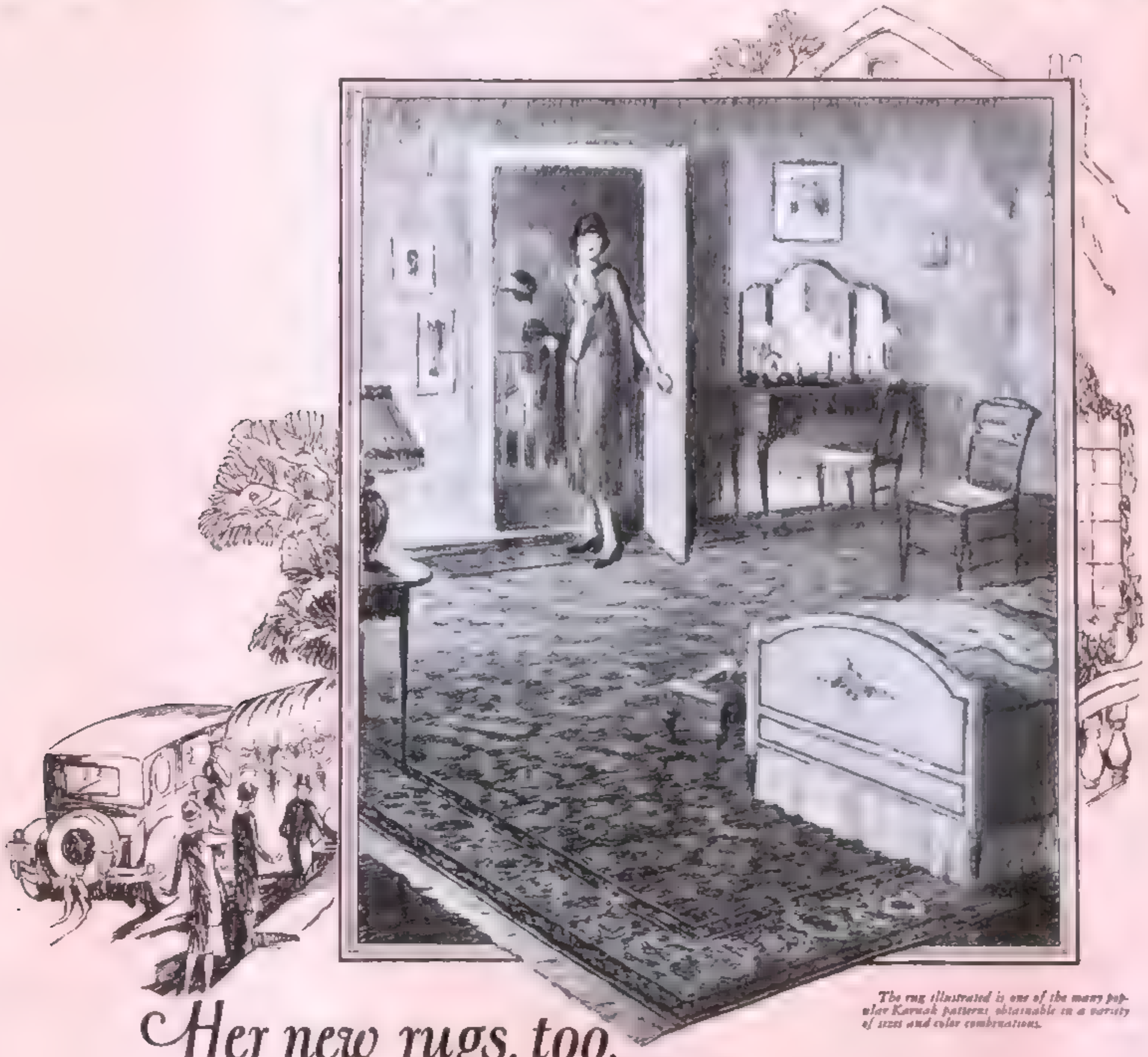
After the first sickening moments I invested in more stamps and mailed it to a monthly magazine, forgetting about it and comforting myself as best I could. Instead of the usual long envelope came a small square one. The editor liked it, would buy it and as many more of the same type as I cared to send him.

Te Deum laudamus, my heart sang. I had found a breach in the wall. The check came along. It was for $150. I was suddenly rich. I was on velvet. I could buy a suit of clothes, an overcoat, books. I sobered up on the train going home and the money found its way to the bank.

Still working at odd times in the office and for an hour or two at night at home, I finished another story of the same type—in fact, with the same chief character—as the one that had achieved success. It sold immediately to the same editor. Instead of letting my head become turned, I plugged

(Continued on Page 172)

THE RUG YOU WANT IS MOHAWK WOVEN



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Her new rugs, too, will be Mohawk-Woven

As far back as she can remember she has enjoyed the restful coloring and springy texture of her Karnak Rug. Of course, the rug which has formed the background of the room most dear to her, will be duplicated in the happy home-to-be.

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Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

(Continued from Page 170)

on with the rewrite force and—most important of all—watched my fiction copy for slovenly workmanship. In due time the magazine with the precious first story appeared on the stands. The editor was generous. He had my name on the cover page with the names of writers that had been known for years.

In the contract of sale drawn by the man from whom I was buying the shack on the hill I had asked that a clause be inserted giving me the privilege of paying off my indebtedness in larger installments or in whole. I found that with the extra money I could now pay nearly as much per month as I had paid per year. The second mortgage melted away. We were free of the New York business man forever. The place was ours except for the first mortgage of $1800. This was soon wiped away.

The generous magazine editor had, all this time, kept my name on his cover page. I can never cease to remember him for that. I did not always write the kind of story that he wanted, but would send it to him anyhow if it happened to be of different type. When such a story would be returned I sent it to some other magazine.

Gradually I was getting some professional knowledge, but I had a great deal to learn; and, as I found out later, I had to pay high for it.

The time came when my income from fiction was much greater than the income from newspaper work. We had no rent to pay; we grew our own food; a fine field to the north of the shack had been bought and paid for. From time to time we changed the lines of the box we had bought. Because of the magnificent view, we put on a top porch, making a double piazza. A fine, wide French window took the place of two little windows; the south wall of my working room was opened up and a triple window of small panes and a deep window seat were built. Into the roof a capable carpenter put dormers, and over all was a new covering of soft-green shingles.

My Own Boss and Landlord

The south side of the double porch and the first story were covered with white trellis in squares of proper proportion to the background and the Dorothy Perkinses and crimson ramblers flourished mightily and beautifully. The time had come to say good-by to my old job and my old friends. My wife threw an old shoe after me when I started to town the morning of this momentous decision.

I was a free man at five o'clock that afternoon.

It was strange not to have to run for the 7:47 train the next morning; stranger still and really alarming to be without a boss and certain definite tasks to be accomplished in a certain period of time. How many thousands of wage earners dream of a day when they can step up to the office tyrant and tell him where he gets off, stalking proudly away to independence! That first day was the longest day of my life. I was beset with doubts and anxieties. It seemed utterly impossible to get a story started. Perhaps I missed the clatter of the typewriting machines, the clicking of the telegraph instruments, the shouts of "Copy boy!" From the distance came the sounds of trains rushing toward the city with their burdens of workers. I felt as if I had been left behind, like a soldier whose regiment had departed without him.

I went to the village and got the morning newspapers, reading them carefully, studying each news item that would carry over and develop during the day, just as I had done every morning for years. This useless job accomplished, I felt hopelessly out of it all, cut away from the only world I had known, lost. I tried to ease my mind with the chores about the place, digging about hedges and bushes and trees, cleaning up the cellar, straightening the barn, which was in chaos. I was worried and afraid.

The first pay day without pay came around. That night a nightmare rode me hard. I was in the county poorhouse, armed with a pointed stick, gathering rubbish and stuffing it in a gunny sack. I awakened just before dawn. I had accomplished nothing in the first week of my freedom. I was desperate. I switched on the light over my machine, stuck paper in the roller and determined to go ahead with the story I had in mind, regardless of the workmanship, regardless of the lack of inspiration; a story I had mulled for years.

When the sun came over the hills and dimmed my light, the old machine was humming. I stopped for coffee and a piece of bread and returned to the task. All morning I was at it and all afternoon. The story was running away with me. I couldn't stop it. It was all action. The characters were forming, becoming real, displaying their weaknesses, their strength, their idiosyncrasies. I had written two novels, both of which had been extensively rejected. Here I was trying once more to achieve, with a form far beyond my capabilities, in an art requiring infinite patience, most careful judgment. And I was slapping off a novel as I would have banged out the story of a holdup in Wall Street.

No Time for Temperament

It was a good thing for me that I had not developed the so-called artistic temperament. I knew nothing of overtones and know less about them now. I only knew that I had a story that was moving swiftly, that had thrill and suspense, that held me to the machine eight and nine hours a day.

An attack of acute indigestion at the end of the first week taught me that this new job of mine was far different from the old. In the office I could eat my lunch as I worked and feel no indisposition. But there, all the material was provided for me Here, in my little study, I had to reach into the thin air of imagination and drag it forth. That required blood in the brain, not in the stomach. So I appeased what little appetite I had by munching unleavened biscuits when I would stop to rest, walking through a woods lane with my dog or sitting on the runway of the barn, basking in the sun, laying out the chapters just ahead.

In two weeks the story was done. I read it and corrected it, finding that the fourth chapter should have been the first chapter. I made the change and realized that I had neglected to make a carbon copy. The money fear still riding me, I decided that I could not afford to have a typist reproduce that bale of copy. Into the machine went a new ribbon and I was off again.

As I copied hour by hour, with an aching back and pretty tired eyes, I realized that I had not written a novel. It was a long story. The years of devoted study of David Copperfield, Our Mutual Friend, Dombey and Son, Pendennis, The Newcomes, Vanity Fair, Esther Waters, Les Miserables, of the best and most inspiring of the works of English, Irish, French, American and Scandinavian writers—what had they availed me? In the great symphony of literature past and present I was the percussion artist, entitled only to an occasional thump on the bass drum or a tap on the kettle drum.

But I was far from discouraged. The job I had done was all story. There were no digressional moments. I hunted up a literary agent and had him read it. He liked it. A Boston publisher accepted it. We were invited to visit the Hub. The dog was turned over to a neighbor, we closed the shack on the hill and proceeded to New York, where my wife bought a new hat and a pair of shoes. We took the Joy Line, up the Sound, as far as Providence and trolleyed to Boston—a long journey, but full of delight, up hill and down dale, across streams, through the streets of many villages with fine and simple architecture.

On Beacon Hill we met the head of the publishing firm, a kindly old gentleman brimming with good nature. He laughed and showed me the report of his chief literary adviser, three words that made me a regular author:

"It's got guts."

The first and second serial rights of the story were sold, the money going to the bank, where from its secure position it laid low the specters of debt and poverty.

Through lack of sense, and for no other possible reason imaginable, I sold the motion-picture rights for $350. The purchaser in turn sold the story for $6000, and later I saw it on the screen on Broadway with one of the most popular stars in the business playing the leading rôle. I was told that it made a 100 per cent picture, bringing the producers nearly $1,000,000.

It was my first contact with the Broadway parasite who horns in and gets the money someone else earns. I came across others of the ilk, but had learned my lesson.

I had never been a money grabber—what newspaper man ever is?—and so I contented myself with what I had; a home, a garden, a fine field, a growing orchard, abundant books and money ahead for all the needs of a year and more. How different it was a few years before; the hurried scraping together of the rent money once a month, the living from hand to mouth, the wolf pretty near the door if not actually clawing at it, the office shake-up and the hustle for a new job!

The coming of the Great War found me set for hard times, and the times in my line were hard. Still, we managed along; and when it was evident that we were going to join the scrap across the water, that it was not a private or exclusively European fight, I turned over my belongings to my wife and enlisted in a National Guard regiment. But I was not young enough—they were picking out kids only—and, besides, I had a physical disability I tried hard to hide. I lied—but it didn't work—feeling it my duty to lie, for I was childless, had tasted well of life and felt that men of my class should be the first to sacrifice. The regiment was mustered in—without me—and I sat on the armory steps and cried as the colors went by. Later I tried for the O. R. C., but was not chosen.

Back With the Old Crowd

"Help at home," was the advice given me everywhere

Being left behind seemed to break something in me. I found I could not write, and I tried hard. The last year of the war I earned just $400, money paid for two essays. In this plight I realized what a blessing it was that we owned the shack on the hill and that our land gave us our food. Other people in mediocre circumstances were being gouged to the limit by landlords. We were spared that agony. I was stacking fodder in the cornfield when the whistles began to blow and neighbors to shout with joy. The fighting had ceased. The war was at an end.

My spirit came back to me and once again my output was at normal. A second and third novel and many short stories came and I found myself worked out. All my material had been used. There was one way to get a new supply. I went back to the newspaper game for a number of months, plunged into the welter of it, happy to be back with my old confreres, living to the full every minute and every second of it.

I found the old crowd unchanged. The same men and women who were going to write a short story, who were going to write a novel, who were going to write a play or a great movie, still clung to their ambitions; but none had started work. On the day before pay day there was the same procession to the city editor's desk and the same petitions for money orders on the cashier so that the last few hours might be tided over. Everybody on the staff was broke, as usual, but cheerful, hopeful, unashamed. A fascinating but fruitless life. When the cobwebs had been brushed from my mind I returned to the shack on the hill, grateful that I was not to grow old as a journalist, saying good-by, among my other fellow workers, to the young daughter of a famous war correspondent now dead, fighting tooth and nail to make a living out of her father's profession.

This Garland Burner Is Cutting Cooking Costs In Thousands of Homes

Thousands of American housewives are enthusiastic users of Garland's Patented Heat-Spreading Burner for gas cooking.

They endorse it wholeheartedly because it cuts their kitchen gas bills fully ten per cent below the lowest point ever reached before they installed this remarkable fuel saver.

They also keenly appreciate its faster and better cooking results.

Garland's Patented Heat-Spreading Burner makes this revolutionary contribution to cooking economy and efficiency because it brings the burner top closer to the bottom of the cooking utensil than in ordinary ranges.

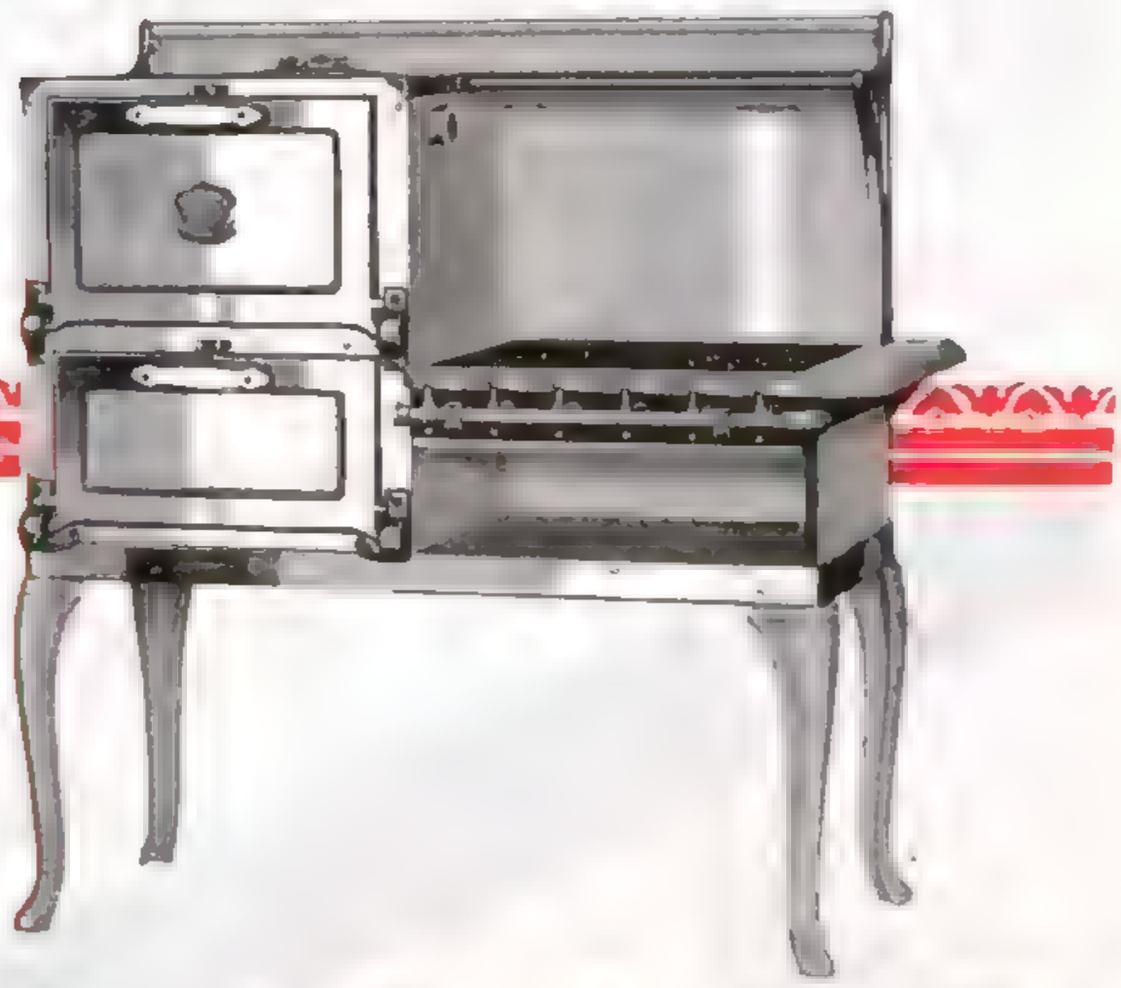
With perfect combustion—as in Garland—this means less gas and less time, just as government laboratory tests proved after thousands of experiments made for the benefit of American housewives.

For fifty years Garland has been developing and perfecting cooking and heating appliances. 4,000,000 American homes now enjoy the uniform heat of the oven, the Garland oven heat regulator and the other advantages found only in Garland Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to the Garland Institute of Culinary Art, Detroit, Mich.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

There is only 1/8 of an inch between the top of Garland's Patented Heat-Spreading Burner and the kettle bottom. Usually the distance is much greater than this. With Garland there is an even distribution of heat—no cold spots and no carbon deposits.



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THE cherry trees are heavy laden. For you, the rich, ripe cherries, only, are being picked. Of these, you'll eat your fill. But you wouldn't touch them, if they were under-ripe, or over-ripe.

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AS CHERRIES must be ripe to be enjoyed, so must tobacco be ripe to make the best smoking. That is why Bayuk Cigars are made of ripe tobacco, only. This applies to all Bayuk Brands, at all prices.

What price cigar, Mr. Smoker, is your preference? What type of cigar?

No matter what your taste, there's a Bayuk Cigar for you—at your price—from ripe domestic to guaranteed ripe Havana filler. Insist on the one you want, because it's good—because it's ripe tobacco.

[Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If he hasn't the brand you desire, write for Trial Package, but try your dealer first. Dealers desiring the name of nearest wholesale distributor, please write us.]

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Ripe Havana and domestic tobaccos. Sumatra wrapped. Fragrant but Mild.
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Ripe domestic filler. Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Mild, Smooth, Uniform. A friendly cigar
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Trial Package
10 for $1.00

Charles Thomson
Guaranteed Ripe Long Filler and Genuine Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Pre-War Quality.
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25 for $1.25

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The Guaranteed Full Havana Filler Cigar. Delightful Bouquet.
3 for 50c. 15c
2 for 25c and 10c
Trial Package
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An exclusive blend of domestic tobaccos with Imported Sumatra Wrapper
2 for 15c
Trial Package
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CHARLES THOMSON

"HAVANA RIBBON"

PRINCE HAMLET

CHARLES THOMSON

BAYUK CIGARS INC.

FIVE YEARS AFTER

(Continued from Page 9)

have long been acknowledged the handsomest in the world. Henry Ford, in his remarkable railroad experiment on the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, has made all his locomotives—and most of them are freight pullers—slick and clean and handsome. He has not used color, but he has adorned them with bright nickeled trimmings, fitting the cabs with aluminum floors, plate-glass windows and comfortable seats for engineer and fireman.

No one who knows him accuses Mr. Ford of much excess sentiment. He merely believes that it is good business to have clean and attractive engines. It produces thrift, pride, morale upon the part of men who ride in them and who operate them. Moreover, the absence of dirt or rust reduces the repair bills very greatly.

Too many of our American locomotives show the absence of proper inspection and cleaning. It may not be practical to bring them to the high standards of maintenance used upon the best European railways, but it should be possible greatly to improve their appearance. The engine of the Rochester Special up in the Northwest shows what can be done when there is the will to do it. The Alton Limited, running between Chicago and St. Louis each day, shows how an entire train, by attractive coloring and cleanliness, may easily dominate a great rail territory and so attract much profitable traffic to itself.

A 3000-Volt Locomotive Built for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. This is the Most Modern of the Electric Locomotives Used on That Road

Economies

The day of the handsome locomotive in American rail service is nearly over. But the engines should be clean, they must be efficient. The Horatio Allen is not even passably good-looking. But it can snake a freight train up those long York State hills that lie between Albany and the Pennsylvania coal country in a way that spells vastly increased money saving to its owner. All this past winter it has been hauling forty-eight and fifty car trains up Richmondville Hill, doing the work of two superheated consolidation locomotives and with a coal consumption of eight tons compared with twelve for the two engines. In this last, the answer. Our coal grows more expensive each year—no wonder that the Western operator demands more and more the use of the lignites of Wyoming and of Colorado—its saving is an economy well worth the reckoning.

There is another and even greater saving. Two engines mean four men; one engine, two men. Our locomotive engineers today are well paid. They can afford to run smaller engines and more of them in Europe where wages may run from a half to a third of what they are here. We cannot afford such extravagances. Moreover, there is no economy whatsoever in having a poor man at five or six dollars a day hauling 1500 or 2000 tons of freight when a good engineer at ten dollars can haul 5000 or 6000 tons. Engines like the Horatio Allen—ugly and efficient and economical—come as a result of real necessity.

The furor caused by the Allen in Albany station had hardly died away when a new one sprang up. The locomotive works at Lima, Ohio, had been doing some experimentation. When it had spent $100,000, or thereabout, and created what it was pleased to call a super-superlocomotive, it sent it East over the rails of the New York Central for thorough tests on the hard grades of the Boston and Albany division of that property. The Boston and Albany, as it passes through the Berkshires, has hard 1 and 2 per cent grades with excessive curvature. The conditions of the most difficult Western main-line railroads are reproduced upon it.

So Boston and Albany No. 1 was sent out to tackle the Berkshire Hills early in March of the present year. It does not represent quite so radical a departure from tradition as the Horatio Allen. In effect, it is but a refinement of the super-engines which the Lima works first produced about three years ago, and which the vision and daring of the late A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, caused to be bought in quantities, even though locomotive experts were inclined at first to doubt his judgment. The Lima engines—the so-called 8000 Class—in continued and repeated performances showed Smith to be right.

Their effectiveness over other high-grade freight locomotives is not particularly apparent when they are moving at slow speeds. It is at a good rate of going they work into their real stride. At twenty miles an hour they are only 15 per cent more efficient than a good and fairly simple type of Mikado, but at thirty miles an hour they are nearly 29 per cent better. This is an important saving.

On the main line of a fairly congested road like the New York Central—or the Pennsylvania, or the Baltimore and Ohio—the very greatest operating problem is to keep the traffic constantly on the move, eternally on the move, like water flowing through a pipe. Passenger traffic must be swift to attract business—particularly so in these days of motor-vehicle competition—yet its regulation is subject more or less to time-table influences, the necessities of meeting connecting trains or arriving and departing from important terminals at attractive hours. Freight traffic knows no such limitations. Its movement is an even and almost an exact science.

The basis of that science is a flow not merely steady but swift. If a freight train can move just as efficiently at thirty miles an hour as at twenty, you have cut one-third off the length of your line. You do not have to be a railroad operator to get that. If, into the bargain, you have saved coal cost and labor cost, so much the better. The problem has many ramifications. Take the question of water. When the track tank first was invented it was rightly hailed as a great boon. No longer would fast trains be compelled to stop at water tanks every 50 or 100 miles. The engine could scoop up its water fuel as it progressed.

New Types

But the men who first devised the track tanks along in the 80's never dreamed of the traffic of this year of grace, 1925; of fast limited trains running over a main-line railroad at sixty miles an hour and for perhaps one or two hours, or even more, at intervals of but five or six or seven minutes apart. Under operating conditions such as these the track tanks hardly have opportunity to fill between the passage of the trains.

And so it becomes necessary to lengthen the engine tender fifteen feet, until it carries as it starts out of its terminal not less than 15,000 gallons of water. Sixty tons of water and twenty-four tons of coal for a single run of possibly from 150 to 200 miles, and you get an idea of the magnitude of the problem of the locomotive designers of today.

At present these designers are working on rather distinct types of locomotives:

Mr. John E. Muhlfeld has already evolved the combined water tube and improved flue type of the Horatio Allen.

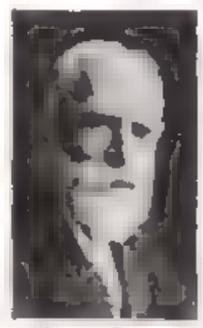
The Lima Locomotive Works, producers in quantity of the highly successful 8000 Class, showing the best refinements of superheater, improved fire arch, booster and hot water and feed, has completed the

Continued on Page 177

What World-Travelers Say About Seattle

FAMOUS men and women, many of them familiar with the cities of all the world, have spoken or written of Seattle and the remarkable region surrounding it. Read what just a few of them have said:

"One of the most magnificent combinations of modern city and medieval forest, of formal gardening and Nature's handiwork, with the most beautiful vistas of lake, sea and snow-capped mountain peak, that has ever delighted the eye of man in this or any other country."



James Bryce

—William Howard Taft.

"Neither Europe nor Asia nor South America has a prospect in which sea and woods and snow mountains are so united in a landscape as in the view from Puget Sound of the great peaks that rise like white towers above the dark green forests of the Cascade Range."

—James Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States.

"Seattle is, without doubt, the keystone of your western empire. Its picturesque, majestic harbor, surrounded by the snow-crested peaks of its great mountains, made a profound impression upon me. I shall never forget it. It is marvelous that within such a few years a settlement should grow to such a great world city."

—Marshal Joffre, of France

"In my humble opinion, the Northwest, and especially the Pacific Northwest, is as gorgeous a vacation land as there is to be found on this continent."

Maria Jeritza

—Irvin S. Cobb.

"These mountains—they are wonderful! These great trees; wonderful, too! I did not know you had anything like them in America. Marvelous!"

—Maria Jeritza, Prima Donna Metropolitan Opera Company.

"You don't have to live on Puget Sound if you don't want to. You may live there if you do. After knowing most of the countries of the world, I assure you it is the most delightful region to live in that I ever saw."

—Patrick H. W. Ross, student of world affairs in his widely-read book: "The Western Gate."

"The charmed land of the American continent, where a temperate sun, a mild climate, and a fertile soil give men the stimulus of the north with the luxurious returns for moderate effort of the teeming tropics; the most restful and soothing climate in the world."

—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, distinguished author and physician

"Of all the cities I visit, Seattle intrigues me most, because of its sheer beauty and the magic of its growth."

—Otis Skinner, Noted Actor

"I adore Seattle! First, because everyone is so kind; second, because it is really an astonishing city; third, because it is so near the sea one smells the salt air; fourth, because it likes itself so much. You arrive in a place—you like it or you don't. I like Seattle."

—Virginia Lee in "Town and Country"

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Per Pair $15.00
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Look for this sign on dealers' stores. It is your guarantee of accessory satisfaction.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer—Special Model for Fords
Colored dials tell when to lubricate
Complete $15.00
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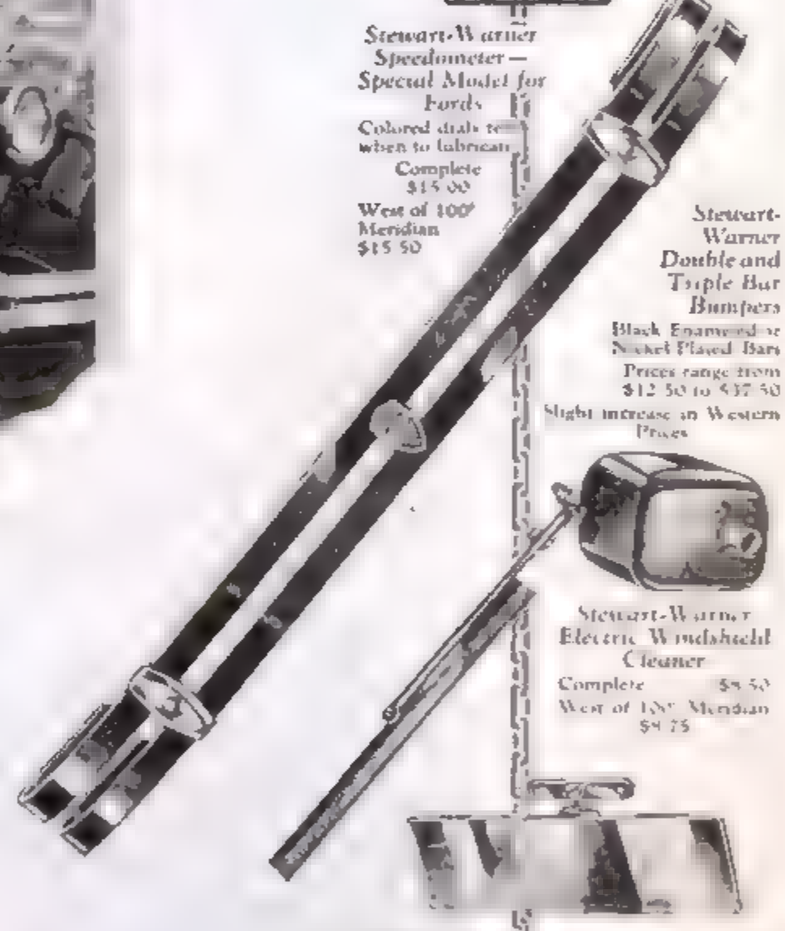

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A REAL PUBLIC BENEFIT

Dealers Who Smooth Life's Highway for Car Owners

THE greatest satisfaction in life is being able to do a service that will better the conditions of others.

The selling of Stewart-Warner Accessories—that famous family of motor car needs—can surely be considered a service of helpfulness.

For example—take Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers. When you sell these scientifically designed and correctly made necessities, you do several things for the car owner. You save him from the pitfall of inferior shock absorbers that do not give him value for his money in performance; you give him freedom from all shock absorber shortcomings. You give him fullest riding comfort; tire saving; spring saving—and, greatest of all, positive protection to passengers and car, in the event of an unexpected hole in the road.

Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers enable you to do this service that will make others happy and, naturally, redound to your increased well being in mind and money.

Show car buyers and owners the superiority of these Stewart-Warner's—that no matter how fast the shocks may come, these Shock Absorbers *absorb* them all. No back-breaking jerks. Specially treated friction discs catch every variation in the road—both up and down.

Like the Stewart-Warner Vacuum Tank and Speedometer—on ten million cars, giving silent service—the Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers will perform as nobly.

Bring car owners to a full realization of the necessity for this buffer between road shocks and driving comfort and safety.

Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers enjoy the most widespread service in the land, together with the entire Stewart-Warner Family of Accessories.

Stewart-Warner Accessories

(Continued from Page 175)

Boston and Albany No. 1 from which large things are expected.

The American Locomotive Works has created a three-cylinder locomotive for both freight and passenger service—the third cylinder being placed directly under the boiler and between the wheels of the loading truck—which, after showing good performances under test upon the Lehigh Valley, has finally been adopted by the Southern Pacific and nineteen engines contracted for as an initial order.

So much then for the steam locomotive. It is stepping pretty well along on its toes these days, and well it needs to. For other types of engines are pressing hard upon it.

Take, for instance, the Diesel engine. The average well-informed American must be acquainted today with the success of this type of internal-combustion engine—in reality an enlargement of the engine under the hood of his motor car, but burning a crude oil instead of gasoline—in certain forms of marine practice. Within certain limitations, it has proved itself. It is both a labor saver and a fuel saver. A Diesel motorship of 10,000 or 12,000 tons can, if it so wishes, fuel itself for a trip all the way around the world without being compelled to stop to refill its bunkers.

Railroad Titans of Tomorrow

A moment ago we saw how the New York Central had been obliged to lengthen the tenders of its steam locomotives some fifteen feet in order to have sufficient water on its busy main line. Yet this is only part of the water problem of the superintendent of motive power on some of our Western roads.

To get sufficient water even of a poor quality under any conditions is one of the perplexing questions that confronts him. Sometimes the water must be hauled—in trainload lots—200 or 300 or 400 miles. Great expense and delay are involved.

A practical locomotive that requires little or no water would be a godsend to roads like these. For three years past the Southern Pacific has had an expert detailed to do nothing else than work out plans for such an engine.

In the meantime the Baldwin Locomotive Works, collaborating with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, has not only designed such an engine but actually built one. It is not the first Diesel engine built in this country. Last summer I rode in a small switching engine built by a combination of the American Locomotive and General Electric forces which was in operation in West Street in the city of New York. This is a peculiarly difficult place. For miles up the center of one of the busiest commercial streets in the metropolis the New York Central has operated for many years past a heavy freight-terminal service. Long strings of box cars have been hauled up and down the broad thoroughfare, and when the dray horses of yesteryear showed decided objection to the trim lines of the conventional steam locomotive, a so-called dummy engine, incased in a box car and preceded by a solemn-faced boy on horseback and waving a red flag, was used.

There are places where it is hard to escape tradition. New York City, oddly enough, is one of them. Tradition continued to rule regulation steam locomotives out of West Street. The dummies became entirely too light for increasingly heavy box cars. So there was evolved a Diesel engine, of 300 horse power, which was a curious combination of internal-combustion engine, electric generating room and heavy traction motors.

At first thought the simple thing would have been to have taken the power from the gas engine by means of gearing directly to the driving axles and wheels. That is the way it is done in our motor cars. But the problem of the locomotive, as of the motor car, is to get enough power to start it from the absolute inertia of standing still into even a low rate of speed, after which it is a comparatively simple matter to increase the speed. Old Man Momentum comes to the aid.

In your automobile, this excess energy for the start is accomplished through gear and clutch and varying speed. No clutch has yet been devised that is practical for a locomotive. Therefore the electrical equipment becomes necessary. The energy from the Diesel engine goes into the electric generators, which turn out a current of any required volume that goes to the motors directly attached to the driving axles. In this way almost any amount of power can be thrust into the motors. The locomotive can start from a dead stop with great ease and speed. It is flexible in traffic. It can adjust and readjust itself speedily to the load upon it. All these things made such an engine of vast value in the peculiar conditions of West Street.

The Baldwin-Westinghouse engine is more nearly like a regular locomotive, and is designed for road service. Instead of 300, it has 1000 horse power. It has about half the horse power of the best of our steam locomotives of about ten or twelve years ago. It is about one-quarter the size and half the strength of our ordinary big freight pullers of today—about one-third of the energy of these brand-new giants, the Boston and Albany No. 1 and the Horatio Allen. But this particular Baldwin-Westinghouse is only a beginning. There seems to be no good reason why a practical Diesel electric locomotive of 2000 horse power, or 3000, or even 5000, should not be constructed in the reasonably near future. At the present moment the builders of the electric generators are a bit puzzled to make their mechanisms powerful enough and still keep the rotating rings of the dynamos within the somewhat narrow clearances of the engine width. This problem they will solve; they always do. And presently there may emerge a new form of railroad Titan, ready to do economic battle with both the steam locomotive and the electric one, deriving its power solely from third rail or overhead wire and a distant generating station.

Our railroads do progress. Purposely I have put at the very head of this paper some of the rather sensational developments they have made in one of the most important factors of their operation in the five years since first they emerged from government control.

Rapid But Not Sensational

In other parts of the technic of their operation they have made less sensational but equally rapid progress. While their motive power experts have tried to make the steam locomotive more for the great proportion of their lines that never can profitably be turned into electric operation, the electrification of the American railroad has progressed—not swiftly, but steadily. The most important single job is upon the Virginian, although the energetic Mr. Henry Ford is preparing for a wholesale scheme of electrification on the hard grades of his D. T. & I. property. An articulated pair of electric locomotives already have been delivered to him, and in his shops at River Rouge, Michigan, are getting the usual nickel-plated trimmings.

Electric operation on standard steam railroads generally is used for two purposes—to overcome steep grades on lines of heavy traffic or for suburban service. The Pennsylvania has been in the forefront in this last sort of installation, both on the parent road and on its child, the Long Island. On the latter line electrification has been considerably extended this spring. The parent is preparing to do it in even a larger way.

The destruction by fire of the train shed of its historic Broad Street Station in Philadelphia two years ago hastened a decision to replace that badly overcrowded terminal with a passenger station that should do full credit to the home city of the road. In the past twenty months or thereabouts plans have been worked out by the Pennsylvania

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FOR MEN

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If you would rest on sunny beaches, if you would fish where the fishing is at its best, or golf amid beautiful surroundings, let your vacation-quest end in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Health for all in the invigorating waters that lap these sunny shores. Unique opportunities for summer sports on the beautiful coast-line or the inland lakes of Nova Scotia. Equally fine attractions in Prince Edward Island, and in that sportsman's paradise which is called New Brunswick.

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Ontario's resorts offer varied attractions, both to those who are keen on the care-free life of the trail-follower and to those who would combine outdoor recreation with the comfort of a modern hotel.

Wild life at close range and fishing without parallel in the Nipigon, Timagami and Algonquin Park forest reserves. Golf, bathing and boating at Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes. Every form of summer sport among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay and along the eastern shore of Lake Huron.

St. Lawrence River Resorts

Wonderful beaches, splendid facilities for fishing, boating and tennis. Excellent golf at Metis and Murray Bay. On your way visit Montreal and Quebec City, each possessing interesting landmarks of Canada's early French régime

The Triangle Tour

See British Columbia's sublime snow-capped peaks, broad valleys, great glaciers. The tour starts at Jasper—takes you westward along the mystic Skeena to Prince Rupert, thence by steamer to Vancouver through 550 miles of sheltered scenic seas. Then by rail through mountain gorges and along roaring rivers back to Jasper. This trip may also be taken in conjunction with the new Alaska service to Skagway—1,800 additional miles of magnificent scenery

Jasper National Park

A mountain wonderland (4,400 square miles) embracing more great peaks than any similar area. Stop at delightful Jasper Park Lodge—riding, climbing, boating, bathing and golf. Rates $6.00 per day and up. American Plan—Open May 15th to Sept. 30th.

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THE LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN AMERICA

for a station there that not only should have the monumental architectural characteristics of the great new terminals in New York, in Washington, in Chicago and in Kansas City, but which should end forever the rather awkward through train arrangements by which the fastest trains for Washington must be boarded at West Philadelphia and for the West at the station at North Philadelphia.

Years ago the main Philadelphia station of the road stood west of the Schuylkill River. It was, for those days, a handsome and an extensive structure, which had been built largely for the accommodation of visitors to the Centennial Exposition. In April, 1896, it was burned to the ground, yet, years before, it had been supplanted as the city's chief terminal by Broad Street, which, modeled after the famous St. Pancras Station in London, long was considered one of the town's architectural triumphs.

But Broad Street Station was a mistake. Not only as a stub-end terminal did it have extremely limited capacity but to bring the tracks into it and avoid grade crossings through a congested part of the city, they were placed upon a long series of brick arches that the town began to hate and to call its Chinese Wall.

As the first step of passenger terminal development on a huge scale in Philadelphia, this unsightly Chinese Wall goes. In its place will come a broad boulevard street, under which will be the tracks leading to a miniature Broad Street terminal, but entirely under the surface of the streets. Electrification alone makes such progress possible.

This miniature Broad Street will be designed for suburban service only, for bringing busy commuters in and out of the heart of the city, come in recent years to a real metropolitanism. For its main-line traffic the Pennsylvania has returned to its chief passenger location of fifty years ago. On the west bank of the Schuylkill River, not far from the present West Philadelphia Station, will be built the monumental new terminal, which, looking out upon the river and down the vista of the wide new avenue toward the public buildings and the heart of the city, will have a truly Parisian aspect, remindful of the Seine and the handsome railway station that stands facing it. This new street will be lined with buildings which, standing upon the land held in fee by the railroad, will be constructed of uniform height and type of architecture. The result should be one of the handsomest streets in America.

The Philadelphia Station

It may be whispered softly around about Philadelphia that the new Grand Central Terminal in the city of New York formed the inspiration for this vast idea. The New York Central, by the development of its chief station, not only has made the largest architectural contribution to any American city in its history, but has achieved large permanent revenues for itself, so large that it may be said that its most important passenger station costs it not one penny to operate. The Pennsylvania hopes not only to derive similar substantial revenues from its Philadelphia plan, but also to make a magnificent architectural contribution to the city of its birth. When sound sense and beauty go hand in hand the combination generally is worth while.

In this combination the hard-shell operating railroader of the road of the red cars also can share joyously. No longer will he have to plan for stub-train connections between West Philadelphia and North and the traditions of Broad Street. All through expresses will go through the new station and make their single Philadelphia stop at its generous platforms. For the traffic on the Washington line this is simplicity itself. For that which goes on the main line to Harrisburg and the West the end is gained by the construction of a great loop track which will pass completely around the station before coming into it. In this way the backing and filling of through trains—a process hated by the operating man—is completely obviated. Some slight mileage is added—two or three miles—but in as much as the Pennsylvania is the short line to Chicago and other Western points, this is not to be counted as a serious matter.

Seemingly I have drifted away from railroad electrification. Really I have not, for the extensive underground trackage of the new Philadelphia terminal will, as has just been implied, bring a necessity for extensive additions to the electric installations already existing there. It will be solely an electric station. Which means that main-line trains will move through and out of New York into Philadelphia and on to Wilmington entirely by electric power. In a period, possibly as short as five years, certainly not longer than ten, they will run all the way from New York to Washington by this power and the present disagreeable smoke-filled tunnels under Baltimore be made a mere matter of memory.

In similar fashion the Pennsylvania is preparing to use electricity in connection with its elaborate forthcoming passenger terminal developments at Pittsburgh and at Newark, New Jersey. At each of these places not only will there ensue presently fine new stations architecturally, but a decided relief will be obtained to bottle-neck conditions long existent. At Newark it finally becomes possible to abandon the somewhat extraneous Manhattan Transfer station out in the meadows. The transfer of passengers bound to Brooklyn or the south of Manhattan will be accomplished in the great new Newark station and a time-taking stop completely cut out.

New Terminals

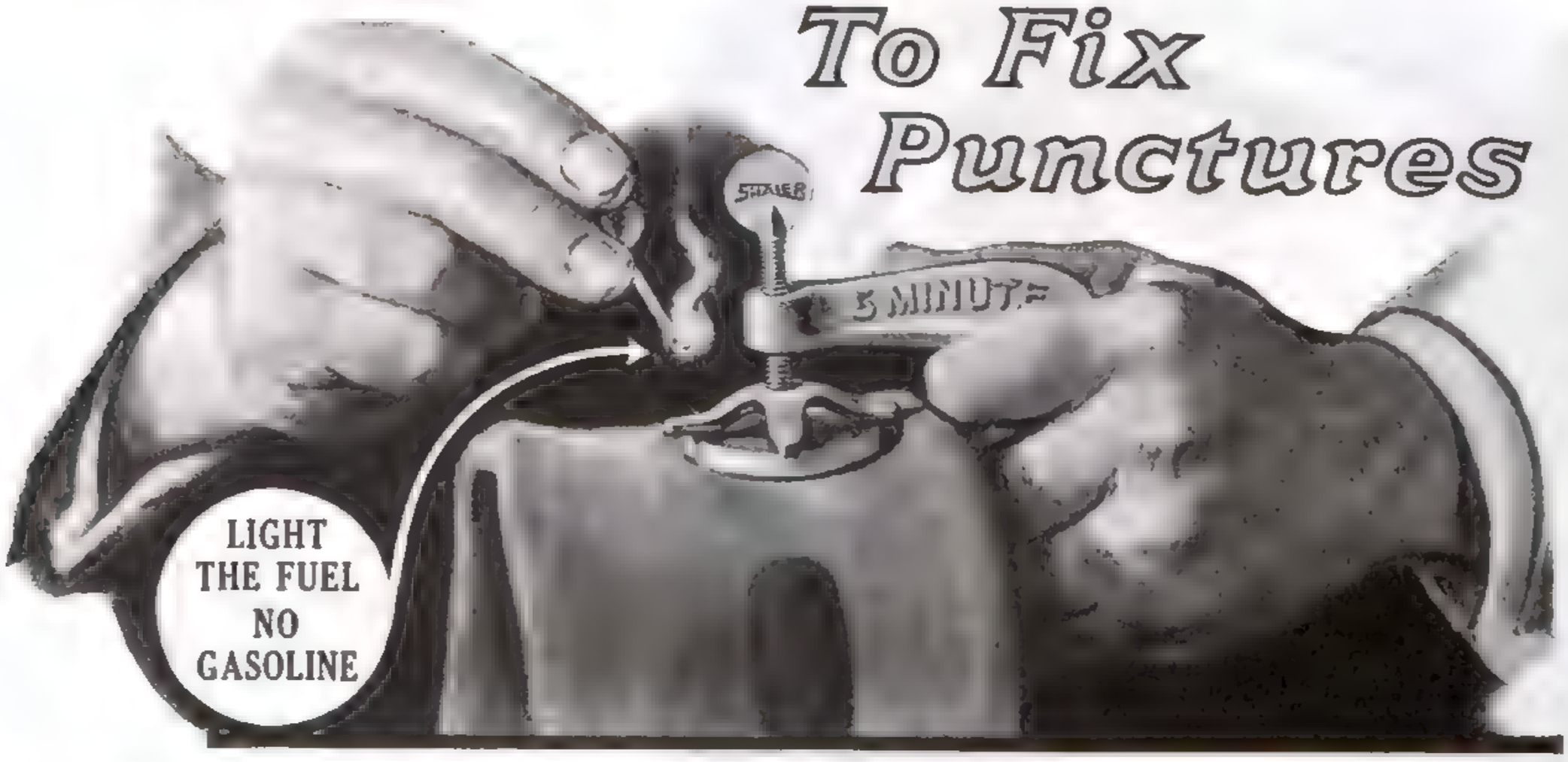
The era of the building of elaborate passenger stations is by no means ended, although there is a sensible tendency toward making these edifices a bit more practical and less monumental. Good architecture is not sacrificed, and in the building of each, the path for the traveler is smoothed more and more. The new Union Station just completed in Chicago is not only large and handsome but probably one of the most usable stations in the world. For the moment it is the chief lion of the city by Lake Michigan. In a very few years, however, it will have an important rival in the huge new terminal of the Illinois Central, which also involves in its plan one of the largest schemes for electrical suburban development yet placed definitely in architects' specifications.

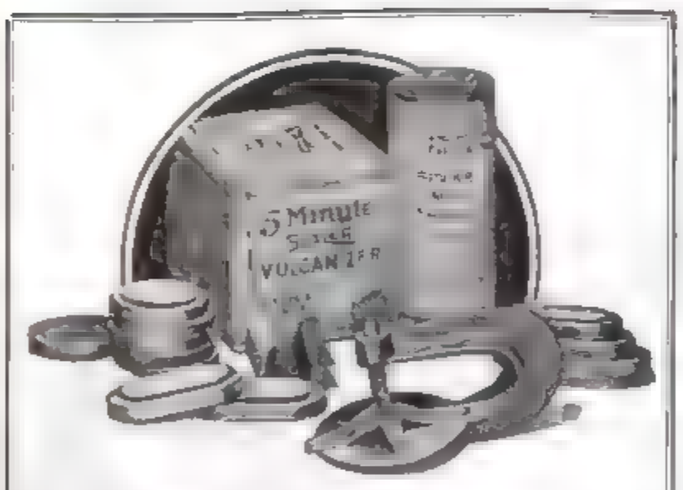
Cleveland is getting a new station. Buffalo hopes for one, and probably will get it. Los Angeles also hopes for one, and perhaps will not get it, for sometimes there comes an end to this sort of thing. The Southern Pacific, having given the energetic metropolis of Southern California an extremely handsome and commodious new passenger terminal within the past dozen years, is loath, to put it mildly, to spend much more money on such a luxury there so soon again. It has shown a generous spirit and recently has admitted the Union Pacific to its station. This is a move in the right direction. Under slight pressure the Southern Pacific would also admit the Santa Fe, which also would be a great boon to travelers passing through Los Angeles. The creation of a genuine union station there does not involve elaborate construction, merely a little spirit of coöperation among the railroads themselves. And this is a spirit that is showing itself more and more definitely year by year.

Millions and millions—hundreds of millions—of good hard dollars for expenditure of this sort when necessary, but nothing unnecessary. That is the rule of the day. Millions and millions—$50,000,000 this very year—for further double-tracking and multiple-tracking of congested main lines. Double-tracking at this moment chiefly by the Southern, the Rock Island, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Florida East Coast, the Norfolk and Western and the Missouri Pacific systems. That of the main stems of the

(Continued on Page 181)

The Quickest and Easiest Wa To Fix Punctures





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"Hole Outfit"

Today For Only $1.50

Wherever Auto Accessories are Sold
Slightly higher in Canada and far West

Includes Vulcanizer and 12 Shaler Patch-&-Heat Units (6 round for punctures, and 6 oblong for larger cuts and tears)—all packed to carry in your car ready for an emergency. Complete instructions are included for mending boots, water bags and other rubber articles, as well as auto tubes. You can always get additional Patch-&-Heat Units as they are carried by practically all dealers in auto accessories.

"Vulcanize First, and make it LAST"

Just clamp on a Patch-&-Heat Unit—a little tin pan which contains patented solid fuel, with a piece of raw rubber on the bottom. Light the fuel. Allow five minutes to let the heat vulcanize the patch thoroughly. Then take off the pan and throw it away. That's all. No gasoline—no cement—even the rubber patch is cut to size.

Nearly three million motorists use it for making tube repairs at home or anywhere on the road, and recommend it to their friends, because it has proved to be the quickest and easiest method. Ford or Packard—balloon or standard tires—they all need it sooner or later.

This simple, inexpensive outfit heat-vulcanizes the repair so that it will not loosen or come off in hot weather. There is no substitute for the Shaler because nothing takes the place of vulcanizing with heat.

You can't tell when you'll need it. Here's the experience of Mr. C. W. Joseph, Dubuque, Iowa: "Six years previous to going into the automobile business I was a car owner and always carried a 5-Minute Vulcanizer in my tool kit, not for economy or for the purpose of beating the vulcanizing shop out of a job, but because there are a great many times while on the road that you are compelled to repair a tube, even though you carry a spare.

"While driving a new car from the Chicago Automobile Show last January, I had two flat tires inside of five miles and I would gladly have paid ten dollars for a Shaler Vulcanizer, for I was ten miles from the nearest town and it cost me that amount to get help in addition to the loss of time."

Get a Shaler for your car today. Your tires may need it tomorrow.

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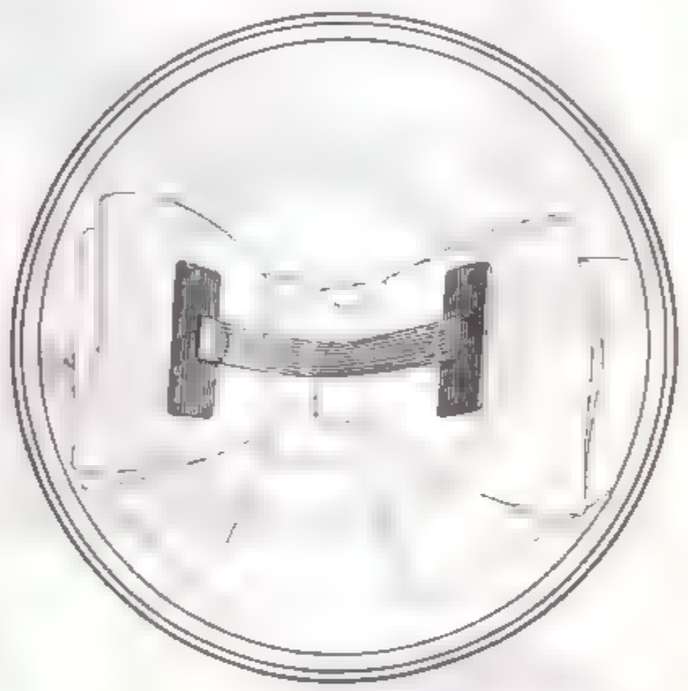
5-MINUTE VULCANIZER

Spur Tie all tied for you

PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN. 29, '24; AUG. 26, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

50¢ and up

Here is a diagram of the patented H-shaped Innerform that makes the Spur Tie different from any tie you ever tried to tie. When the Spur Tie comes to you, it is the smartest, neatest, prettiest bow knot that deft-fingered girls of long experience can tie. The H-shaped Innerform makes that hand-tied tie more personal. You can arrange the Spur Tie just as if you had tied it yourself, as neat or as studiedly careless as you like. The H-shaped Innerform keeps the Spur Tie from wrinkling, curling or rolling, and makes it keep the shape you give it.



Girls tie it— you can't beat it!

CAN you tie a bow tie as well as your best girl? Why try? Here's the Spur Tie, already tied by the deft fingers of skilful girls. Slip it into place. Fasten it. Rumple it up to give it that careless look. It looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. No wonder millions of young men have taken to it as a kitten takes to cream. You'll like it, too, either with square, pointed, or butterfly ends, large size or small, and in black or white dress ties. Look for the red Spur label to make sure that you get the patented H-shaped Innerform. Spur Ties are displayed on smart shop counters. Write for style booklet.

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.

Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Makers of Spur Sport Stripes for Hat Bands, Spur Belts, Spur Garters, and Spur Safety Signals

In the large picture you see the Square End style of Spur Tie. Just above the Pointed End style, and at the left of the Butterfly Bow. At the right is shown the Spur Tie. The other ends are priced at 50¢ and $1. Be sure to look for the H-shaped Innerform, the exclusive, patented Spur Tie feature.

(Continued from Page 178

Union Pacific and the Santa Fe systems is now practically completed.

Big bridges, too, absorbing the millions. Chief of these the important Castleton cut-off of the New York Central across the Hudson south of Albany, costing many millions of dollars and saving many millions in operating expenses; the new $10,000,000 steel trestle of the Central of New Jersey across Newark Bay, four tracks in width and more than three miles in length; and the spectacular new arch of the Michigan Central at Niagara Falls.

New lines as well. The Atlantic Coast Line building twenty-six miles of brand-new railroad to connect with its newly acquired Clinchfield property. The Central of Georgia reconstructing its division from Columbus, Georgia, to Birmingham, Alabama, on such a scale that it practically amounts to a new line. The Pennsylvania putting down eighty miles of absolutely new linking track in Ohio to give it, with existing lines, a brand-new low-grade roadway from Pittsburgh to Chicago. The Union Pacific building ninety-four miles of absolutely new road from Rogerson, Idaho, to Wells, Nevada; the Illinois Central, a cut-off of 165 miles from Fulton, Kentucky, to Edgewood, Illinois.

Railroaders' Dreams Come True

Tables are turning. But two or three years ago more rail lines were being removed each twelvemonth than were being laid down. Fairly important roads, like the Colorado Midland, the Missouri and North Arkansas and the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, were disappearing in their entirety, until in all 7000 miles of main-line trackage had disappeared since the days of the World War. Conditions now are reversing themselves. Not only is all this new main-line trackage going down—and more besides—but new railroads actually are showing themselves. A proposed independent trunk line across the northern part of Pennsylvania, 344 miles, is asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to incorporate and build, as are some fairly sizable lines in Oregon.

It is in Oregon that the Southern Pacific today is building a consequential new main line. For many years it has been potentially weak in the Northwest in possessing but a single pair of rails connecting San Francisco and Portland. Though it had duplicate lines on the northerly and southerly portions of this important link—which is not paralleled by any other railroad—for many miles of its central link it has had but the single track. Let anything happen to it and traffic between two groups of important Pacific Coast cities is paralyzed.

Such a thing did happen—in June, 1923. The wooden lining of one of the longer tunnels of that single link caught fire and for six weeks that particular stretch of railroad was as no railroad. The Southern Pacific people made heroic efforts not only quickly to repair the damage but to transfer passengers, mail and baggage around the thirty-mile link that was out of business.

This accident, in which luckily no one was hurt, showed the road the immediate necessity of remedying that state of affairs. Accordingly it has planned a duplicate line, parallel to but some miles away from the original single main line through Oregon and Northern California. As an important part of this program it is now constructing through the Klamath country and east of Crater Lake a parallel track which will extend from Weed, California, to Eugene, Oregon. Three thousand men are now completing the last 108 miles of this link. When they are done they will have left behind them a splendidly constructed railroad of vast scenic beauty, twenty-four miles shorter than the old main line and with grades only about half as severe. A virgin territory will be opened by it to the traveler and the developer.

While this work is going forward in the north section of the Southern Pacific territory, a job of equal importance, although not so dramatic in its engineering features, is going forward in the south. Between Dome and Tucson, Arizona, a similar parallel line to the main stem and passing through Phoenix is also being rushed to completion. About 164 miles of line, chiefly new but partly of reconstructed branch lines, is being built. When it is finished, a few months hence, the Southern Pacific, with its recent acquisition of the El Paso and Southwestern, will have the practical equivalent of double track all the way from El Paso to the California line at Yuma.

The largest single bit of the large Southern Pacific program of construction work is being carried forward nearly 1000 miles south of the border of the United States, between Guadalajara and Tepic, Mexico. Here some 4500 men are building the most important piece of railroad that has been laid down on the North American Continent in the past quarter of a century. When they are done a new tourist transcontinental route of tremendous beauty and great novelty will be open to the jaded traveler. He can go by water or by rail to the east coast of our neighboring republic to the south, then by train to Mexico City and to Guadalajara, and then by through train up the west coast, skirting the shores of the Pacific and of the Gulf of California, to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Such a line was the dream of the late E. H. Harriman and of his lieutenant, Col. Epes Randolph, one of the greatest railroad builders of his day and generation. Against the advice of conservative railroaders, who said that the thing couldn't be done, they set out together to build it. Neither lived to see it ready for traffic. Long years of revolution and pillage and destruction in Mexico were not conducive to new railroad construction. The completed line—finished save for its most important link over the Sierra Madre Mountains and the terrific *barrancos* of the west coast—stood for a decade practically abandoned. The return of peace and of good sense to Mexico has brought about the resumption of work upon it. The final gap of 103 miles just east of Tepic is now being closed. It should be done in July, 1926, and America's newest tourist route, as well as a freight railroad of great importance, ready for traffic.

A Dramatic Engineering Feat

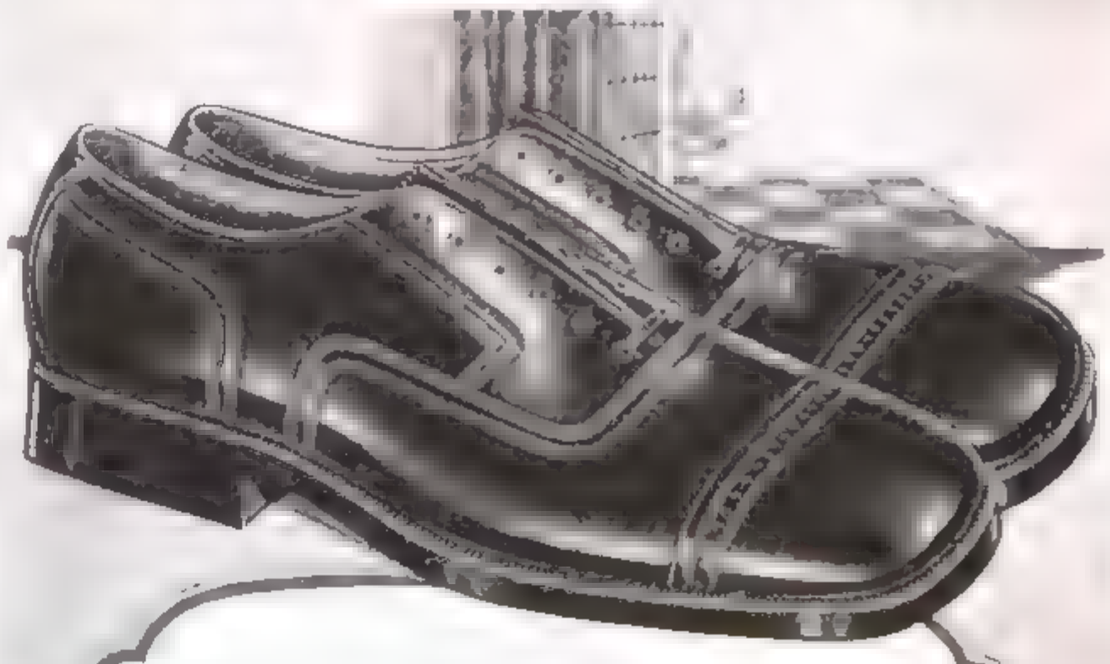
To build this 103 miles has required the energy, the strength, the vision of supermen. The *barrancos* are even worse than the mountains. Some supergod, foreseeing the coming of the railroad, must have cleft those giant gashes through the mountains in gleeful hope of eternally forestalling its progress over them. Slashes into rock and earth, but 300 or 400 feet wide and 1000 feet deep, or more. No child's play to put a railroad over them. No wonder that the old guard sought to keep Harriman and Randolph from such foolhardiness.

But they sought in vain. Harriman and Randolph are gone; but H. B. Titcomb, their successor on the job, has done the thing. In a twelvemonth there will be even steel rail at a grade at no place exceeding 1.5 per cent and most of the way at 1 per cent. What that has cost in tunnel work—there are twenty-six tunnels on the new line—and excavation, only Titcomb and his fellows know. But the result has been to create not only an efficient new railroad but a highly dramatic one; one of the very greatest of monuments to the modern railroad builder.

So, in its physical, in its technical aspects has our national railroad system progressed of late—swiftly. It is today past master in the creation of efficient inland transport.

In the salesmanship of that transport it is not always quite so successful. It is only here and there that one finds across the United States really genuine or novel effort to sell railroad transportation. Much that is dark still remains on the record. Against an all but universal demand that the unpopular Pullman surcharge be removed or radically lowered, the roads have turned a deaf ear. They have not even endeavored

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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Cyclone Fence lends the finishing touch of beauty and completeness to country home and country estate property. This dignified, unobtrusive fencing is widely preferred. It harmonizes with and becomes a part of the natural surroundings.

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knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

The snug, easy comfort of a "travelo" knit jacket *doubles* the pleasure of your hours in the car. "travelo" saves your expensive clothes; it gives your muscles free action for work or play—and even after months of rough abuse it *still* looks worth twice its modest cost!

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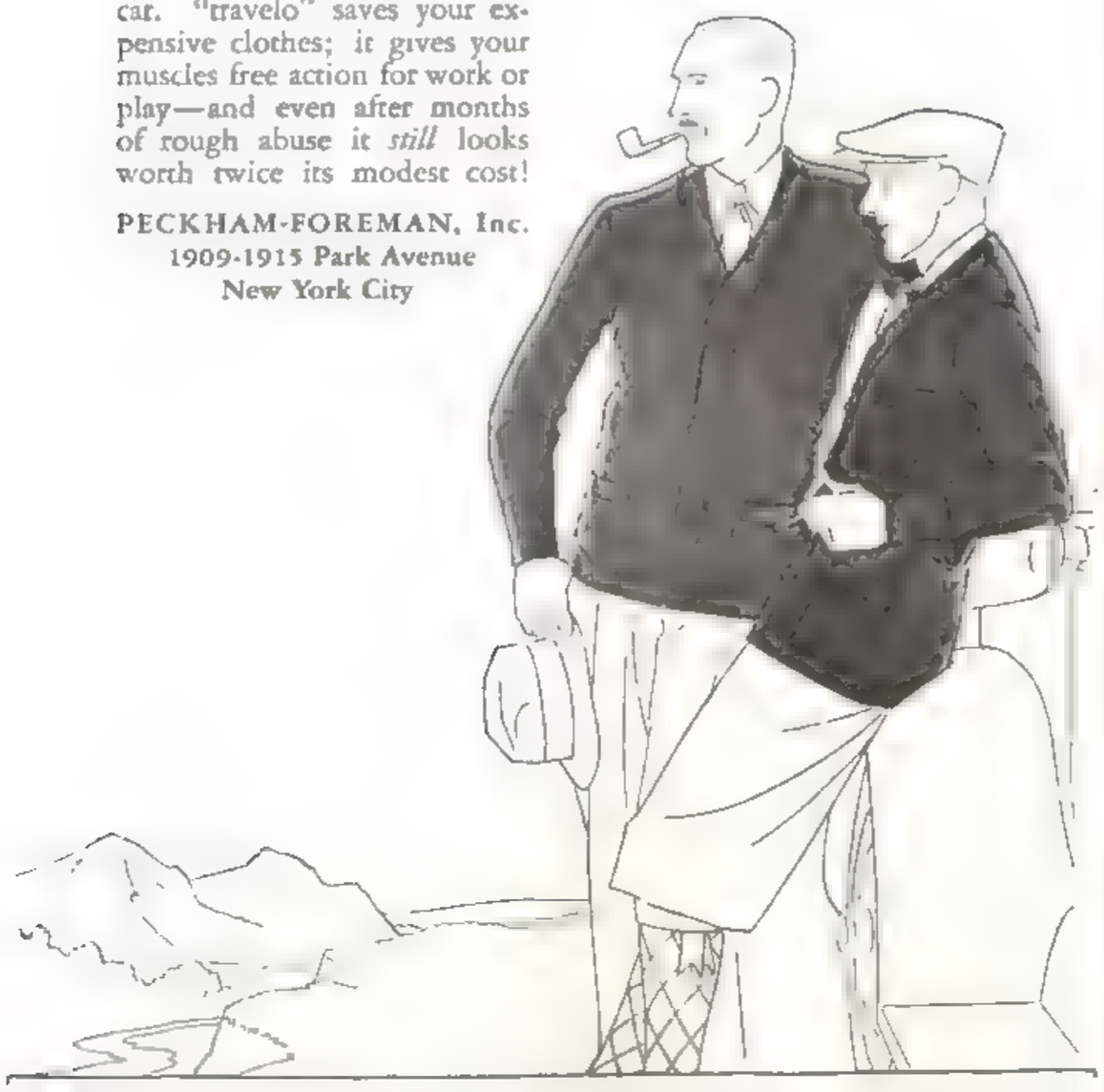
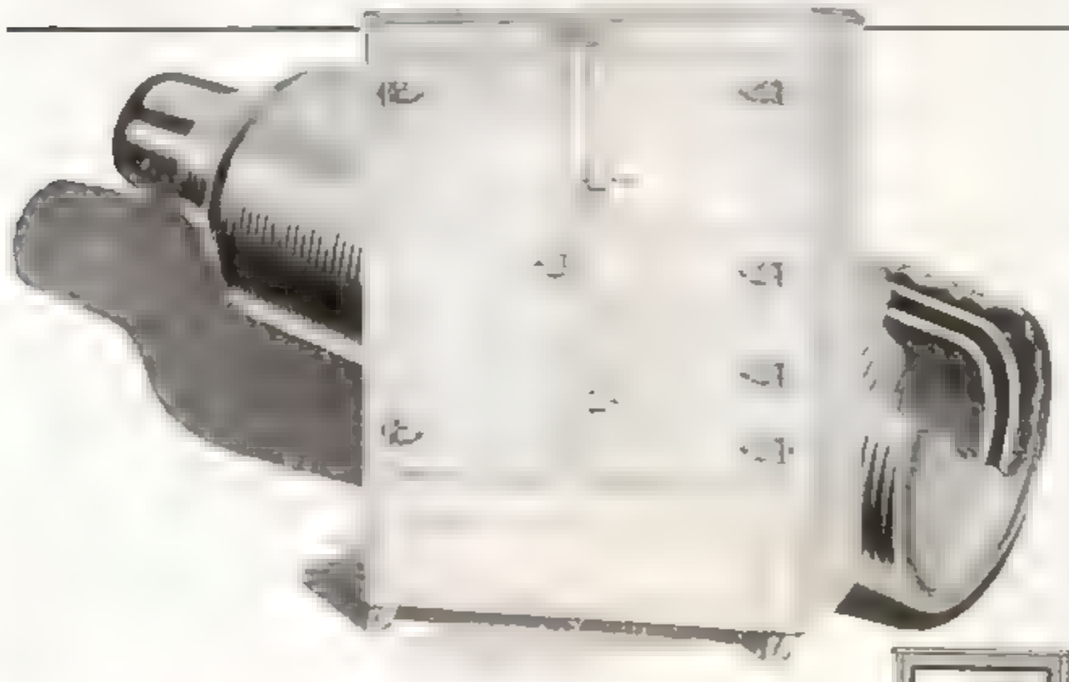


THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

"AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL REFRIGERATOR"



Companions in Coldness!

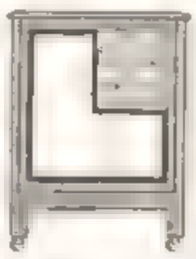
FOUR walls of vacuum-like dead air space, sealed in by five thicknesses of heat-resisting materials, keep out heat and *hold the cold* in the new Airtite. Ice lasts longer, food is kept fresher.

The design of the Airtite one-piece, full-porcelain lining, with the ice chamber inside (not outside), adds the final degree to Airtite's cooling efficiency and economy. And it's—oh, so clean! Rounded corners inside, seamless, spick-and-span porcelain surfaces as smooth as glass, edges more-than-flush with door casings—all these thoughtful niceties of design and construction make the Airtite wonderfully easy to keep clean.

Let us tell you where you can SEE and buy this finest refrigerator. Your choice of white enamel or golden oak finish in 50, 75 and 100 lb. capacities.

RHINELANDER REFRIGERATOR CO., *Dept. B-0*, RHINELANDER, WIS.

Airtite one-piece porcelain lining permits free air circulation and full cold radiation into food chambers. Sole originators of this exclusive (pat. pending) design.



"L"-shaped porcelain lining of [illegible] refrigerator. Also [illegible] cold radiation restricted.

RHINELANDER AIRTITE REFRIGERATOR
MADE A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY

to cooperate to bring forward any sort of substitute for it, and so face in another Congress the probability of having it completely swept away without anything being offered in its place—an injustice which will come largely through their own lack of intelligent effort.

That the surcharge is not only unpopular but unscientific most of the big railroaders today admit privately. When their traffic experts are asked why railroad passenger rates cannot be graded in accordance to the service rendered -time and individual comfort coming chiefly into the reckoning—as steamship passenger rates are graded, they throw up their hands and say nothing.

In an effort to offset the serious competition arising from both the long-distance motor busses and the steamship service between San Francisco and Los Angeles, the Southern Pacific some two years since instituted an all day-coach high-speed nonstop day train between those two cities. It is an unusual train, particularly unusual as day trains are concerned. Not only is it the fastest between the two cities, not only are Pullman cars of every sort, with their extra fares and their surcharges, barred from it; but it possesses, in addition to coaches of the best type, a club car, a dining car and all-day lunch car and an observation car—this last with seats on its open platform for forty-two persons.

It is pleasant to record that the effort has been successful and that shortly it will be extended elsewhere upon the system. The Daylight Limited now averages 200 passengers, which means a highly profitable train; upon occasion it has carried as many as 510, which is to be likened to a small gold mine.

This is a move in the right direction. Luxury conditions should pay luxury prices even though the Pullman berth *per se* in this country of great distances is properly to be regarded as a travel necessity rather than as a travel luxury. Observation platforms, lounge cars, barber shops and the like are, indeed, luxuries, and trains that carry them, as well as those that make excessive speed, are fairly entitled to increased charges, just as the so-called de-luxe transatlantic liner demands and receives increased fares.

De-Luxe Trains at Regular Fare

The Western roads, up to the present time, have been operating some of the handsomest of the de-luxe trains on the continent without getting a penny of extra fare for them. One can not only ride on them at a cost not exceeding the slowest of their semilocal, or plug, trains, but at an expense on all-the-year transcontinental excursion tickets of a mere two cents a mile. This is not right. It is wasteful, particularly in view of the fact that a train like the Twentieth Century Limited on the New York Central, receiving not only Pullman fare and surcharge but an extra fare based on the hours saved in transit between New York and Chicago, is one of the most popular and the most crowded trains in America. If all the trains offering the same extra luxuries were placed upon the same price basis, it would be both possible and reasonable to reduce the burdensome surcharge upon less pretentious ones.

Sometimes these de-luxe trains are installed without extra charge for a distinct purpose—to attract traffic in a sharply competitive territory. The Baltimore and Ohio, by the successful operation of the magnificent Capital Limited between Chicago and Washington and Baltimore, has achieved a traffic triumph with its train. In this case it was good salesmanship to create such a train without the extra fees. It is now showing further its instincts of good salesmanship by installing a similar all-Pullman de-luxe train east from St. Louis and Cincinnati, a step in which it shortly will be followed by its chief competitors. For these trains no extra fare, beyond Pullman charges and surcharges, is asked. They are considered business-getting: good advertising, if you please.

On the other hand, the Southern Railway, the Louisville and Nashville and the Pennsylvania, instituting a similar service between New Orleans and New York, have not hesitated to place a good stiff extra fare upon it. But here the situation is not particularly competitive.

The whole situation in regard to passenger charges upon our railroads, like that in regard to the freight, is in a mess. It cries for leadership, and as yet has not received it. To work out a definite policy, permanent and far-reaching, would be a task well worthy of the American Railway Association working in cooperation with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various state regulatory boards.

In the meantime the handsomest train ever built in the United States has been built for operation outside of it. The Pullman Company, after various experiments in perfecting the details of its cars, has evolved a complete six-car train which represents a radical departure from anything that it has attempted within many years. The train, a unit in itself, consists of baggage compartments, crew's quarters, dining car, three all-compartment cars and an open-section sleeper and observation car. Each of the sleepers has not only its own bath but its lounging parlor.

One embarks upon this train as upon a steamship. A definite seat in the dining car for the entire journey is assigned by the head steward and an inclusive rate made by the Pullman Company that includes both sleeping-car and rail fares. For the experimental use of the train the Cuban railway system was chosen. A model tour from Havana to Santiago and back, embracing most of the points of interest and lasting five days, was chosen. Sometimes the train halted for several hours so that its passengers might the better see the local sights.

Progress in Many Directions

In its initial service this train has proved itself both popular and successful. Whether the idea will be extended upon this continent is now up to our railroads. The Pullman Company, although not absolutely outspoken in the matter, may be said to be most receptive to the idea. In any event, a definite step forward has been taken in American rail transport.

Progress in many, many ways upon our railroads. They have progressed in their public relationships—most notably in the creation of their coöperative committees of shippers, looking toward the adjustment of complaints with the carriers as well as giving constructive ideas for their development. On this a whole paper might be written, but will not be at this time.

They also have progressed in their labor relationships, although, it is to be regretted, less here than in some other ways. Two roads in the same territory—the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania—although approaching the intricate problem from entirely different points of view, have made the greatest progress in its solution; although neither of them has as yet come to the point where the results can be said to be either definite or final.

It is worth noting in passing that a suggestion made by me in these pages a few years ago did not fall entirely upon sterile ground. At that time I suggested the possibility of informal conference—without reporters, stenographers, lawyers or outsiders of any sort present—between the leaders of the railroad brotherhoods and some of the presidents of the larger roads. Such a conference was held, most informally, last January between the presidents of the New York Central, the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio and three brotherhood heads at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in the city of New York. As to its results not a word has been said outside the conference room. But the mere fact that it was held is quite enough. Such a thing would have been revolutionary—impossible—five years ago. Today it is merely considered good railroading.

Our roads do progress.

From Top to Toe in Noe-Equl

Soft, shimmering underthings and fine silk hosiery – *all guaranteed*

Buy them in your own home

Two women . . . lingerie of practically the same design. The one, a dream—the other, all wrong.

"It is entirely a matter of *line*," says Paris. "An inch too much or too little, and the garment is ruined."

Correctness of line is assured in your lingerie when you buy Noe-Equl. Beautifully tailored, it clothes the long, graceful sweep of the body modishly and comfortably.

That is because it is cut to fit. A Noe-Equl vest, for instance, is not the straight tube-like garment you so often find, but is cut amply across the bust, more slimly at the waist, and again wider across the hips, giving freedom of movement, yet no wrinkles or riding up.

Noe-Equl step-ins

Noe-Equl step-ins are youthful in length, but roomy enough for perfect comfort. No bunchiness, and no skimpiness, either, you see.

Note the texture of Noe-Equl underthings. How soft and silky they look, and how luxurious they feel. See their pretty colors—the apple-blossom pink that is so popular and becoming, the delicate peach, the fashionable new green, the orchid, and other lovely shades.

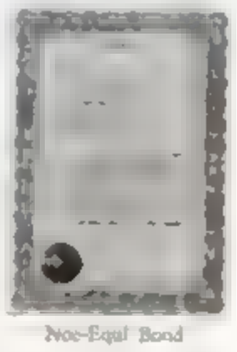
Remember, too, that Noe-Equl lingerie, despite its fineness, is really durable. Every garment is *guaranteed*—and if not satisfactory will be replaced by new.

Noe-Equl pure-silk stockings give long wear—all colors

Noe-Equl stockings are smooth, trim and flawless in weave. They're pure-silk (full-fashioned), especially reinforced at tops, soles, toes and heels with mercerized lisle, and wear a long time. The prices are modest indeed. Noe-Equl stockings come in all weights, and in all the smart new colors. Every pair is *guaranteed* for quality and wear. If not satisfactory they will be replaced

Sold in your own home by Noe-Equl representatives

These fine Noe-Equl underthings and stockings are sold direct from mill to you, which means a decided saving in price. You pay our representative only a small deposit, and the rest to the postman on delivery.



Noe-Equl Bond

You will know our representative not only by the Noe-Equl emblem worn on the coat, but also by the bond he carries, which is your assurance he is authorized to take orders—and which guarantees the goods. In this way, you can be absolutely confident you get the splendid values that this great mill offers by selling direct to you. Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pa.

Of interest to men and women of ability

Our branch offices are occasionally looking for men and women of ability as Noe-Equl representatives. To such men and women they can offer a very attractive proposition. It is easy to build up a profitable business on Noe-Equl, for the lingerie and hosiery are of such splendid quality, are so beautiful and long wearing, that they sell everywhere. If you believe you can qualify, write for full details to—Stanley H. Pursell, Sales Manager, Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pa.

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

YOUR razor must offer no excuse on three counts if it is to give the really perfect shave:

—comfort
—safety
—speed

The New Improved Gillette was designed to answer perfect on each of these points, and in actual use *it does*. With the sharp-edged Gillette Blades it fulfills every shaving requirement. Could any stronger statement be made to help you realize that here is the razor for use every remaining morning of your life?

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

$5 to $75

The Gillette Bostonian
In gold plate, $6.
In silver plate, $5.

The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors when used with genuine Gillette Blades. But with imitations of genuine Gillette Blades it cannot take responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors.

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

WILL BIG BUSINESS LAST?

Continued from Page 29

Naturally it was next to impossible to find individual buyers for enterprises worth millions of dollars; the obvious way for a very wealthy man to get out of harness was to incorporate his enterprise and to sell stock to great numbers of people as investments; and this precisely was what took place in hundreds of cases during the 1890's and the first years of the present century. The captain of industry retired; big business took his place.

The inevitable result of this change was a tendency toward stabilization of industry and particularly a stabilization of prices. The captain of industry who owned his enterprise in its entirety could do as he pleased about prices; his salaried successor, whose position depended on his ability to produce yearly dividends for a myriad of stockholders, operated for safety and regularity rather than for occasional spectacular coups. From this necessity some of the larger manufacturing corporations adopted the plan of setting a price at which an article might be sold to the public, and insisting that this price should be maintained by the retail merchants. It has since been decided by the courts that such price maintenance is illegal and that the retailer may sell anything in his stock at any price he sees fit; but in practice the factory-affixed price is usually maintained by retailers, because for its own welfare the factory organization must set a figure that is fair to the public and yet yields the merchant a living profit.

Probably few people realize how tremendously this practice, cautiously inaugurated by a few pioneer manufacturing organizations during the 1890's, has influenced everyday life in the United States. Before that time some of the important large-city retailers had adopted the one-price system, but in lesser establishments and particularly in small towns, retail buying was largely a matter of personal barter between customer and merchant. Even in metropolitan circles this kind of merchandising was much in vogue. In preparation for this article I talked with an elderly gentleman who was, he told me, employed as a salesman during the seventies and early eighties in a prominent dry-goods store in New York City.

The One-Price System

"None of the things we sold had regular retail prices marked on them," he told me. "There was only the wholesale cost, marked in cipher; and the salesman put on a profit according to the looks of the customer. It was every man for himself. If the customer was a good bargainer he bought things pretty cheap; if he was easy he paid a good profit. All we salesmen had to look out for was that our average sales should net the house a satisfactory profit."

It was the arrival of big business with its accompanying stabilization that helped to lift retail trade out of such unfair and uneconomic ways and made possible the subsequent developments of retail selling. Where each transaction was a matter of personal jockeying for price it was manifestly impossible to sell merchandise on a large scale or with economy; the volume of business was limited to the number of customers who could be waited on by the proprietor himself and a few extra-skillful assistants. When the public learned that the price marked on an article was the final price, and that no jockeying would result in its being sold cheaper, then it was possible for retail establishments to increase in size and amount of business done. Department stores grew up in communities where formerly had existed only small one-man shops, because articles could be sold more or less automatically and with a minimum of effort on the part of the salesperson. The arrival of the one-price system made possible also the development of the mail-order houses; later came the great chain-store systems, operated on standardized lines, with branches in widely separated communities and directed from a single central office. Still more recently came the self-serve establishments, which are theoretically the most economical yet devised, as expense of personal salesmanship is practically eliminated.

All these developments in retail business have been toward a fairer and more economical distribution of necessities—a cheaper route from factory to consumer—and big business is manifestly entitled to a great share of the credit, because it could not have come about so promptly except for the courage and foresight of those manufacturing organizations whose managements conceived the idea of establishing fixed retail prices for their products and persuaded retail merchants to sell at the same figure to all customers.

The general adoption of factory-fixed prices has had the effect of making the small town and village more of a trading center than formerly. It is not so many years ago that the small-town retailer's most difficult problem was to convince prospective customers of his ability to sell as cheaply as his big-city contemporaries. Nearly always there was an undercurrent of feeling in rural communities that the home merchants were high priced, and because of this feeling a great deal of the buying was done away from home.

Dickering in the Old Days

As an instance of the hardships suffered by the small-town retailer I recall an occasion during the early 1890's when I assisted in the purchase of a suit of clothes at the leading and only clothing emporium of my native New York State village. My friend Jim Laurie was the leading man in the drama, aged fifteen and by occupation assistant hired man on an uncle's farm. He had twelve dollars to spend for his outfit, which was a liberal amount considering that it represented precisely one month's salary.

Mr. Rothberg the merchant was most cordial to his prospective customer, showing one by one his somewhat meager assortment of garments and recommending all with equal earnestness. As became a shrewd bargainer, Jim Laurie was reserved, tight lipped, cynically suspicious of the other's eager salesmanship. Knowing him well I recognized that he was much impressed by the charms of a certain bottle-green creation with black braid trimmings that Mr. Rothberg laid before him, but he held his impassivity and asked the price in a voice of studied indifference. Mr. Rothberg must have been familiar with the current pay of assistant hired men, for he named a figure exactly corresponding to Jim's monthly salary. Jim's response was discouraging.

"I bet I could buy it cheaper in Rochester," he said accusingly.

Mr. Rothberg challenged this belief, stating earnestly that merchants in big cities like Rochester were under heavy expense and therefore must get big profits, while he himself operated so economically that he could afford to sell almost at cost and yet earn a living. He added shrewdly that the return fare to Rochester was one dollar, which amount would have to be added to the cost of any purchase Mr. Laurie might make.

"I'm going to Rochester anyhow next week," responded Jim importantly. "To the fair."

At this Mr. Rothberg in a sudden burst of generosity agreed to knock one dollar off the price.

"It costs fifty cents to get into the fair grounds," Jim remarked suggestively.

The price of the bottle-green suit immediately slumped to ten dollars and fifty cents, with a pair of suspenders thrown in for good measure. Still Jim would not be

The busy executive says:

"A bottle of milk is a bottle of health"

"Since I started a year ago drinking a bottle of milk, each day at the office, my health has improved. I no longer tire easily and my business has benefited by my increased efficiency."

Drink more bottled milk at the office and at home. Milk bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the Trade Mark on the bottle's lower edge.

THATCHER MFG. CO.
ELMIRA, N. Y.

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

"pep up" your radio
for good summer reception
JEFFERSON
TUBE REJUVENATOR
keeps tubes like NEW!

YOU can't get good summer reception with weak tubes. All radio tubes weaken with use—especially in summer when burned at higher voltage. Keep your radio tubes efficient this summer with the Jefferson Tube Rejuvenator. Just attach to a convenient electric light socket—"bring back" each tube in 10 minutes!

Repeat once a month—note how it improves reception; DOUBLES and TREBLES tube life, and saves batteries. It's wasteful to be without one; it's economy to own one. Takes large or small tubes—201-A, 301-A, UV-199, C-299. Fully guaranteed. Get yours now. At leading stores selling radio. If your dealer can't supply you, send $7.50 to

JEFFERSON ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
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Makers of Jefferson Radio, Bell Ringing and Toy Transformers. Jefferson Spark Coils for Automobile, Stationary and Marine Engines; Jefferson Oil Burner Ignition Coils and Transformers.

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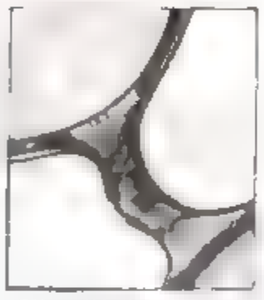


The Willson name on every frame.

INCLUDE a pair of Willson Colored Goggles with your fishing outfit. They're real comfort on the water or at any outdoor sport. Look for the Willson name.

WILLSON GOGGLES, Inc., Reading, Pa.

Complete Fly Riddance

FLIES die—never revive—when the air is charged with Tanglefoot Spray.

But other flies may work their way past your screens during the day. To catch these stragglers, put a few sheets of Tanglefoot Fly Paper where the air is quiet and the light strong.

For complete fly riddance nothing equals the combined use of Tanglefoot Fly Spray and Fly Paper. Grocers and druggists have both.

THE TANGLEFOOT CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TANGLEFOOT
FLY PAPER-FLY SPRAY

convinced, but reiterated his belief that Rochester clothiers possessed some mysterious means of underselling small-town dealers. At each mention of the big city Mr. Rothberg started nervously, and to cover his confusion offered one *pourboire* after the other. A necktie should go free with the suit of clothes! Not enough? To show he appreciated Mr. Laurie's trade a fine celluloid collar should also be included! Still Mr. Laurie believed the Rochester merchants could do better by him. Well then, to clinch the bargain Mr. Laurie should be presented with a pair of genuine mother-of-pearl cuff buttons!

Eventually Jim bought the bottle-green suit for a flat ten dollars with all these accessories thrown in, and with a further good-will offering of a gorgeous almost-silk handkerchief.

Funny, perhaps, and indicative of the picayunish methods of thirty years ago? Yet it truly represents a condition that big business with its accompanying standardization has happily wiped out. Today in the same New York State village Jim Laurie's son would walk into the same clothing store and make his purchase, secure in the knowledge that the local merchant would sell him his outfit at the same price as big-city competition. There would be no guesswork about it, for on the suit would be the price tag, affixed at the factory and offered at the identical figure in a thousand clothing stores from New York to San Francisco.

It is not alone in the small towns that big business has helped to bring dignity and equal dealing to retail transactions. Recently I had occasion to accompany a salesman for a day on his visits among the grocery shops of the lower East Side in New York City. In a section teeming with recently arrived families from Southern Europe one expected to see the grocery shops operated somewhat in Southern European style, but distinctly such was not the case. Few places displayed bulk stocks of beans or flour or sugar or cornmeal; if anything, these little East Side shopkeepers carried a greater proportion of standard and trade-marked packages than their more fashionable contemporaries on uptown avenues. I asked one of them the reason.

Buying Groceries by Pictures

"I guess it's this way," he said. "When a newly arrived immigrant woman starts housekeeping she is afraid the shopkeepers are going to take advantage of her ignorance of American ways. She has no certain knowledge of the value of American money or of American weights and measures, and so she usually consults some neighbor woman of her nationality as to the safe way to buy. The neighbor woman shows her a package bearing a certain picture for its trade-mark and tells her that the shopkeeper cannot cheat her on such a purchase because the package must be of a certain weight, and that moreover it is sold at all shops for the same price. I have dozens of such immigrant women coming in my place every day. They can't read English, but they have learned to know the pictures on the packages; they look along the shelves until they see the picture they want, and then they buy."

If big business is ever brought to a situation where it has to fight for continued existence against the attacks of organized reformers it can at least point to two worthwhile accomplishments. It has evened up the competition between the small-town merchant and his big-city competitor and given the former a chance to keep local money at home, where it can be properly employed in making the community a better place to live. Big business with its accompanying standardization has also come to be a force for Americanism; for the immigrant woman who quickly learns to know the pictures on her grocery packages is just that much further on the way to accept other features of the life about her. What is known as the foreign community tends to disintegrate as the individuals composing it more and more are trained to wear the same styles of clothing as older Americans, to buy the same brands of groceries and to use similar widely advertised household devices.

Other constructive changes have come about, not directly engineered by big business, but doubtless hastened by the success of standardization and the one-price idea in manufacturing and retailing. Would anyone today contemplating a journey think of shopping about for a cut-rate railroad ticket? Hardly. Yet one has to be only of middle age to recall the time when such a proceeding was quite worth trying. The railroads, particularly in the West, often staged the fiercest of rate wars; and if one's journey was not pressing it was profitable to wait for such hostilities. I have occasion to remember a time in the nineties when the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific offices in Kansas City began cutting fares to Denver. For a week I watched the quotations, resolved to buy when the price became sufficiently low, and my patience was rewarded when at last I was able to make the journey of more than six hundred miles at an outlay of one dollar!

Railroad Ticket Scalpers

Similarly, one does not have to be very old to recall the time when every city claiming to be a railroad center had its colony of ticket scalpers' offices, where one might buy transportation at less than regular rates. Points like Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis were profitable fields for this kind of business; Chicago, the country's greatest railroad center, afforded business for a host of scalpers' offices that maintained an almost unbroken front for whole blocks in South Clark Street, then the center of the industry. Theoretically the scalper sold only the unused portions of return-trip tickets; but actually he was able to accommodate a client with practically anything desired. No one could know just what his arrangements were, but in case he did not have the called-for ticket in stock, the client had only to wait until the scalper sent his errand boy to the general offices of the railroad for a brand-new pasteboard, which he retailed to the client at less than regular rates.

This of course did not apply to the most popular lines; often the client would have to travel in a roundabout way and by a less desirable route, but there was always some road willing to accept business through the scalper medium.

The part big business has played in standardization of prices must be set down to its credit; for manifestly when one shrewd bargainer buys something at too low a price, someone else who is not so shrewd a bargainer must pay too high a price. Nevertheless big business has not yet won its battle. It is too soon to say whether we shall go forward under a policy of increasing standardization or whether the pendulum will swing back to a system of individualism and smaller enterprises.

As a matter of fact, big business has had almost too easy a time in achieving its present position, for its development has taken place on a rising market and with a clientele of vastly increasing wealth. If we set the middle 1890's as the dividing line between the antique and modern in American business, what do we find? As has been said, the Chicago Fair had already acted as a stimulus to imagination and men were thinking in national rather than local terms. The Spanish War, in 1898, added our insular possessions and placed us definitely in the position of a great world power. About the same time came the discoveries of Alaska's vast gold deposits. These events carried us along on a high tide of prosperity and expansion until the money panic of 1907. By 1910 we had fairly recovered from this setback and business went along at a more moderate, but still satisfactory gait, until the breaking out of the European war. Again we had a year of uncertainty; but in 1915, when war orders began to pour

(Continued on Page 189)

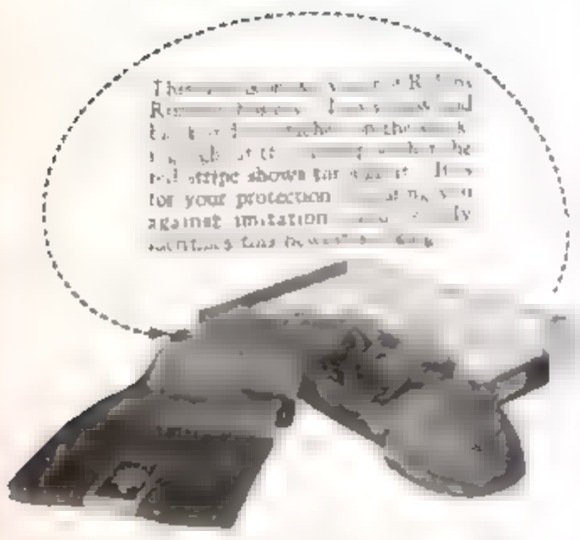
"But, Grace dear, why so old-fashioned? --Since Runstop came in garter runs are decidedly out!"

Rollins Runstop

--a full-fashioned, sheer silk stocking that holds its youth

Garter runs no longer harass the thousands of women who wear Rollins Runstop stockings. And these women have found an economy in silk hosiery heretofore unknown.

Here is a fine, full-fashioned silk stocking that holds its youth—that retains its original style and beauty and fit through wearing after wearing and washing after washing. The patented Runstop *positively stops all garter runs*, adding greatly to the life of the stockings. The workmanship, the carefully selected materials and Harms-Not dye preserve all the original luster and fabric strength.



Rollins Runstop, fully protected by patent, is a red stripe knit into the stocking at the knee—the point of greatest strain. No matter how many runs the garter may start, none can go below the red stripe.

Women everywhere are demanding it. Its economy makes it practical for everyday wear.

Merchants everywhere are recommending it. They regard it as the greatest improvement in full-fashioned silk hosiery in a decade. They can guarantee it.

Look for the red stripe at the knee and be free of the embarrassment and expense of garter runs. You may have your favorite weight, color and style. . . . You will not know complete silk stocking satisfaction until you have worn Rollins Runstop.

Rollins Hosiery Mills have been making better hosiery for men, women and children for 33 years. It has always been sold by reliable dealers—never by house-to-house canvassers.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, DES MOINES, IOWA

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Get "Baby Rollo" for the little folks

Mail us 35 cents in stamps with this coupon or with the label from the top of a pair of Rollins stockings and we will mail you one of these cunning, cuddly stocking dolls. They are 7 inches high and dressed in dainty-colored cap and sweater

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
Des Moines, Iowa.
Enclosed find 35 cents in stamps, for which please send "Baby Rollo" to:

Name
Street
City
Name of store where I buy hosiery

Film on Teeth— Fact or Fiction?

Is film on teeth a reality, or only an idea invented to make people buy tooth cleaning preparations?

YOUR dentist will tell you that the film does exist; that it is a precipitate from saliva; that its proper name is mucin; and that it closely resembles the mucus in your throat. It forms a tough, invisible coating which is both a protection and a menace to your teeth. It protects the enamel against attack by acid foods; but also, unless removed frequently by some cleansing method, it affords a cover and breeding place for the acid-forming decay germs (*acidophilus*), which are the worst enemies of tooth enamel. Take off this germ laden film, and almost instantly Nature will provide a new, clean one in its place.

Thirty years ago, Dr. W. D. Miller, an American dentist practising in Germany, discovered these facts, which were soon accepted by the entire dental profession. Later, scientists found that mucin is also the basis of tartar, the most frequent cause of receding gums and pyorrhea.

Hidden Spaces Hard to Clean

The ancient Egyptians used essentially the same methods for cleaning their teeth as our generation. The use of dentifrices of various kinds has continued through the ages and has greatly increased in our time. The checking of decay and pyorrhea continues to be a serious problem. Your dentist can give you at least one important reason for this. Very few people succeed in cleaning all their teeth thoroughly; as a result, *patches of germ infested mucin are usually left undisturbed in the hidden spaces.* That is why most people lose their molars first—they are hardest to clean.

Search for Mucin Solvent

For a more effective cleansing method, scientists agreed, a mucin solvent was needed. Unavailing search for such a solvent was carried on through many years, until finally, in 1921, the problem was submitted to the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, an endowed scientific institution operated without profit in conjunction with the University of Pittsburgh.

Goal Attained at Mellon Institute— 4,000 Dentists Report Amazing Results

Through a Fellowship in Dentifrices established at the Mellon Institute, the problem of finding a mucin solvent was completely answered by the discovery of a preparation, called Mu-Sol-Dent, certified by the Institute to be an efficient solvent of mucin.

Mu-Sol-Dent is a liquid, for *only a liquid can effectively reach and clean the hidden recesses and spaces between teeth*, where trouble usually starts.

Before being offered to the public, Mu-Sol-Dent was submitted to leading dentists for clinical tests. Within one year, over 4,000 reports were received, confirming the most optimistic expectations of its sponsors.

What Mu-Sol-Dent Does

While Mu-Sol-Dent is neither a tooth paste nor a mouth wash in the accepted sense, it does the work of both in a superior manner. It heals as it cleans—does both. It cleanses not only teeth and gums but the entire mouth and throat. It floods the hiding places of decay germs where no brush can be effectively applied. It stops the formation of tartar, the arch-enemy of teeth. As a preventive of mouth disorders, its results are amazing. Containing no grit or harmful ingredients, it can not injure enamel or tender mouth tissue. It imparts to the teeth a high natural lustre, denoting perfect cleanliness.

Smokers praise it highly for its unequalled purifying and refreshing effect on irritated membranes; wearers of plates or bridges find it unsurpassed for healing sore gums. It is so easy and pleasant to use that even children quickly learn to like it.

With all its efficiency, Mu-Sol-Dent is so mild and harmless that it may be swallowed without the slightest ill effect.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write us. Generous sample sent on receipt of 10 cents for packing and postage.

THE V. B. CORPORATION
916 Forbes Street Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mu-Sol-Dent *dissolves mucin*

Send for this free 48-page book containing hundreds of letters and brief reports on clinical tests. It furnishes the most convincing proof of the unique value of Mu-Sol-Dent

(Continued from Page 186)

in, and for three years thereafter, we experienced a period of unexpected affluence such as the world has never seen and will probably never see again. With all this accrued capital we have been able to operate successfully up to the present time, except for the comparatively short period following the deflation of 1920.

Now it is an accepted maxim of business that an enterprise, no matter how successful, is still in the experimental stage if its development has taken place on a consistently rising market. Extravagances that might prove fatal in normal times are overbalanced by increasing values, and great volumes of sales can easily make up for the possibly too great expenses. In the long run the question of price decides every business problem; and big business has not yet been faced with a stiff enough fight to demonstrate its ability to hold its own in a contest of sheer economy.

Theoretically, mass production and selling is the most scientifically economical method yet devised for putting the necessities of life into the hands of the public; in actual practice mass operations have to contend with difficulties undreamed of by anyone not directly connected with them. The modern department store is a familiar example. When the department-store idea first began to spread throughout the country there was wide misgiving among small retailers who saw disaster ahead from this form of competition, with its great resources of capital and its ability to employ high-priced executive talent, combined with the economy of operating under a single management. But those small retailers who did not lose their heads from fright soon learned that they could compete on even terms with their great rivals in spite of the fact that the latter usually bought their merchandise at lower prices than the small dealers could hope for. In the shadow of every great department store in America there are dozens of little one-man establishments, selling at competitive prices and earning reasonable returns for the proprietors.

The same situation exists in all branches of business. The great manufacturing organizations that maintain their own retail shops and thus theoretically eliminate all middleman charges between producer and consumer, have neither driven out rival manufacturers who have no such retail outlets, nor closed up the shops of little tradesmen who compete with their retail branches and who must buy their goods through the regular wholesale channels.

Operating on a Rising Market

The only explanation of such seeming upsetting of rules lies in the fact that the large enterprise has special problems that do not beset the small business man. Foremost is the problem of delegated authority. The merchant with a little shop and only half a dozen assistants can personally supervise every detail of his business. The department-store magnate may be a business genius of the highest order, but the power of his genius is vastly lessened by the time it reaches the outer fringe of his army of five thousand employes. The same thing applies still more in the case of the manufacturer who establishes agencies in widely separated communities.

When all is said and done, big business has no advantage over little business except that of capital; and capital is a small matter compared with the other things that enter into economic activities. Even to hold its own, big business must be conducted on a vastly higher plane of efficiency and economy than little business in order to make up for other handicaps. Recently I spent an afternoon with the president of a manufacturing organization of nation-wide scope whose product is used in half the homes of America and sold at a standard price in more than ten thousand retail shops.

"I am not willing to say that my organization has been built on good luck," he said, "but I am willing to admit that conditions have played into our hands since we changed from private ownership to a corporation twenty-five years ago and became a really national enterprise. I have consistently held up to myself and to my associates that a good part of our success has been owing to the fact that we have practically all that time been operating on a rising market. But along with that we have never lost sight of the fact that when at the beginning we advertised a standard price at which our product should be sold by dealers we assumed a tremendous responsibility. We tacitly pledged ourselves that by making our product in great quantities and selling it throughout the country we would place it in the hands of the public at a lower price than if we operated only in a small way.

"Fortunately, we have been able to make good on this pledge, and have actually made several reductions in price as our business grew. We have never tried to make our dealers do all the economizing; the profit we allow them is based on what we believe it costs them to do business if they try to run their affairs as economically as we do ourselves. And we have never used strong-arm methods in selling; for instance, we never give a salesman a quota and intimate to him that he will lose his job if he doesn't come up to it. Always we have in mind the possibility that some day money will not be so easy in the United States as it is now, and that people will begin to demand this: 'Where are all the advantages that big business promised us? It said if we accept standardization we would be able to buy things cheaper. We accepted the proposition. Now show us the lower prices!'"

The Super-Power Executives

Besides the gentleman above quoted I have had conversations with numbers of others connected with big-business enterprises as preparation for the writing of this article; to each I put these questions:

What, in your opinion, is the weakness of big business, if any?

Do you think the United States will ever go back to a general system of individualism and small enterprises?

Does any present tendency seem to be working against the continuation of big business?

The replies were varied except in one important particular. Each of these men expressed the idea that big business will persevere only so long as it produces and sells cheaper than small business; that if big business is ever superseded it will be its own fault.

The general manager of a great New England corporation expressed himself as follows:

"Every easy-money period breeds a certain form of mild insanity, and the particular form of insanity prevalent in business nowadays seems to be the belief that there is no end to the wealth of the United States and that anyone can acquire a good share of it merely by pushing hard enough. I do not think many of the old-time corporations that have worked their way up from small beginnings have allowed their ambition to run away with judgment, but some of the later arrivals have.

"It is less than a year ago that I was in a large Western city and a banquet was held in the hotel where I was staying. It appeared that an Eastern manufacturing corporation had decided to capture the trade of the city, and the vice president of the concern, with a number of super-power executives, had come on to show the rank-and-file salesmen how it could be done; how to put it over was the favorite expression. The vice president made a speech, as did each of the super-powered executives. An outsider hearing the speeches might easily imagine himself present at a conference of victorious military leaders who had gathered to decide on the amount of tribute to be exacted from a conquered metropolis. The city had been divided into sections, the merchants in each section tabulated as to their respective financial standing, and

The SpeedWay Shop

Six Complete Motor Driven Tools

The SPEEDWAY Shop is a compact metal and wood working outfit that operates from any light socket. Designed for mechanics, for all tool lovers and their sons.

It is powered by the famous SPEEDWAY motor which has been in commercial use for years. The equipment quickly gives you a power—

saw, lathe, grinder, buffer, cleaner, drill

All of this equipment is packed under the pressed steel cover, with the lathe bolted to the platform as shown above.

Here is the equipment that goes to make up the SpeedWay Shop:

SpeedWay Motor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lathe Bed	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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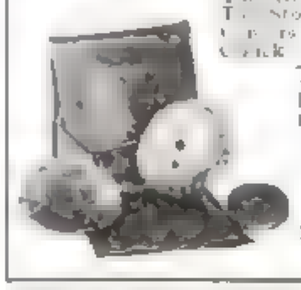
[illegible]	25 in x 6 in Base	Arbor [illegible]	[illegible]



The most useful thing in the world for the "handy" man and a source of constant pleasure for every boy under ninety who likes to make things, and at a price within the reach of all

Write for free copy of booklet and name of nearest Dealer who sells the Speedway Shop

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TOOL CO.

1830 South 52nd Avenue Cicero, Illinois [Adjoining Chicago]

Sales and Service in all principal cities

Fans Were Simply Fans Until—

the advent of Signal Jr. This beautiful oscillating fan sets a new standard of summer comfort. From the stately pedestal to the delicately-curved brass-finished blades Signal Jr. is the last word—the best word in electric fans. It is finished in a lovely Duco green—like a fine automobile. Its light weight, convenience, efficiency and durability make this the one fan for you.

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"Light and Airy"

This distinctive fan has all the beauty, speed and endurance of a thoroughbred. It is the masterpiece of 30 years' experience in fan design and construction. That is why it carries a two year guarantee of satisfactory service. Signal Jr. has a noiseless motor and is specially designed to distribute a maximum volume of air gently, unobtrusively and effectively.

Ask your dealer to show you a Signal Jr. in action—note its smooth-running silence. For the office, home, the sick room and, especially the bedroom, this advanced fan is what you need. The price is only $9.75,—less than you pay for ordinary non-oscillating fans. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us, sending his name and address. Don't take a so-called substitute for a Signal Jr.—there is no substitute.

SILENT SIGNAL JR $9.75 Oscillating

SIGNAL ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.

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Makers of The Famous Signal Radio Accessories

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The way to fix em for Keeps

Locktite Luke says:

Youd look like sam hill carryin 25 spares on your car or is it only a automobile? But thats what you get all for one dollar in a little can of LOCKTITE.

For repairin either casins or tubes for keeps in a jiffy an without vulcanizin slap on a layer for little holes or bruises. But if its a right smart hole use two or three layers so yure dead sure it aint never going to blow out again.

A can of Locktite is equal to 25 spares

The secret is the quality which is best there bein none better, and the fabric back thats so tough its mean. This fabric back keeps the patch from stretchin thin and makes it stronger than Firpo suspishoned of Dempsey.

This big yellow display cabinet is free to dealers if they ask their jobber

Its extra swell for soft balloon casins because LOCKTITE bends with the casin bein stuck to it closer than a brother and dont shift around like the man without a country which is what a boot does.

Your dealers got LOCKTITE cause his jobbers been tellin him about it for five years. Now you may take a week off and find a dealer somewheres that aint got LOCKTITE and if you do send me his present name and address and to repay you for this trouble I'll send you a big dollar can of LOCKTITE providin you remit a dollar to pay for it.

Locktite non-stretching Patch is strong

—while a patch becomes weaker when stretched

Locktite Luke

LOCKTITE PATCH COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.
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LOCKTITE

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Below is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
673 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

squads of salesmen told off to exact a certain amount of business from each.

"I did not stay in the city long enough to learn at first hand the result of these operations, but a few months later one of the corporation's salesmen came to my concern for a position, saying he wished to get out of the high-powered atmosphere of his former employers. From him I learned the campaign in the Western city had been an artistic success but a financial failure. What the vice president in his stirring address called sales resistance had been successfully broken down; but the cost of the campaign had amounted to nearly half as much as the receipts.

"Unfortunately this sort of thing has become all too common, and those who lend themselves to it are surely undermining all that big business has built up. It does not matter that the corporation has since got into financial difficulties through its extravagance; the real danger was done when it mistook impudence for enterprise and used its resources to browbeat people into buying its product."

Another gentleman, director of one of the Western regional banks, said much the same thing, but from a different angle:

"A great deal has been written and said during recent years of the benefits that accrue to the corporation that has as stockholders many of its own employes and customers. To a certain extent this is true: the employe who owns stock in the company for which he works is doubtless a better employe, and the stock-owning customer a better customer.

"But there are certain drawbacks. The enterprise with its stock scattered among people of small means, many of whom depend on it for actual living expenses, is inevitably tempted to do the things that will insure payment of present dividends whether or not such payment is wise from a future standpoint.

"Not long ago I made an address before my chamber of commerce in which I somewhat scandalized the members by the statement that 80 per cent of the salaried people of the city were in an actual state of bankruptcy; that they had been tempted to mortgage their futures by constant offers of desired articles on the installment plan. I did not make this statement without actual figures on which to base my estimate."

High-Powered Soliciting

The president of a New Jersey manufacturing corporation with headquarters in New York City and branch offices in a dozen cities answered my questions from an experience of thirty-five years in harness, during which time he has served as bench workman, as road salesman, and as branch manager in half a dozen towns and cities. Perhaps it is on account of this varied background that his language always borders on the picturesque:

"Do I think the United States will ever go back to the system of small individual enterprise?

"Not if big business sticks to the ideas of the old-timers, who knew mighty well that they were safe only so long as they produced and sold their stuff cheaper than the little fellow. But unfortunately a lot of whoop-la boys have managed to attach themselves to pay rolls in late years, and these fellows seem to think their mission in life is to keep business good by pumping the public full of the idea that it was born with a silver spoon in its mouth and that wishing is getting. These shouters and press agents and ready-letter-writers spread the good news that organization is the big thing and if the organization is all right no one need worry, because someone else will pay the bills.

"Twenty-odd years ago I was branch manager for my company in a little Southern city and naturally I joined up with the chamber of commerce. Someone had sprung the idea that we might become a tourist center and it was decided we ought to have an illustrated booklet telling the world of our river, our courthouse, our Elks building and our five banks with deposits of two million dollars. The estimated cost of a booklet designed to bring an eager outside public to our midst was five hundred dollars, and the president of the chamber appointed committees to go out on the streets and raise the money.

"Did we get it? I'll say we did not. The average business man looked at a ten-dollar bill a long time before parting with it in those days, and after a week of discouraging effort our committees had to report back that five hundred dollars was beyond our power to raise.

"Last year I happened again to visit the town, which has exactly the same tourist attractions it had in the old days. An up-and-coming publicity campaign was going on, headed by the five-thousand-dollar-a-year chamber-of-commerce secretary, assisted by a professional money-raising firm from a distant city working on a percentage basis.

"The chamber of commerce was helped by two luncheon clubs, the Better Business Bureau, the Boy Scouts and several women's organizations, all working under the fighting slogan, Tell it to the World. If any old-timers remembered our former amateur effort they must have hung their heads in shame, because these modern massed forces raised several thousand dollars in a single day's high-powered soliciting!"

The Less Obvious Competitors

"The cheerio doctrine may be all right, and it is certainly fine for the boys on the pay roll; but, after all, the United States isn't resting on a vein of pure gold, and whenever such a show is put on it takes just that much money and effort from constructive enterprise. Maybe I ought not to criticize a favorite American sport, but it seems to me that organization has gone to the limit and a little beyond. Big business started the organization idea from a sound principle; I should say that the greatest menace to the continuation of big business lies in the fact that organization itself may be made ridiculous!"

The last man I interviewed is district sales manager for a certain nation-wide corporation.

When I asked him if he believed big business would persevere he replied promptly that it could not, because all the sales managers would soon go crazy from the strain of their labors. This, however, proved to be an exaggerated view based on a couple of weeks' poor business. That he is still in full possession of his faculties was evidenced by a letter he was sending out to the salesmen under him and of which I quote a portion:

"If I were to ask you who our principal competitor is," the letter read, "your first impulse would be to name the big corporation that makes the product similar to ours and whose salesmen call on the same people we do.

"True, that corporation is our most obvious competitor; but also every firm and every individual in the United States that produces something to sell is likewise our competitor. The income of the country is more or less fixed; whenever one big firm or one industry gets the lion's share of the business, there is so much less business for other firms and other industries to get.

"If this is done by fair competition, you and I and our firm have no kick coming. But if it is done by strong-arm methods, or by tricking people into longer terms of credit than are businesslike, or by propaganda under the guise of philanthropy, then we have a kick coming, because every such instance is taking away from our firm, and from you and me personally, a chance to earn our reasonable share of the country's spending money."

All the foregoing expressions are from the ranks of big business itself. The solitary legislator of the future on whose vote depends the continuance or abolition of big business will have only the records on which to base his decision. The records are being created now.

Thin..crispy..sugar shells *"stuft"*.. with pure..
luscious fruit-jams.. nuts *and* Marmalades!..

DIANA "Stuft" Confections have the sweet disposition that is the first requisite of a traveling companion. They are the ideal confection for picnics, motor trips, luncheons and all summer candy occasions.

We originated Diana "Stuft" Confections just to fill this summer need. Those cooling, crispy sugar shells are purposely thin—to hold more of the imported nuts and pure fruit-jams and marmalades which we make ourselves of fresh selected fruits. Every ingredient measures up to the Bunte Golden Quality Creed. For almost fifty years we have made candy this better way—always remembering that the 1200 Bunte Golden Quality Candies are something for someone to eat.

The good stores all carry Diana "Stuft" Confections in 2½, 4, 9 or 16 ounce purity jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tidy tins. The packages are air-tight. The candy reaches you as fresh as the day it was made. Each package contains twenty-one varieties. Keep some on hand all summer long. Look for the name "Bunte"—your protection.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Established 1876, *World-Famous Candies*, Chicago

DIANA "STUFT"
Confections

Bunte
Golden Quality
CANDIES

Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

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In forest mountains or desert, take Appell's "the magic water bag" with you—and have a cold drink whenever you want it! Appell's South African Water Bag keeps water cold in hottest sun by an evaporation principle made possible by construction of bag and imported flax fabric from which it is made. Sold by Hardware, Sport Goods and Department Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you use the coupon and order direct. Made by

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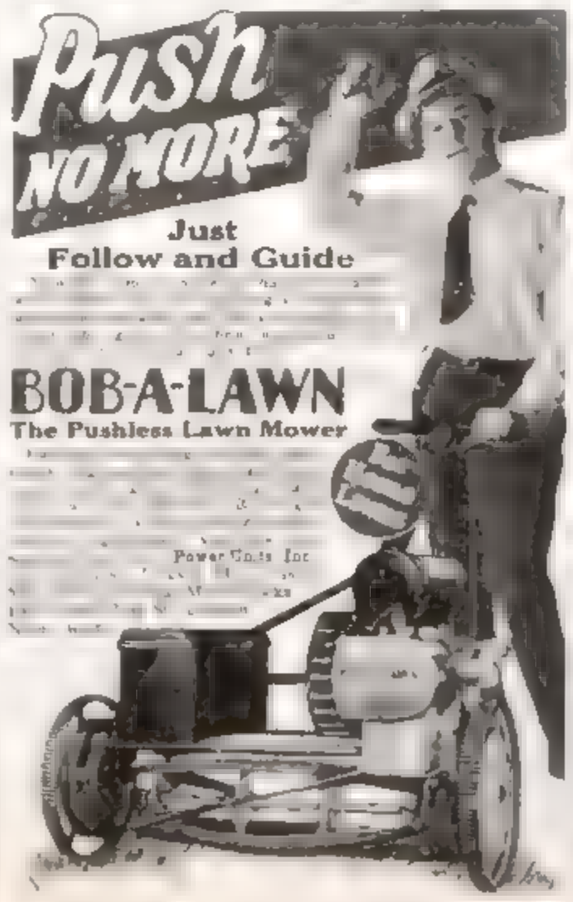

FINGERPRINTING BULLETS

(Continued from Page 7)

political parties, the offering of rewards and the calling in of private detective agencies, the arrest of the least influential and dullest witted of the possible suspects, the calling in of professional expert witnesses by one or both sides, and conviction or acquittal, either followed by heavy costs in special fees and a jump in the tax rate.

But Stielow did not go to the chair in September. His lawyer, convinced of his innocence, began a series of stays and appeals; and an assistant warden at Sing Sing, pitying the stolid farm hand in the death house, interested the Humanitarian Cult, a group of those opposed to capital punishment, in the case.

Members of the cult soon stumbled on some slight evidence that two wandering peddlers and horse traders—"swamp angels," in the local idiom—Clarence O'Connell and Erwin King, might know something of the Phelps and Wolcott murders. O'Connell had been convicted of robbing a storekeeper and now was in Auburn Prison. King was in jail at Little Valley on a charge of perjury in supporting O'Connell's alibi, and there was interviewed by Mrs. Grace Humiston, a New York lawyer acting for the cult. She obtained from him a confession that he and O'Connell had killed Phelps and his housekeeper. The confession was remarkable in that it was procured by a woman and was made only after King had been warned fully of his rights and danger by the then surrogate of Cattaraugus County, Judge George Larkin, an entirely disinterested person and a lawyer of ability and standing. The confession was made, also, in the presence of Sheriff Nichols, and it checked with the known facts of the Orleans County murders, apparently explaining some points never cleared up in the Stielow trial. King signed and swore to the confession before a justice of the peace.

Within Fifteen Minutes of Death

The Orleans County district attorney and the sheriff and the private detective, one of whom had prosecuted Stielow, the two others the most deadly witnesses against him, motored to Little Valley and took King back with them.

Before starting, King told the Orleans County district attorney, in the presence of witnesses, that his confession was true; but somewhere on the way back he recanted everything, and on the following day repeated his retraction before a committee of three disinterested citizens called in by the Orleans County authorities.

Meanwhile the Stielow case had been reviewed by the Court of Appeals and a motion for a new trial denied in February, 1916. In June that year another application for a new trial was denied by Justice Wheeler. In July a third attempt was denied by Justice Cole, and in October a fourth motion for a new trial was refused by Justice Rodenback at a term of the Supreme Court specially called by Governor Whitman. All the judges found that Stielow had been fairly and justly convicted on the evidence presented.

Once Stielow was within fifteen minutes of electrocution. His trousers had been slit up the side where the leg electrodes are applied, the chaplain was with him, and the audience was waiting in the ghastly death chamber, when a stay of execution granted by Justice Guy was delivered into the warden's hands. The execution had been scheduled for an earlier hour; but as preparations were being completed a telephone call came from New York, the voice purporting to be that of Justice Guy of the Supreme Court. The warden was not familiar with the justice's voice, but a mutual friend who was with the jurist at the moment took the telephone and vouched to the warden that the message was genuine. The warden then agreed to postpone the execution until the final minute permitted by Stielow's latest sentence, or until the actual paper could be delivered to him. The stay reached Sing Sing fifteen minutes before the time limit elapsed.

In November, King was rearrested at the instigation of the Humanitarian Cult and taken to Buffalo and locked in the city jail. There he immediately began to write letters to Orleans County friends, all of which were intercepted.

Then on December 4, 1916, Governor Whitman, unsatisfied of Stielow's guilt, commuted the farm hand's sentence to life imprisonment. In January, 1917, the governor had King brought before him and examined him personally. King's answers were so evasive and unsatisfactory that on February first the governor ordered a special investigation into the entire Phelps and Wolcott murder case, all expenses to be paid by the state; and appointed George H. Bond, a prominent Syracuse lawyer, for six years district attorney of Onondaga County, a special deputy attorney-general with plenary powers. Mr. Bond drafted Mr. Waite from the attorney-general's office to aid him. Nearly two years had elapsed since the crime, and a jury and ten judges had passed on Stielow's guilt.

An Unconvincing Confession

Orleans County, or the more vocal part of it, was furious. The governor's action was taken to be a slap in the face of the Republican county organization, which had named the officers who had arrested and prosecuted Stielow; and despite the fact that Governor Whitman was an organization Republican himself, he was accused of having sacrificed a small upstate county to ingratiate himself with the Humanitarian Cult and the New York World, a Democratic newspaper, which had been in the forefront of the fight to save Stielow. That the state was paying all the expenses of the investigation was no sop to Orleans County. If the investigation should lead to the clearing of Stielow and Green and the charging of King and O'Connell with the murders, there would be another trial, another $40,000 or $50,000 expense and another boost in the tax rate. But Orleans County could do nothing about it for the time being.

"After I had carefully read and studied the record of the trial, my opinion was that Stielow was guilty," Mr. Bond wrote. A few days later Bond and Waite saw Stielow in his cell and told him in substance: "Nothing more can happen to you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by telling the truth. If you are guilty and will confess so now, you will save the state the expense of this investigation. I will write that into my report, with my recommendation, and it may aid you in getting some time off. If, on the other hand, you are guilty and don't tell me now, I will find it out and write that in my report, where it will stand against you always."

"I did not say this in just these words," Mr. Bond reported, "because Stielow grasped only the simplest speech, but I was able to make him understand."

"I didn't do it, and if I said I did, it would be a big lie," the farm hand told him.

Waite began his investigation by studying Stielow's confession. Holes began at once to appear in that once so solid structure. It confessed nothing but what already had been common knowledge. A full and voluntary confession surely would have explained what became of the purse and the money.

Aftershooting down Phelps, as told in the confession, Stielow picked up the lamp and, with Green, advanced from the kitchen through the dining room and a small hall and was just about to enter the old man's bedroom to search it, when Miss Wolcott ran out of her room, through the dining room, toward the kitchen door. By the time they reached the kitchen she was outside, the door closed behind her, and one of

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And all equipped with the All Rubber Oblong Button, which holds stockings taut without tearing and "the Pad without a pucker," with its clean white lining.

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For women, misses, children and infants, have that superior quality of material and workmanship which insures long wear and better service.

The webbing won't lose its stretch. The wide opening pendant is a popular feature of the children's pin-ons.

And now Knicker Bostons in sizes for children as well as grown-ups. In plain or heather mixtures.

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Makers

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them shot her through the glass door. They heard a scream.

If the confession is to be credited, the two men returned to the search for the money, utterly indifferent to the woman who fled screaming into the night. They had no knowledge that she even had been hit. Presumably her cries would arouse the neighborhood, but they let her go and gave all their attention to the bureau

Miss Wolcott had passed within a few feet of Stielow as she fled. Stielow was carrying a lighted lamp and wore no disguise. His very bulk of 240 pounds would have identified him, if nothing else. It was incredible that she should fail to recognize such a man, who had been working under her eyes for ten days. Yet the confession asked the jury to believe that the housekeeper fled directly to the home of her slayer for sanctuary, crying out to him by name to open his door to her, knowing, as she must have, that he was not there, but in the house from which she had run.

At the least calculation it would have taken an expert cracksman ten minutes to make the search of Phelps' bedroom detailed in the confession. Yet when Stielow and Green emerged from the Phelps house after finding the money, Stielow is supposed to have heard Miss Wolcott crying "Charley, please let me in; I am dying," and beating on the front door of the tenant house.

The Pertinent Question

Stielow and Green could not have known it, but Miss Wolcott had been shot through the heart with a ragged, mushroomed bullet, causing hemorrhage into the pericardium sac and collapse of the left lung. Yet this woman of fifty is credited with having run a distance of 275 feet after she was shot, and at least ten minutes later was screaming loud enough to be understood distinctly 350 feet away.

No one, apparently, ever had measured the distance from the floor to the hole in the glass and compared it with the supposed facts. The Chinese have a proverb that a grain of sand may hide a mountain, and American lawyers are familiar with the old story of the A. & Z and the B. & Y. railroads. This was in the early days of American railroading, before the advent of many safety appliances. The two railroads crossed at a grade where a watchman was maintained, but it was stipulated by mutual agreement that for one half hour before and after a fast A. & Z. night train was due at the crossing, the crossing should be kept clear of all B. & Y. traffic, this in order that the passenger train should not be under the necessity of stopping.

But one night a B. & Y. freight train broke down on the crossing too late to warn the A. & Z. express by telegraph. The watchman, an old negro, seized his red lantern and hurried down the A. & Z. tracks. He was a mile below the crossing when the express swung around a curve. Although he waved his lantern frantically, the train roared past, crashed into the wreck at the crossing and several persons were killed and injured.

The victims and their heirs brought suit against the A. & Z. That railroad entered a demurrer. The responsibility rested with the B. & Y., which had contracted to keep the crossing clear. The B. & Y. answered that the watchman had flagged the passenger train at an ample distance from the crossing and that the responsibility rested with the A. & Z., whose employes had ignored the signal.

The issue went to trial. The A. & Z. counsel accused the watchman of having been asleep, of never having run down the track; but the grilling cross-examination failed to shake the simple old negro in one detail of his story. Always it was the same, and bore the ring of truth. The A. & Z. lost the suit.

One of the counsel for the B. & Y., who privately suspected all along that the watchman had lied, but who admired the skill with which he had foiled the opposing counsel, took the old man aside after the trial.

"Uncle Pete, you certainly showed those A. & Z. lawyers up," he flattered the witness. "I don't know as I ever saw a better witness; but just between you and me, you were asleep, weren't you?"

"Boss, I done just what I said I done, word for word," Uncle Pete protested; "but I sure was skeered one of you fool lawyers would ask me was that lantern lit."

No one had asked "Was that lantern lit?" in the Stielow trial. According to the confession, Miss Wolcott was outside, the door closed behind her, when shot. The hole in the glass showed plainly that the bullet had gone through on a line, not on an angle. The course of the bullet also indicated a straight line through the body. The door opened inward. When closed, the distance to the end of the threshold was less than two inches. No one could stand on the threshold and close the door.

The bullet hole in the glass was exactly three feet eight and a half inches from the floor. Miss Wolcott was half an inch less than five feet tall. There was a drop of four and a half inches from the threshold to the first step, four inches more to the second step, nine more to the ground. Once she was outside and the door closed, a bullet could not have hit her below the shoulder. Moreover, her footprints in the snow had shown that she had leaped off the steps at right angles, close to the house, as if dodging. The height of the wound in her body was exactly that of the distance from the kitchen floor to the hole in the glass. The conclusion was irresistible that she was shot while the door was partly open and she still was on the level of the kitchen floor, or at the very moment of leaving it and turning to leap from the steps; and that whoever fired the shot was not pursuing her, as Stielow's confession recited, but was standing behind the partly opened kitchen door, over the body of Phelps.

More flaws in the state's case and new corroborations of Stielow's defense, all highly pertinent to the case but not vital to this recital, accumulated.

Waite and Bond left the examination of the firearms expert's testimony to the last. Stielow's revolver and the mortal bullets were in their possession. The only evidence concerning the cartridges was Nelson Green's statement that he had seen a red box, half full of shells, stamped with a letter U in the center, in a bureau drawer at Stielow's; and the expert's testimony that the bullets were discharged by a .22 caliber, rim fire, U. M. C. short, black powder, now obsolete cartridge, and that he meant by "obsolete" that they had not been manufactured for seven years and long since had disappeared from the open market.

Firing Tests

After asking for such cartridges in crossroads stores and other backwaters of trade and not finding them, Waite applied to the cartridge company, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and was provided with a box of cartridges identical in bullet and the number of grains of black powder with those described.

Firing tests were made in the Third Branch Station of the New York Detective Bureau in the presence of Captain Jones, the department's revolver expert; Dr. Otto Schultz, police surgeon; Inspector Faurot, Bond, Waite and others. Before firing, the revolver was handed to Captain Jones and his opinion asked as to how long a time had elapsed since it was fired.

"Certainly not in three or four years, apparently a longer time," Jones said, after he had examined the heavy incrustations in the barrel, discolored with age. According to Stielow, the gun had not been used in seven years.

The first test was made by placing a sheet of paper over the Stielow gun and firing one of the black-powder cartridges. Instead of no leakage of gases at the breech end of the barrel, as testified, the paper was set afire. The first test bullet had been fired into bales of cotton batting, the customary method of recovering a trial bullet. In the

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second test the Stielow gun was fired into a pail containing water and cotton, the method the expert described. Captain Jones then cleaned the gun barrel and fired a third test.

The first and second test bullets were replicas. Even to the naked eye, they obviously had not come from the same barrel as the bullets from the bodies. The mortal bullets were clean and lightly marked, the products of a clean barrel. The first two test bullets were deeply gnawed and gouged by the fouled barrel of the Stielow gun. The third test bullet, fired after Captain Jones had cleaned the barrel, was a duplicate of the first two in land and groove markings except that it was not so deeply bitten.

The two sets of bullets were taken to an optical plant at Rochester for scientific examination by Max Poser, an expert in microscopic research. The results were startling. Neither Mr. Poser nor anyone else could find a trace of the peculiar scratches which had doomed Stielow, either under high or low power lens; but this was negative evidence.

The Confession That Checked

One of the lands on the murder bullets was abnormal, equaling the combined widths of two normal lands and one groove. There were five lands and five grooves, all normal, on the test bullets from Stielow's gun. The land and groove measurements, the rate of pitch and other characteristics of a Young America .22 caliber revolver were present in both sets of bullets. This model of gun has five lands and five grooves. The killing of Phelps and his housekeeper patently had been done with a defective gun of this model. The rifling tool presumably had broken or the rifler had failed to complete his operation, and the error had escaped the inspector's notice. The distinction between the two sets of bullets was as glaring as two contrasting cattle brands to a round-up crew. There could be no possible mistake here.

The micrometer completed the evidence. When the bore diameter of the Stielow gun barrel and that of the mortal bullets were compared, the bullets were found to be .0018 of an inch smaller. These were not opinions; they were facts.

Bond and Waite had no further doubts that Stielow was innocent. Then who was guilty? Suspicion naturally attached to Erwin King in the investigators' minds. King and O'Connell admittedly were not far from West Shelby on the night of the murder. King now was in jail again at Little Valley. Bond and Waite saw him there and asked him to repeat, as best he could remember, his confession to Mrs. Humiston, later repudiated.

In recounting the story, King prefaced or suffixed every sentence with "I told her," or "Then I told her," or "That was what I told her." He told of leaving the bargemen's hotel at Knowlesville on the Sunday afternoon, proceeding to Medina, meeting O'Connell there; of driving with O'Connell by team to West Shelby, leaving the rig there and walking to the Phelps farm; of having a quart of whisky and drinking freely.

It was a long story, and well into it there befell a dramatic dénouement.

"I dropped the reins and had to get out and untangle them," King droned on, "and O'Connell got sore and called me a —— but I didn't tell her that."

Neither Bond nor Waite blinked an eyelid, and King talked on. They let him finish. His questioning was renewed from time to time; then on June seventh he was confronted with his "but I didn't tell her that."

"Come back after supper and I'll come clean," King promised. When they returned he greeted them with, "Well, me and O'Connell did it." He was sworn and began. This final confession differed in details from the one he had made to Mrs. Humiston, every change checking with the facts known to Bond and Waite. It explained the motive, all the incidents that led up to the planning of the crime, how it was carried out, the exact amount of money obtained and how it was disposed of.

King and O'Connell had been told that Phelps was an old bachelor miser. They knew nothing of Miss Wolcott's presence, and she already had retired when they reached the house. They waited until Phelps went into his bedroom and began disrobing before knocking. According to the Stielow confession, he and Green had waited until Phelps was in bed and the light out. King's account explained the testimony at the trial that Phelps' bed indicated that he had got no farther than to sit down on the bedside to remove his trousers when the knock came.

King related that after Phelps had been shot down, he and O'Connell were dumfounded to see a woman rush through the kitchen. O'Connell, standing behind the partly ajar kitchen door, watching Phelps for signs of life, fired through the door as she passed, just as Waite had deduced from the measurements.

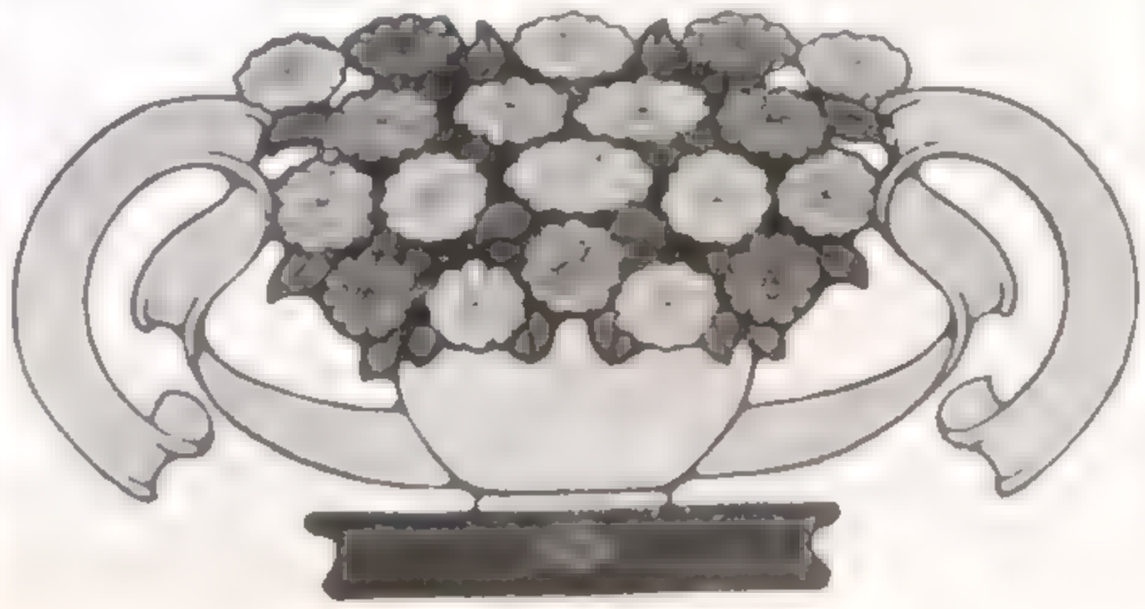
The Grand Jury's Report

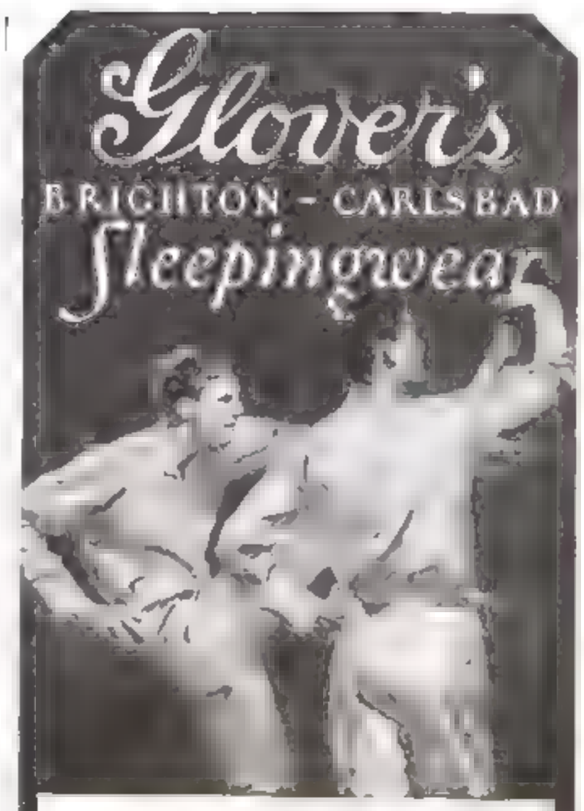
They had followed her outside, of course, King explained, panic-stricken by her screams, and saw her fall on the doorstep of a house across the road and become silent. Stealing up, they satisfied themselves that she would scream no more, heard no noises and saw no lights in the house, so returned to the Phelps home and searched until they found the money.

O'Connell was confronted with the King confession and maintained his innocence. He was at the farm of Charles Lasky near Barre, ill all that day and night, he insisted. But Frank Lasky admitted having seen O'Connell in Medina that Sunday night, and Charles Lasky told of his guest driving away in the afternoon and returning some time after midnight. The next morning about nine o'clock, as O'Connell was breakfasting, he told Charles Lasky that Phelps and a woman had been murdered by robbers the night before.

So King was charged formally by Mr. Bond with the murder of Charles B. Phelps and Margaret Wolcott. In accordance with law, the court directed that a plea of not guilty be entered and the evidence submitted to the grand jury then in session.

(Continued on Page 197)





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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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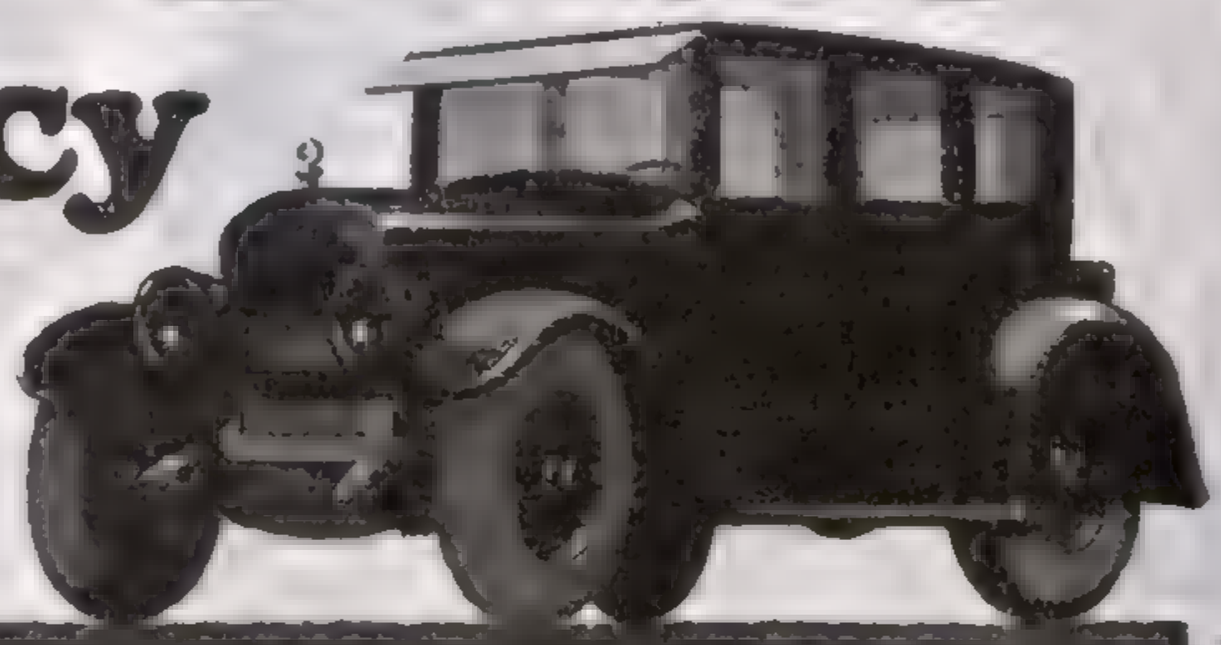

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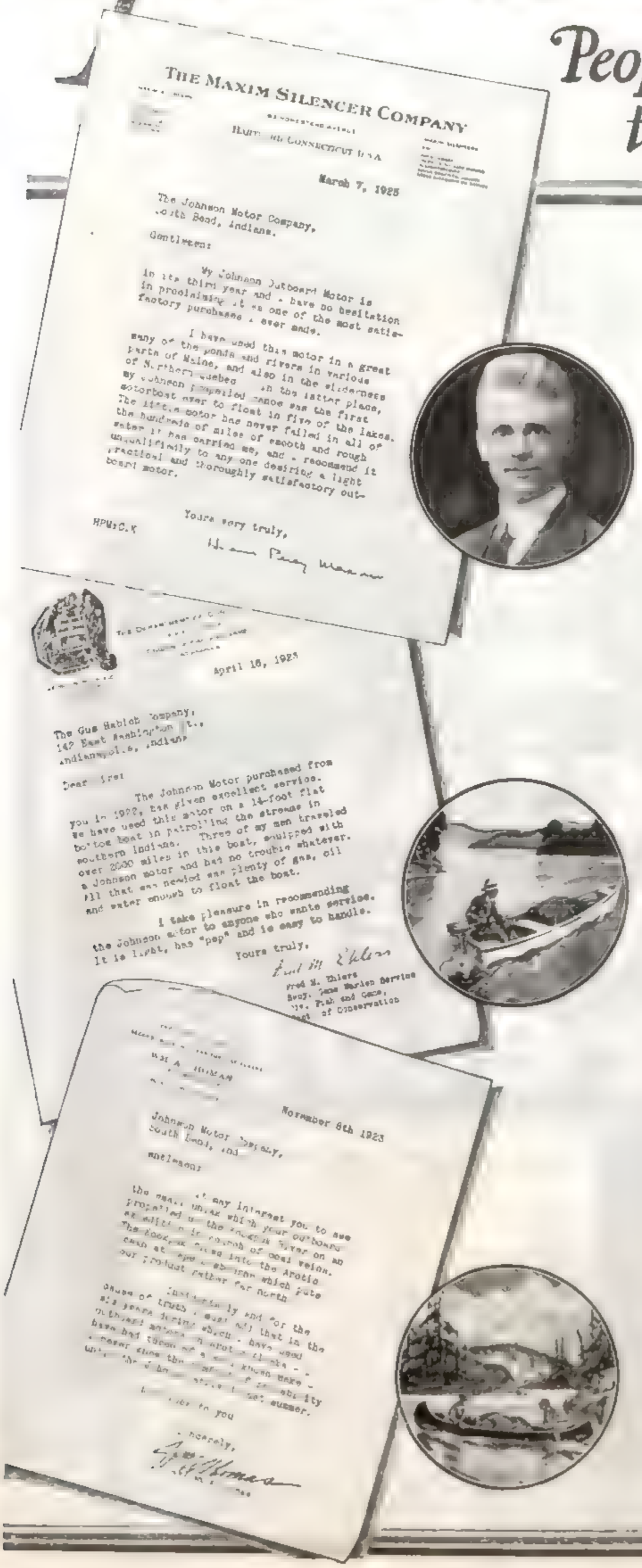
THE MAXIM SILENCER COMPANY
March 7, 1925
The Johnson Motor Company,
South Bend, Indiana.
Gentlemen:
I have used this motor in a great
many of the ponds and rivers in various
parts of Maine, and also in the wilderness
of Northern Quebec
motorboat over to float in five of the lakes.
The little motor has never failed in all of
the hundreds of miles of smooth and rough
water it has carried me, and I recommend it
unqualifiedly to any one desiring a light
board motor.
Yours very truly,
April 16, 1925
The Gus Habich Company,
Dear Sirs:
The Johnson Motor purchased from
you in 1922, has given excellent service.
We have used this motor on a 14-foot flat
bottom boat in patrolling the streams in
southern Indiana. Three of my men traveled
over 2000 miles in this boat, equipped with
a Johnson motor and had no trouble whatever.
All that was needed was plenty of gas, oil
and water enough to float the boat.
I take pleasure in recommending
the Johnson motor to anyone who wants service.
It is light, has "pep" and is easy to handle.
Yours truly,
Fred M. Thiers
November 8th 1923
Johnson Motor Company,
South Bend, Ind.
Gentlemen:

HERE are three enthusiastic letters chosen from many we have received from Johnson owners.

They show the kind of hard service that people are demanding from their outboard motors—and how the Johnson stands up to it.

It is this capacity for dependable service at all times that you want in your outboard motor.

Thousands of exacting users have found it in the Johnson Motor and as a result the Johnson has become the standard of outboard motor performance.

Dealers sold more Johnsons during 1924 than any other make.

* * *

The Johnson is the motor that is instantly attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

It drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour, a canoe from 9 to 12.

Yet complete and ready-to-run, the Johnson weighs

ONLY 35 POUNDS

The Johnson starts quickly and easily at any temperature.

Exclusive Johnson features give a flexibility of operation that is unapproached by any other motor.

1925 Model 25-30% More Powerful

The 1925 Johnson is 25-30% more powerful than previous models.

Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting easier than ever.

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive (patent applied for)—standard equipment this year—permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to boat or motor.

Yet the complete weight of the Johnson Motor remains only 35 pounds—no batteries or other extras to carry.

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Get into the boat and see for yourself.

Go to the nearest Johnson dealer—he will be glad to give you a free demonstration.

If you don't know him, mail us the attached coupon and we will send you his name and a 1925 Johnson catalog.

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882 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
Eastern Distributor and Export:
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Canadian Distributor:
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Get details of our Deferred Payment Plan from your dealer—or direct from us.

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Silk Socked Husbands

"I USED to get a hateful bunch of his silk socks to darn every week. It was horrid little things like that which made me—

"But why speak of those miserable darning days now? I found that there are beautiful silk socks that will wear and wear and wear. Not forever of course. But socks with good strong silk, and a hardy reinforcement at the points of wear. *Iron Clads!*"

Iron Clad sock No. 699 is pure thread silk—a beautiful sock and a powerfully strong one. Double sole, mercerized lisle top, high spliced heel and extended toe. If your dealer can't supply you with No. 699, send us your remittance and we'll supply you direct. State size (9 to 12, 75¢), and color (Black, White, Palm Beach, Cordovan Brown, Grey, Russian Tan, Navy, African Brown, French Tan). We'll pay the postage!

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Buttonless Front

You've no idea how fast you can get in and out of this work suit. It's on and off in a jiffy. The hookless fastener does the speedy work. No buttons to catch and come off. Great for every man. Get one into your tool box.

If your dealer does not have it in stock, we will ship postpaid on receipt of price - - $4.95

Send for free circular showing styles for men and boys

Jiffy Garment Company
Saint Paul, Minn.

(Continued from Page 194)

The grand jury sat for three days that week, hearing all the evidence recited here and much more, which space does not permit relating. King stood unwaveringly by his confession.

"You know pretty well if what you told us last night is true, you would have to go to the electric chair," one of the jurors warned him. "Do you want to die?"

"No, sir; no man wants to die," King replied.

"You know this will send you there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stielow is going free and you are going to take his place?"

"Yes, sir."

The grand jury, by a vote said to have been fourteen to seven, reported that it had "nothing to report." It had, in other words, refused to indict.

"I am fully of the belief that the grand jury, under ordinary circumstances, would have indicted on evidence less strong," Mr. Bond said in his final report; "but the circumstances surrounding this case were extraordinary to a degree and the failure of the jury to consider the evidence solely on its merits indicated that the members were actuated by considerations purely personal and local." The report closed with the deliberate opinion that Stielow was innocent and King and O'Connell guilty. The governor studied the report and pardoned Stielow and Green. After three years of almost continuous trial and probe, only this was established certainly: Charles B. Phelps and Margaret Wolcott were dead.

A Curious Americanism

The professional expert witness, like the temporary-insanity defense in murder and the sob sisters of the press table, is a curious Americanism. The expert must first qualify; that is, he must satisfy the court that he has a special or technical knowledge of the subject before the court superior to the knowledge and experience of laymen. There being no practical test of the extent and genuineness of this knowledge, mere plausible assertion may suffice. Once qualified, the expert may express an opinion, where all ordinary witnesses are held rigidly to statements of fact. The facts of the case will be hotly disputed, but the opinion will reach the jury uncontested unless the opposing counsel does one of three things. He may depend upon his own wits to trip up the expert in cross-examination. This will be particularly difficult if the witness is a professional of long experience in fencing with lawyers. Or he may make an intensive and exhaustive study of the subject and hope to confound the expert by his own expertness. But much simpler and more effective, if counsel has the money to spend, is the hiring of other experts to dispute the first expert's testimony.

It is notorious, of course, that a number of men in the United States of greater or less familiarity with such subjects as firearms and handwriting are making a substantial living by giving expert opinions in criminal trials for fees, usually of fifty dollars a day and expenses, sometimes much higher.

Three years ago a man was arrested and charged with killing another in a drunken row in a speak-easy. The police obtained a confession, which the prisoner later repudiated.

Opposed by able legal talent at the trial, the prosecuting attorney employed a witness who qualified as an authority on firearms and ammunition. He testified that he had determined by micrometer and microscopic tests that the bullet in evidence had been fired from the gun admittedly owned by the prisoner.

Back on the Trail

On cross-examination, counsel for the defense developed that the "microscope" was an ordinary single or double lens pocket magnifier, and that the "micrometer" was an inside and outside caliper rule graduated to one-sixty-fourth of an inch—tools as adequate to the task as a tape measure and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"Have you ever spent any time in a factory where revolvers are made?" the expert was asked.

"Yes, sir, I have been through the —— plant," he replied.

"Please describe to the jury how revolver barrels are made."

"They are cast in molds."

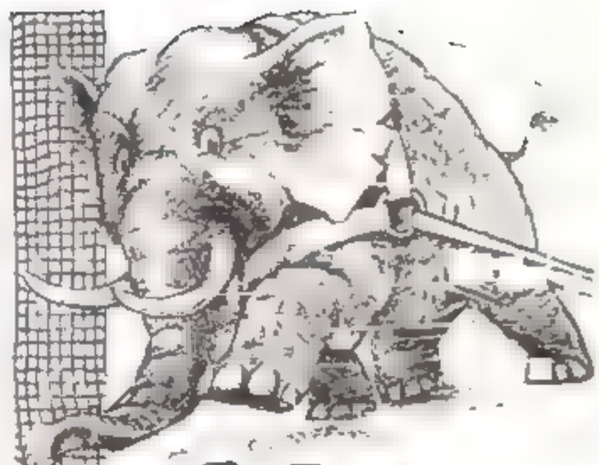
"Shades of Samuel Colt and Eliphalet Remington!" exclaimed R. E. Herrick in Arms and the Man, the organ of the National Rifle Association.

If the expert happens to believe in the innocence or guilt, as the case may be, of the accused he is testifying for or against, his lack of exact knowledge is less revolting: but justice is no less outraged if he is not the expert he pretends to be and his opinion is not grounded upon scientifically exact knowledge. Otherwise his opinion of the prisoner's innocence or guilt is worth no more than that of the first man in the street.

Mr. Waite pondered over the disquieting disclosures of the Stielow case. Was it possible to reach any reasonably sound conclusion about the gun from which a given bullet was fired? The Stielow case had demonstrated that some guns mark a bullet distinctly, but how far was this true? Mr. Waite had only a casual acquaintance with firearms, himself. The war came on and he was busy on government work, but in occasional free moments he fired small arms, recovering the bullets and comparing them. Apparently there always were differences, but were the differences the ordered results of discernible causes, or merely capricious? He read up on ballistics and when his war work ended he took up the trail in earnest.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Stout. The second will appear in an early issue

Long's Peak from Estes Park



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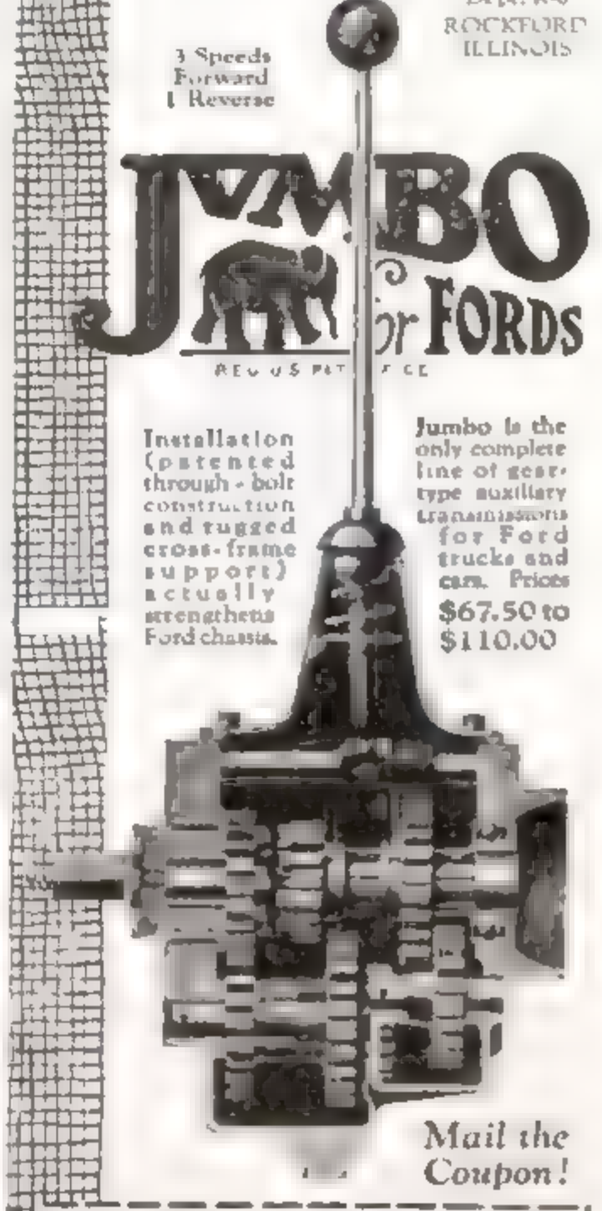
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Jumbo is the only complete line of gear-type auxiliary transmissions for Ford trucks and cars. Prices $67.50 to $110.00

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Dealer's Name

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Where Southern Hospitality Flowers

One of the greatest of the famous Bowman chain, and the South's most superb hotel.

Surpassing comfort.
Very moderate rates.

Write for latest booklet P.

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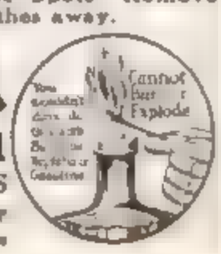
You can be certain the holes eaten through the fabric were first Grease Spots. Remove them before putting your clothes away.

For Safety's Sake demand

CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores



THE SALOME SUN

Archie Bald is Getting Good

By DICK WICK HALL

I'LL be Glad when Spring is All Over and the boys down at the Garage gets through Making Poetry. They've got Lizzie most wore out, backing her up in the Corner and Stepping on Her and using enough Gas to get to Los Angeles and have a Good Time. I guess that must be why Gas always Goes Up in the Spring—when the Poets all get their cars out and go to Grinding out Poetry.

The Reptyle Kid ain't doing so well as he was. He monkeys with the Spark Plugs too much, taking out one and then another, experimenting and trying to invent some New Kind of Poetry, but he does pretty well when it's hitting on all Four. I heard him the other day, running on all four, and he was going as Smooth as old Maud S., something like this:

"Spring Time is a Pretty Good Time
When it gets Too Warm for Snow—
(It never Snows here anyway)
When the World all Runs in Rhyme
And Every Thing Wants to Grow."

The Reptyle Kid never tried to make no Garden or he would know different, but it sounds good. Then he disconnected the 3rd Spark Plug and got off something like this:

"He, Hoe, Boys,
I like the Spring,
It makes Me Sing
About the Joys
That Summer Brings."

Sounded like a Single Footer or a Horse with the String Halt. He'd better stick on all Four. Just about then the Easy Money Man, Archie Bald Doveface, come in. Archie Bald is our only Allowance Man and Gets Money from his Folks Back East, without working for it. Chloride Kate says you have got to make a Lot of Allowances for him, but he is Educated and His Money is Good as long as he don't Pull no Rough Stuff around here, which would be foolish for him to do, being out here for His Health like he is.

Archie Bald don't have Nothing to do and has been Practicing Making Poetry a good deal lately, and when the Reptyle Kid got through with his Morning Exercises, Archie Bald says Let Me show You what I Can Do.

That Boy is Getting Good, no Mistake about that. He cranked Lizzie up and Tuned Her up a little and Set there and Reeled this all off without ever missing an explosion or using the Ear Plugs Once. That shows what an Education will do, even on Raw Material like Archie Bald. This is the Piece he Made Up and Spoke:

"Come, Listen to My Poem—
A little Gas Station Piece,
It will Rest your Tired Feelings
And Help you Forget the Grease.

"I'm Not any Famous Poet
Nor much of a Hand at Rhyme—
You Keep your Foot on the Engine
And I'll Keep the Words in Rhyme.

"I'm only a Tin Lizzie Poet,
And trying Hard to Do My Part—
Steady on the Gas or I'll get
The Horse behind the Cart.

"The Nights are Filled with Music
And I can Rest Myself All Day;
While the rest of you are Working
I'm Dreaming about Broadway."

That's what I call Fast and Smooth Work, grinding out Stuff like that as Easy as Archie Bald does. He ought to have made a Business of being a Poet instead of an Allowance Man. After I had got that all Wrote Down and caught up with him, he loosened the 4th Spark Plug and Made Up this One:

"Take her Up Tenderly,
Lift Her with Care,
Fashioned So Slenderly,
Young & So Fair,
One More Unfortunate ——"

This is as Far as he got with that one. Chloride Kate had come out of the Lunch Counter to Listen to him and she Thought he was Making Fun of Her and she Knocked Him out of the Car with a Monkey Wrench. She Knocked all the Poetry out of Him at the Same Time I think, because he couldn't get in Tune again to finish it, after we had Persuaded Kate it was some one Else he was Talking about Back East and Not Her.

Archie Bald said he would give us One More if we would get Chloride Kate out of the Garage and Lock the Doors, which we did, and when we got the Engine going Good, he Made Up this one and Sung It:

"I am Sick of Going Bare Foot on this Dried
Up Desert Dirt,
And this Arizona Sunshine Burns My
Hide beneath My Shirt;
When the wind Blows through the Cactus, I
can seem to Hear it Say:
'Come you Back, you Archie Baldy, Come on
Back to old Broadway!
Come on Back to Old Broadway,
Where the Chorus Girlies Play—
Can't You Hear them all a Calling
From Salome to Old Broadway?
Oh the Road to old Broadway,
How I long for it Today—
Or a Ticket reading to New York,
From Salome, via Santa Fe'''"

Ain't that a Hum Dinger? Archie Bald is Sure Some Wizard at Poetry, and all the Boys around Town are singing it Now.

PHOTO BY CLINTON H. HICKS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Diamond Head Light House, Honolulu

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The Fine Hairdressing That Contains No Oil or Grease

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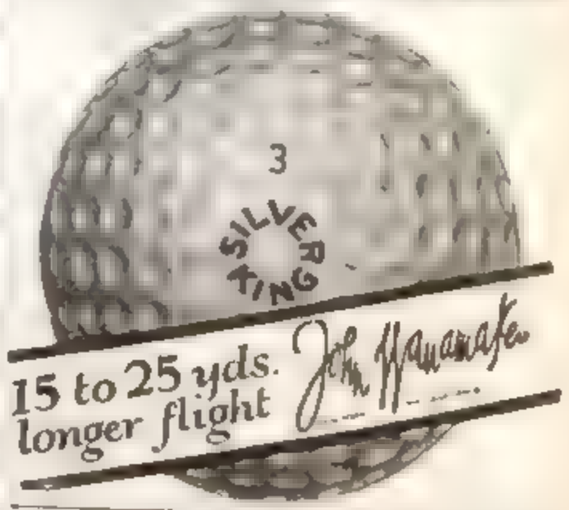

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WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

(Continued from Page 17)

have plenty of dogs to sell; but if you should ask one of them about a breed not represented in his collection, he would promise to produce a good specimen in short order—and keep his promise too.

At the time of a show on Long Island, the police learned that a man had rented a cellar beneath a store building and unloaded into it about a dozen dogs, representing as many breeds and an equally wide range of ages. They believed every one of the dogs in the man's possession was a stolen captive, but they had no way of proving their belief. If he had raised them himself, some of the animals might have been expected to show traces of having been whelped in the same litter; but all of them were as much strangers to one another as they were to their captor.

In assembling that collection he must have employed many of the tricks of the dog thief, or at least showed confederates the ways of his kind. Many of these thieves watch the newspapers for advertisements offering a reward for the dog they have stolen. If the dog is licensed, they get the name of the owner by telephoning the license bureau in question. The majority of these bureaus prefer to give this information to anyone who inquires, knowing that most persons would gladly pay ransoms for the recovery of lost dogs. Usually an owner is tremendously relieved when he can get in touch with the person who has his pet.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

There was one New Yorker, a professional gambler, who lost his dog, which was about the only object in the world for which he maintained a sincere affection. His first impulse when he learned the dog had disappeared while a servant was giving it an airing was to get drunk, and he did. Then he placed an advertisement in the newspapers offering a reward of five hundred dollars. Then, through one of the agencies in New York devoted to the welfare of animals, he was placed in touch with the dog-finding detective—who admits that he more often fails to find them than not—and was assured his reward, double the intrinsic value of his dog, would almost certainly bring about the restoration of the animal. Within twelve hours there was a telephone call. The owner was directed to bring his five hundred dollars to an address within two blocks of where he lived. The detective went with him and recognized the man who claimed the reward as one whose path he had crossed several times before. They took the dog, frantic with delight over the caresses of fingers delicately strong from manipulating the paraphernalia of gambling, but they did not pay the reward.

"Try to get it!" dared the detective.

"You think you're smart, dontcha?" retorted the thief, but he made no other protest.

"Where'd you buy this dog?" the detective asked his client.

"Him? Oh, I played poker with his owner."

Sometimes the theft of a dog is a cold-blooded act of revenge; again it may represent the exasperation of a neighbor tired of hearing a badly mannered dog howl and bark. That seems to have been the cause of the kidnaping of a shepherd collie in Connecticut. His mistress was a secretary and her distress reacted on her work, and consequently on her employer. Anyway, the legal and investigating resources of the huge organization were set on the trail of the missing dog. He was found at a dog hotel in New York, a boarding house where pets may be left with a certainty of good care while owners go away to places where they may not readily take their dogs.

The man who had placed this collie there to board was found and arrested. He confessed that he had left the dog there, but swore that a man had hired him to take the dog. Then he was released in one thousand dollars bail. The man he named was a neighbor of the dog's owner. As if to testify further as to the truth of his story, the man who had been caught in possession of the dog then filed suit against the animal's mistress, charging false arrest and asking twenty-five thousand dollars. As for the man on whose order the dog was said to have been taken, he is supposed to have been acting as one of a committee of neighbors who were weary of having their cats chased, their sleep disturbed and their gardens treated as treasure islands. Blood feuds have come from less.

Not all dogs that disappear from their family firesides are stolen. Many of them just amble off in search of adventure and forget the way back home. Some run away. Alf Loyal has had a troupe of performing dogs for many years. He believes in the superiority of French poodles—*caniches*—as some men believe in the Giants or dahlias or the National Guard.

Most of the year his dogs are to be seen performing in one of the largest of the circuses. They leap from a springboard, turn back flips and front ones and do other things that would balk a human tumbler, going through much of their act almost without commands. In Pittsburgh, Bianca, a white poodle, got through her performance beautifully right up to the point where she, with an American flag fluttering from a socket strapped to her back, was to have leaped through a paper hoop held a bit higher than the other dogs wearing other flags had been able to jump. Bianca made her leap all right, but when she landed in the sawdust she was having a violent fit. As she came out of it she showed great mortification, for the other dogs were having a general fight. She dashed from the ring, a streak of white, throwing out a cloud of sawdust as she ran, into one of the dressing tents to cower behind a trunk. If she had been left alone to recover her normal aplomb, there would have been no trouble. But a couple of zealous prop men rushed in with widespread arms and began a noisy effort to close in on her. Bianca took one frightened look, put her nose under the canvas wall, dug her hind legs into the turf and was gone. Other circus employes saw her go, the American flag still fluttering from the harness that held it in place. It should not have taken a great deal of reasoning power by the person who found her to have determined that she belonged to the circus; but she never came back, and Alf Loyal never has seen her since, though his heart jumps every time he sees a white poodle. Her brown understudy never will be as good as Bianca.

A Dog's Roof Garden

Loyal believes his dog is being sheltered by one of those people who are persuaded that trained dogs are taught by punishments. That belief, as far as Loyal is concerned, is discredited completely by the worshipful attitude of his dogs toward him. There is Toque, who is sixteen, blind, and crippled with rheumatism. He sits with his head against his master's knee in their dressing room, keeping his unseeing eyes turned upward in the direction that beloved voice comes from. All the time his short tail describes an ecstatic arc. When the voice stops the tail stops. You do not get that sort of devotion with cruelty.

There is a hotel proprietor in New York who has an affection for dogs like that which ties Alf Loyal for life to a circus. This man has built a runway on the roof of his hotel for dogs. A guest who wishes to keep a dog in his rooms may do so, as a matter of course, whether the animal be a satiny little Pomeranian or an Irish wolfhound. If other guests object, they are given, somewhat coldly, the address of a hotel not far

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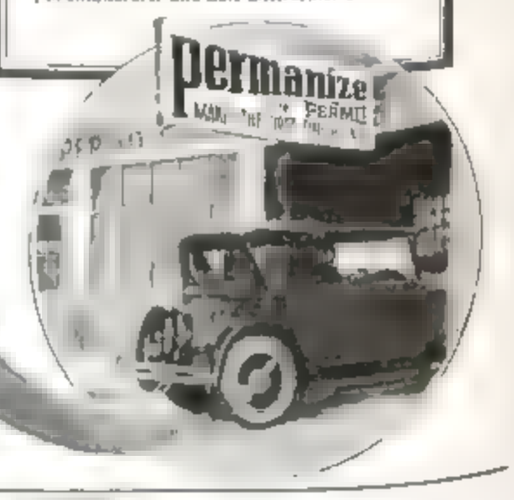

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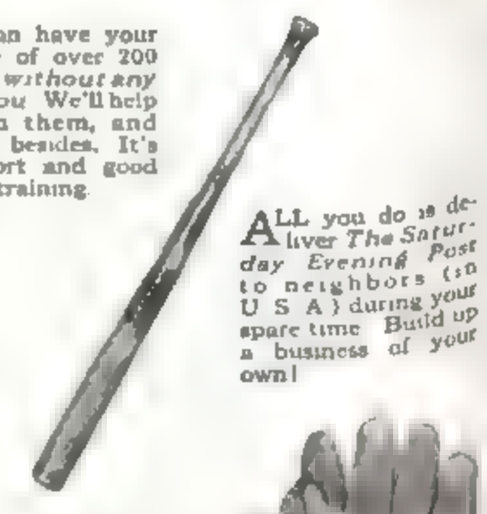

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away, where dogs are not allowed above the basement. But in this place where dogs are so completely welcome, the zenith of their influence is to be seen in the dining room, where the head waiter in person hands to each departing diner who has a dog a plate bearing the food of that dog—bread and milk for the little dog on a diet, raw chopped meat for the Airedale in 812, a carefully cooked chop for an aged Pom.

Most of those dogs that live in hotels with their masters and mistresses were bought when they were in style; but a dog that goes out of fashion usually has a hold on intangible fibers of affection such as is not possible for a mere garment that has ceased to be stylish to exercise, and so the unfashionable dog keeps his home.

The popularity of the German shepherd, the so-called police dog, was almost unrivaled a few years after the war. At the moment, the wire-haired fox terrier is the dog easiest to sell. In size he is suitable for apartments. He is happy in an automobile and a merry soul under most conditions.

"Our records indicate that the fox terrier never has been exceeded in popularity," I was told by W. H. Groome, head of the license department of New York City, which is operated by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Other breeds have seemed to challenge that popularity, but never for a long time. Just now it is the German shepherd; fifteen years ago it was the Boston bull; but the fox terrier has more friends than all of them, even if his friends are not always fashionable or concerned with fashion."

The lost dog is a problem constantly forced on the attention of the society of which Mr. Groome is an employe. An endless procession of people visit the shelters of the society to look over the occupants of the pens there. There was one man whose dog disappeared who believed it had been stolen, but he had faith that it would escape from whoever had it tied up at the first opportunity. By going twice a week to the shelters of the society he was able to see all the dogs passing through the humane machinery of the institution, and for months he kept this vigil. Then one day he found his dog there. It was not making any outcries when he first saw it. The little animal had a better use for its energy. It was silently trying to get over the ten-foot wall of the pen. Again and again it would leap up the side, fall back and then try again. Then it saw its owner and nearly went out of its mind with joy. The man had tried detectives, circulars, newspaper advertisements and every other means he could think of; but in the end his own perseverance brought him back his dog.

A Dog That Didn't Speak French

That is only one of many cases where dogs seemingly lost forever have been restored to the families that love them best. During the war the mayor of New York received a letter from a little girl in Bordeaux. A little mongrel had come into her yard in search of food. She saw that it was lost, and cared for it. Then it occurred to her that the numbered tag on his collar and the words "New York" might be a means of restoring him to his owner. Her letter contained the number of the tag and the statement that the dog "did not speak French." The mayor turned the letter over to the license bureau, where it was found the tag in question had been issued to a negro family in Harlem. These people, communicated with, said the dog had been taken overseas as the mascot of a company of colored infantry. They gave the name of the custodian of the dog, his regiment and such other information as might be helpful. The society kept at work on that case until they had succeeded in informing the dog's custodian where his pet was held, and when that file of correspondence finally was closed it contained a lead-pencil letter informing anybody who cared to know that the dog was once more with his friends.

It is not unusual nowadays for California dogs to be lost in Florida; for Kansas dogs to be found wandering about New York streets; and for Michigan dogs to be picked up in Philadelphia. Recently someone in Philadelphia reported finding a dog with a New York tag. The Italian who had taken out the license informed the society he had given the dog to a family down in New Jersey. In turn, that family reported that the dog had been given away to a man in Philadelphia. This man said the dog had been dissatisfied with his new home and that he, personally, had no further interest in him. Then the society found a home for him with congenial people and he still is with them.

As a rule, when a dog is found bearing the license tag of a distant city or state, the explanation is found to be that he was taken on a long motor trip, got out of the car to stretch himself, became confused in a stream of traffic and was lost. Most dog owners, even when the animal's family tree is a sort of ground creeper, are glad to pay the cost of having him shipped home.

Four-Legged Aliens

Dog thieves are among the keenest students of fashions in dogs; and so, if you should happen to possess a schnauzer, or wire-haired Pinscher, as these crop-eared German stable dogs with docked tails are being called by fanciers in this country, watch him as closely as you would a bond of the Second Liberty Loan. At the moment there is a mild boom in schnauzers, and his salt-and-pepper coat may become well and favorably known if only that strange chemistry called fashion continues to work in his favor. The animal-store men in New York, always quick to sense a shift in dog styles, are beginning to take an interest in him, to ask if it is worth while to lay in a supply of schnauzers. Crop ears are going out of favor even as the schnauzer boom begins. Ear trimming is a cruel freak of fashion likely to be forbidden at any time.

The first of the breed to attract attention in the United States were brought back from Germany by some of those men who make a living buying dogs abroad and bringing them into this country. An imported dog, in the minds of many—far too many—persons is as certainly superior to any domestic Towser as alien music is better than the home-grown kind. If the schnauzer should prove hard to get, the demand for him will feed upon that very circumstance. Before long some shrewd propagandist of schnauzers will be trying to give one to President Coolidge, and if he accepts and says "Nice doggie," the schnauzer breeders will hold a dinner to celebrate their good fortune.

It is not precisely and solely affection for the individual that causes various dog breeders to send valuable pups as gifts to men or women in high places. Their interest, generally, is in the breed. What they want is advertising. In olden times, when a queen's portrait was painted with one regal hand resting on the ear of an Italian greyhound, undoubtedly the men who sought the favor of ladies not at court could gain that favor by hunting around for a pup descended from that very greyhound that was the constant companion of Her Majesty. It is a strange thing and one difficult to understand in all its reaches.

Fifteen years ago people were beginning to say in America that if you wanted the best all-round dog in the world, get an Airedale; and now when there is an entire army corps of Airedales barking at and chasing automobiles, running after the neighbors' cows or attending to the children, their popularity is beginning to slip. Only a dog thief desperate with hunger will steal one. The Airedale market, dog men will tell you, has slipped. One of this terrier's staunchest admirers was Robert Gersbach, the German who was the founder of the police-dog system. He held that only medium-sized animals were suitable for the work and recommended the German shepherd, the Airedale terrier and the Dobermann Pinscher. He said just a little

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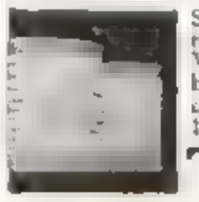

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more that showed that he had a faint prejudice in favor of the high intelligence of the Airedale.

"As regards their ability to learn," wrote Mr. Gersbach, "it is equally impossible to prefer one to the other, although one has to admit that the Airedale terrier learns very quickly.

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There are something like eighty breeds of dogs recognized by the American Kennel Club now. Scattered over the earth are hundreds of others. They are, altogether, the raw materials of the Burbanks of dogdom. Has your blue collie a slender nose? Give the credit to one of her Borzoi ancestors. The living compounds that are recognized as thoroughbred today for the most part have an ancestry patterned as carelessly as a Spanish omelet. The first Sealyham was not one of the animals taken into the ark. His mother, or maybe it was his father, was a wire-haired fox terrier; and that was not so long ago, either, but at the moment I lack the complete recipe for Sealyhams.

The ideal dog, yet to be produced, would be an animal with the nose of a bloodhound, the fleetness of a whippet, the coat of a chowchow, the size of a mastiff, the alertness of the wire-haired fox terrier and, let us say, the almost human hands of a chimpanzee. Such a dog would solve the servant problem.

After all, though, what most of us want in a dog is normal dog intelligence, complete devotion to ourselves and a miraculous ability to lick any dog he encounters. Given a dog of that sort, things quicken in your soul. If you should love a dog, hope with all your heart that some day he may not be seduced away from you by a Pied Piper anointed with the exciting odor of liver boiled in aniseed. That is a flavor irresistible to almost any dog.

Sometimes it is the town dog catcher who causes these mysterious and painful disappearances. That is not such an irremediable misfortune. At the dog pound he can be bailed out by a trifling expenditure. If he is not bailed out, he is provided with a good home or a painless end. Last year, in the five boroughs of New York, forty thousand dogs were collected by dog catchers. Several thousand were restored to their owners. Some other thousands were adopted into sympathetic homes, but the others were introduced into a chamber from which after a short time they were taken as those negligible objects of the universe, dead dogs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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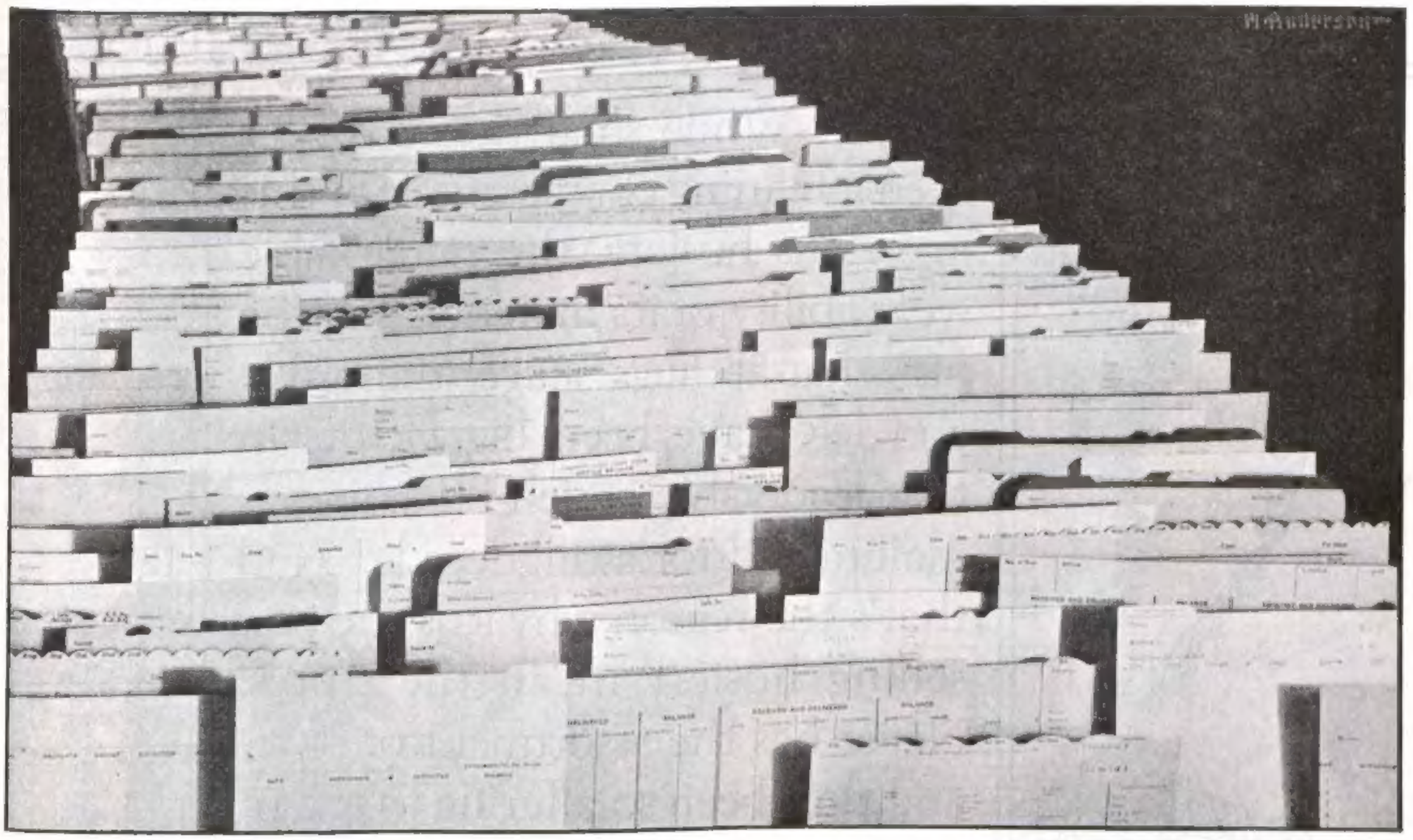

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